MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so) lists of stuff we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- DIRECT CONTROL-12" & EP
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-LP
- CRUCIAL SECTION-Catch the Future-LP
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- DEATH TOKEN-Walking Dead Life-EP
- NO IDOLS-Kovacs-EP
- MAKEBELIEVES-CD
- NEON MANIACS-EP

MITCH CARDWELL

- ICKY BOYFRIENDS-2xCD
- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- THE REBEL-Kit-CD
- LOS RAW GOSPELS-El Fantasma-EP
- REATARDS-Not Fucked Enough-CD
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- REAL LOSERS-Music for Funsters-CD
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgery-EP

ROB COONS

- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- DIRECT CONTROL-12" & EP
- MELLAKKA-RIP: Recordings 1984-1986-12"
- GOUKA-Program-12"
- CRUCIAL SECTION-Catch the Future-LP
- DEATH TOKEN-Walking Dead Life-EP
- AVSKUM-Re-Crucified by the System-CD
- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-EP
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- KALMEX & THE RIFFMERCHANTS-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- AÇÃO DIRETA-Entre a Bênção-LP
- BULLET TREATMENT-Counting Down EP
- CHICKEN'S CALL-La Peur-EP
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- DIRECT CONTROL-12" & EP
- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-LP
- THE HOLY MOUNTAIN-LP & EP
- THE PHARMACY-LP / VINDICATES-EP
- V/A-Welcome to Montana-CD / HALO-EP
- EMERGENCY-1234-LP / THE PLAGUE-LP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-LP
- DIRECT CONTROL-You're Controlled-12"
- DIRECT CONTROL-Nuclear Tomorrow-EP
- ICKY BOYFRIENDS-2xCD
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgery-EP
- RUINER-Onced Loved-EP
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- SONIC LOVE AFFAIR-SLA-CD
- EASY ACTION-Friends of Rock & Roll-CD

JEFF HEERMANN

- REAL LOSERS–Music for Funsters-CD
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- ACTION SWINGERS-CD
- EASY ACTION-Friends of Rock 'n' Roll-CD
- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- NEON MANICS-Transplant Baby-45
- THE PHARMACY-LP
- ACCUSED-Oh Martha-CD
- BUFF MEDWAYS-Medway Wheelers-EP
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgery-EP

KENNY KAOS

- NEON MANICS-Transplant Baby-45
- BREATHE IN-EP
- YOUNG PEOPLE WITH FACES-I Hate You-45
- KILL CITY THRILLERS-Stiletto-45
- ANXIETIES-45
- THE ANGEL SLUTS-Hot Teen Action-EP
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgery-EP
- TANGO LUGER/CROMOSOMA 3-split EP
- RICHARD JAMES & THE SPECIAL RIDERS-45
- LOS RAW GOSPELS-El Fantasma-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- EASY ACTION-CD / THE FATALS-Singles-CD
- SONIC LOVE AFFAIR-SLA-CD
- DIE RÖTZZ-EP / DEREK LYN PLASTIC-EP
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- REAL LOSERS–Music for Funsters-CD
- THE HATEPINKS-Plastic Bag Ambitions-CD
- KING AUTOMATIC-Automatic Ray-CD
- Billy Childish Is Dead-film
- SF Silent Film Festival 2005

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only releases. See reviews section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

WILL WEBER KNEITEL

- THE PHARMACY-LP
- KALMEX & THE RIFFMERCHANTS-EP
- THE PLAGUE-X Tapes 1976-1981-LP
- L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI-CD
- ANNHILIATION TIME-CD
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- SPITTING COBRAS-Idle/Tickin'-45
- DIRECT CONTROL-Nuclear Tomorrow-EP
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-LP

RAY LUJAN

- LATTERMAN-No Matter-CD
- THEY STOLE A MILLION-The City-CD
- RED FORTY-CD / THE PHARMACY-LP
- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-LP
- THE ANGEL SLUTS-EP / DIRTY LOVE-CD
- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- DARKBUSTER-A Weakness-CD
- RAW BUD VS RONISIZE-Rise Up!-CD
- THE STORY CHANGES-Last Night-CD
- THE REAL LOSERS-Music for Funsters-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- CRUCIAL SECTION-Catch the Future-LP
- THE PHARMACY-LP
- KISMET HC-10" / EMERGENCY-1234-LP
- DIRECT CONTROL-You're Controlled-12"
- NO OMEGA-demo & live
- ARMEDALITE RIFLES-demo
- CONDENADA-demo & live
- MODERN NEEDS-live / MANIKIN-live
- We Jam Econo-film / F.U.C.K.-zine

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- DIRECT CONTROL-12" & EP
- GOUKA-Program-12"
- MELLAKKA-RIP: Recordings 1984-1986-12"
- ANATOMI 71-Hej Kom och Hjälp Mig-EP
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-EP
- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- ENDLESS NIGHTMARE/DISSYSTEMA-split EP

DONNA POOLE

- MELLAKKA-RIP: Recordings 1984-1986-12"
- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- B.U.S.H.-Buy Us Some Heroin-EP
- NATION OF FINKS-EP
- ANGEL SLUTS-Hot Teen Action-EP
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgety-EP
- AJENOS A LA TRAGEDIA-La Jaula-EP
- TÆVE-Homocore Aus Danemark-EP
- CHICKEN'S CALL-La Peur-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- LOOK BACK AND LAUGH-LP
- BULLET TREATMENT-Counting Down-EP
- NATION OF FINKS-EP
- DIRECT CONTROL-You're Controlled-12'
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- ANATOMI 71-Hej Kom och Hjälp Mig-EP
- EMERGENCY-1234-LP / GOUKA-Program-12"
- RABID GRANNIES-My Brain Is Rotten-EP
- V/A-We Come in Peace-EP
- BRODY'S MILITIA/NUTS & BOLTS/RAT CITY RIOT-live

RYAN WELLS

- KARATE PARTY-Black Helicopter-LP
- ACTION SWINGERS-CD
- CRAZED FARMERS-First Crop-CD
- THE PLAGUE-X Tapes 1976-1981-LP
- DIE RÖTZZ-Glotonería por Castigo-EP
- DEREK LYN PLASTIC-Plastic Surgery-EP
- THE NEW FLESH/CLANCY SIX-split EP
- YOUNG PEOPLE WITH FACES-I Hate You-45
- VINDICATES-Firing Squad-EP
- LOS RAW GOSPELS-El Fantasma-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- At Both Ends #6
- Charged Hair, Distorted Riffs…Bullet Belts & Circle Pits #3
- Clench #8
- Dog Dayz #1
- Dig It #34
- Equalizing Distort Vol 5 #2
- Green Zine #14
- Inside Art Zine
- Oh No! The Robot #6
- Youth Culture Killed My Dog #5

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#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston, Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene report

263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction, Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

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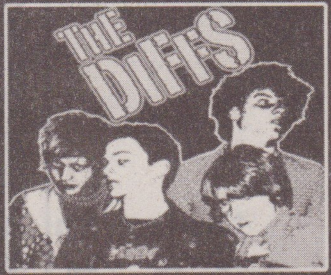

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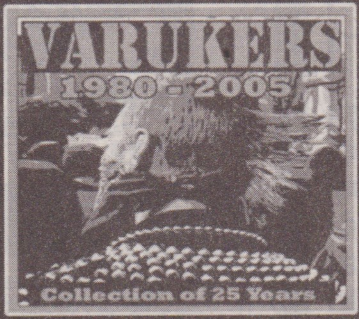
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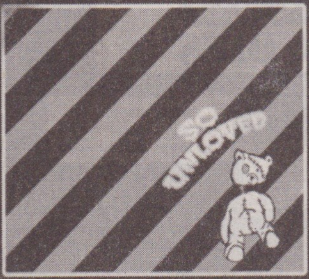

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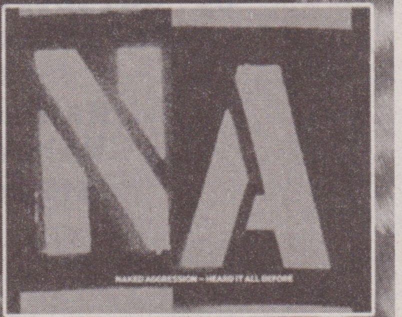
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MRR—

As a longtime reader of *MRR* (since the single digits) and a zine reviewer for many years, I really want to encourage you to make a public statement about Mike Thorn. The gossip mills are working full time, and while I've got no real problem with that if the allegations are true, I think coming out publicly with information on why he was asked to leave would be the best thing for *MRR* supporters and the punk scene in general.

Thanks,
—Gordon Zola
San Francisco

Gordon—

Thanks for writing. As most readers know, Mike Thorn stepped down as coordinator of Maximumrocknroll *last December. In his column he explained that he was burnt out and didn't feel like he could perform his duties properly any more. We agree that it's time that* MRR *readers know the whole truth about the circumstances of Mike's departure.*

On numerous occasions over the course of Mike's time with the magazine, his co-coordinators were confronted with evidence of what was, at best, extreme carelessness with MRR's finances, and at worst was the misappropriation of revenue that plainly was not his. After each of several coordinator meetings, Mike promised to keep better records of his spending and to get a part-time job, but apart from some short-term improvements no serious changes in behavior came about.

In December of 2004, it was discovered that Mike had made a deal with one of our advertisers in which he received personal goods in trade for hundreds of dollars' worth of ad space in Maximumrocknroll*. He did not let anyone else know about this deal, and actually tried to cover it up by lying to another coordinator.*

This incident, and concerns with Mike's generally sloppy and irresponsible handling of Maximumrocknroll's money and resources, led MRR's decision-making board (which includes coordinators and seven other longtime shitworkers) to call a meeting with Mike to discuss his behavior and give him a chance to defend himself. When confronted about many suspicious actions, including the unacceptable ad trade, lying to fellow coordinators, inability to keep accurate records of his cash spending (which caused large sums of money to go unaccounted for), and suspicions that he was supporting himself in part with MRR's money, Mike had no explanation whatsoever, although he admitted that he had been sloppy with the money.

It was suggested to Mike that the best thing for the magazine would be for him to step down as coordinator. Mike agreed, and he was asked to leave immediately and to write his final column. We feel that his column, although not a complete fabrication, was certainly not a truthful representation of the situation. Now you have the rest of the story.

—Paul and Golnar

MRR—

I am writing in regards to the letter by Ken Sanderson in *MRR* #265. As a person directly concerned by his letter (I re-released the Dirt Shit EP, an Austrian 7" originally released in 1979), I would like to write a response to his letter.

First of all he is right to bring up the problem of re-releases. Especially in Europe, the number of re-releases floating around increases more and more all the time. But I think one should not damn all people doing these records.

In my opinion, there are several important points one has to take into account before buying a re-release. First, you should always check quality and—even more important—the work put into such a release. This will give you an idea about whether the record is a bootleg or legal re-release as well. If it is a shitty copy taken from an old and a thousand times used vinyl, keep away from it. The same is true for a "re-release" that simply comes with a xeroxed copy of the original cover without any additional information, lyrics, or anything. But if someone puts a lot of work into the record, offering a high quality copy with a good cover, why not buy it? I think this is the point where *MRR* can be a great help, telling us about all of these things and helping us make our decision. Anyway, buying such a good re-release is far better than paying hundreds of euros or dollars for the original record if you want to hear the music. I got some whining letters from collector shitheads telling me that I am an asshole for doing the Dirt Shit re-release, as I destroy the price of the original. Reading these letters makes me smile 'cause this is exactly the reason why I did this re-release—to make the record available for the "real" punks and destroy the ridiculous price of the original, though I know that the original record will always be very expensive. This reason for doing the record is stated on the sheets included with the record, but unfortunately only in German. These collector scum don't do anything for our scene nowadays and most probably never did. You never see them at shows or anywhere else, and you never see them buying a new record. Fuck them—they are nothing else but fucking stamp collectors!!!

As second point, I have some remarks on label policy. Nowadays, there are a lot of labels out there *just* doing legal re-releases of classic records without doing anything new. I did the Dirt Shit re-release by chance, but I do vinyls of bands around here right now at the same time. Take Weird System from Germany for example. They mainly do re-releases of old German classics, and earn a lot of money, but do not put this money into releases supporting bands from today's punkscene. I think they have not done more than one or two releases of actual bands. Such labels are shit! But do not talk shit about small labels putting their private money into releases and doing some re-releases as well. Most of them put the money into releases of actual bands anyway.

My label policy is absolutely clear and I think the following is a very important point for both consumers and labels. Avoid making bootlegs! Try to contact original members of the band. This is usually possible and nowadays not that difficult. It takes some time and effort but that should not be the problem. Ask them if they are interested in re-releasing their record. Offer them the money you usually pay for the band's free copies or studio and ask them for permission to do the record. They usually did not get any money from the original release and may be interested. Then do the record. Otherwise do not! That is just fair and you avoid commercial rip-off.

If we keep on supporting today's punk scene, it is no problem if we buy a re-release of a classic every now and then. So, stay punk, keep on trading records, and support your local scene!

Cheers

—JenZ

Maxi Rocker!—

Before I get my letter started I'd like to tell that hippie sounding fuck named Frank-furter that if he is gonna write an anti "rules of punk" letter that he should at least write something about why the rules of punk were so bad. I'm sorry if you find it so fucking hard not to play golf Frank but you are obviously a poser & probably don't listen to the Fuck Boyz so you might as well drop out of the punk scene. I can speak for everyone no one likes you Frank. Just to piss off Frank I have added a few more new rules of being punk, if you are punk & don't check the Fuck Boyz or Hickey out by the year 2006 you are a fucking poser. After checking out these bands even if you think they suck you must tell everyone under the age of 18 that the Casualties suck & that mohawks are for posers & that the Naked Cult Of Hickey is the only way to assure punk rock stardom. You must also spread lies about Adam from Jawbreaker & tell everyone that he is a cop. You must tell everyone that he became a cop to clean up the Mission District because the Mission District is too fucking hardcore for him. You must tell everyone that you are the kid who swung from the pipes at the Epicenter & broke the pipes because they would never let a band like Kill Allen Wrench play there. Last but not least in importance you must tell everyone that you shopped at Mission Records but you had to use handi-wipes afterwards because all of the records there were all dusty, & you bought every last issue of *Probe* that was sold there. On to important things I wanted to let Bill Florio (referring to his column *MRR* #266) that when the Bethanator & I split up a few years back I actually would buy 14 packs of Hot Pockets a pay check, enough to have a Hot Pocket for dinner everyday till next payday.

Now onto my story of when I was in school. Part of being a good rock star or a failed one is to have the whole world think you're mental, or at least someone important think that. When I was twelve or thirteen, my junior high counselor convinced my dad that I was insane or maybe just a bit loony. So my family went & did the unthinkable they sent me away from the beautiful Kailua Middle School I was attending & sent me across the island to a school we'll refer to as Lameview (school for the stupid, crazy, & retarded). They thought I was crazy because I looked a bit weird, I hated school, I loved to sport Suicidal Tendencies T-shirts & for all the reasons the teacher hated the little kid on the movie *Uncle Buck* (which features my favorite actor/comedian John Candy). Maybe they thought I was a threat to the school, well fuck them for thinking they were that important to me. School wasn't worthy of me unleashing my fury on it, hell it wasn't even worth my while to go there half the time, so fuck em'! From a young age I felt that teachers, & councilors have failed me. One time I won my class spelling bee but since they thought I was stupid even though I won, they let some motherfuckering little bitch represent our class at the school spelling bee. That uncle fucker of course lost. Me being a future failed rock star I would have kept my cool won the contest & thrown the trophy in the garbage. Well, back to the story of Lameview. Sure half the kids were crazy, but a lot were just dumb fuck simpletons, & then you had a handful of skateboarders, punks, & metal heads that did not belong there. After the embarrassment of going to a school for retards wore off I soon found that Lameview ruled. The schoolwork was so easy I didn't have to study, & if you did well they gave you a golden star by your name. The rad thing is to get a golden star they would ask you "do you deserve a gold star?" of course everyone but me said "yes." I remember I didn't want a golden star, because I though it was the kind of retarded shit you do with 2nd graders. Whenever the teacher would ask me "Karl, do you deserve a golden star," I'd say "No!" She would of course say, "Since you are so honest, you get a golden star." I remember pealing the sticker off & throwing it away. How fucking nauseating, I didn't want to earn enough gold stars to get a toy out of the toy trunk. Another great thing about Lameview is since they thought we were all crazy, if me & the other skateboarders would leave for a few hours to go skate at Wallows they didn't flinch, they'd just say "don't do that again." We of course did it again. My favorite part of Lameview is that there was a small market across the street that sold the best Spam musubi (I hope I spelled that right) I've ever tasted. Well, after two months they figured out I wasn't mental, retarded, or even stupid. They found out I was actually very smart & had an abnormally high IQ. This of course doesn't mean shit to me. All I knew was I was going away from the easy school that had no home work. I would not see my new skater, punk, or metal friends again, I'd now have to hang out with my usual skater dude friends at school like Sam Penis & Akira. Fuck having a big IQ. I'd rather have had a bigger dick.

By the way, if Eros—formally of Las Vegas—is still punk email me, I've been wondering a lot lately what ever happened to him, he was a cool dude! Also to my old skateboarding crew in Hawaii, Akira, Ash, or Travis (Sam Pier) if you read this get in touch, let's skates or get drunk. On Las Vegas news there is a new hipster bar that sucks called the Beauty Bar, when I was there I had to park in the ghetto & be asked by a thousand or so wanna be Jeff Otts for change. What the fuck is change? This is Las Vegas we don't like the homeless like pussies who live in the Bay Area. I carry a Visa Debit card every where I go you transient fucks! Well, the horror didn't end there when I entered the Beauty Bar & ordered a beer I was shocked when I found out not only do they do not serve Coors Light, but they don't serve Bud Light or Miller Light either. I had to drink an Amstel Light, one of the worst beers I have ever drank, & if the wrong people saw me my image of being a White Trash Sri Lankan would have been ruined. Speaking of my Sri Lankan origins the Bethanator cooked me a awesome Sri Lankan feast for Fathers Day & now it burns really badly when I shit, I actually have to squirt right now but refuse to due to the extreme anal heat I feel. I was going through my records the other day & stumbled across the Sea Monkeys (Bad Haircut) this 7" is more than enough reason for anyone to stop listening to Underoath. Oh yeah I fucking hate older punks who cry & say any new band is lame & but turn around & say Johnny Cash is good, well I'll tell you what fuck Johnny Cash he is a good for nothing redneck & I'm glad he is dead. By the way while I'm on the pro death rant fuck Joe Strummer has he really done anything punk in the past few decades? Have you ever heard *Cut The Crap* by the Clash, die fucking die

Joe! Fuck Hasil Adkins while you're at it as well! This towel head declares keep the Po' White Trash out my punk scene! What if the next generation of punk liked Toby Keith, barf! Also when was it OK to like Social Distortion again? Must I remind everyone these guys aren't punk they suck, I swear people only like this band so they can look like a stupid greaser. I'll leave you (as Frank would describe you as) *beautiful readers* with two more things: *AMP* magazine sucks & support the working man/women boycott Walmart! By the way I thought beautiful people read *Alternative Press*.

Yo! Yo! Yo!

—Karl Bakla

Lasvegashardcore@aol.com

P.S. I saw Big Vinny & The Cattle Thieves play the other night, I think they were great but I was so drunk I don't remember but I do remember something about being a two-pump chump, fucking brilliant. Also Miguel of Fat Chicks In Party Hats is funny as fuck, love him unless you are a fat creature like the One Life Crew that wears sleeping bags as panties & make pork farts.

P.P.S. If you have any bad words or vulgar one-liners let me know, I'm compiling a list of filth. It's already pretty huge. If you're in a band & need another term for penis, shit, or anything else let me know I might be of some assistance. Shane White, what is Sausage Water?

MRR—

Welcome Golnar, Paul, and Martin. I'm sure you'll all continue the great tradition of *MRR*. Do you still accept prisoner columns? Haven't seen one in well over a year now, and I can't imagine that no one has submitted one, but then maybe not. If you are still accepting them, perhaps you should put a notice in each issue that lets the prisoner readers know you accept prisoner columns. I'm thinking a lot of folks locked up may not realize that prisoners can submit stuff.

—James Duane

James—

We do, indeed, still accept prisoner columns. It is, however, true that we haven't received one in quite a while, which we would love to see change. So, if you are a prisoner reading this and have something to say, please feel free to submit it to us. Make sure that we know it's a column submission and not a letter. Thanks,

—Golnar

MRR—

Hi! Hope this reaches you all doing good! I just received issue #265. My ad finally made it in, but a little too late. I've been moved to Tracy State Prison. I do have good news (for myself, at least). I was facing 25 to life under 3 strikes, which I fought for 12 months in Sacramento County Jail. I ended up with four years, 85% and I got 933 days credit. Leaves me with less than a year to freedom.

Anyhow, I'm looking to meet people for possible contacts, information, or music trade. Like I said, I get out in less than a year. I'm a 34-year-old, heavily tattooed convict "Oi!" punk and I have a 23-year-old Russian girlfriend who is into hip-hop. We both have plans to travel, camp, meet new people, paradise to Arcadia, and rail from Arizona to New York. I'd say I've spent most of the last ten years or more "in" more than out. I basically want to learn to live and enjoy life on the outs, Good people! Good times! Anyway, looking for pen pals, male or female, of all interests, cultures, ideas, and backgrounds to trade information, share new / different lifestyles. Interests are: squatting, foods, travel, rails, dropout lifestyles, survival plans, resources, primitive, tribal, and outreach. Into Oi!/street punk, openness to peace punk, hippy outlook. Looking to expand my horizons and spiritualness. I don't know where that came from except that I love life, I love people, and I'm ready for new experiences.

Hail punk rawk and chaos, long live anarchy, and peace to all tribes and barbarians of all nations. Fuck Bush, FUC CDC. If you do find the time and space to print this thank you MRR!!

—Respects,

Alfred Busby #T37800
C-Wing 234
PO Box 600
Tracy, CA 95378-0600

MRR—

Tear Down America's Iron Curtains!

Americans applauded when the wall separating East and West Germany was torn down. But now, 15 years later, Iron Curtains are being erected along US borders. The border cops won't let you cross (and may arrest you) if you lack ID and a birth certificate. Next, they want passports!

I am for free trade, but not just for big corporations that can afford lawyers and accountants to untangle red tape. I want free trade *for everyone*—free trade in goods and services, including freedom to cross borders.

The European free trade area has open borders between participating nations (I've read). People move freely, without being stopped and questioned or required to show documents. If 25 European countries that speak over 40 languages can do that, why can't three North American countries?

Europe long had a reputation for fascism, including ID requirements and border hassles. Whereas America claimed to be "the land of the free." But America now restricts travel more than does Europe. *Shame!*

As for the cheap-Mexican labor bugaboo: I don't think there is a problem. But if officials do, they could open the border gradually so that wages equalize gradually. Maybe at first, unrestricted passage only during December-January-February, which is when many Americans want to visit Mexico for medical/dental treatments. or for vacations, and when many Mexicans who work in the US want to return to Mexico for family reunions. Then, lengthen the unrestricted season one month each year.

As for terrorist bugaboo: How many Mexicans are fanatical Muslims? How many Canadians? Threats from *overseas* are no excuse for restrictions *within* North America (and Central America if it joins).

A final thought. Even if travel restrictions keep out *foreign* terrorists (very unlikely—a group capable of organizing something like 9-11 can certainly devise ways to fool or bypass border guards) those restrictions and other Nazi laws are infuriating millions of Americans, some of whom may respond by becoming terrorists. If officials sincerely want to reduce terrorism, they best stop doing things that motivate people to become terrorists!

—Ray Stray,
Willamette Valley
Oregon

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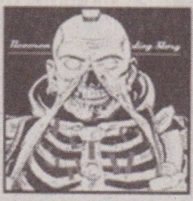

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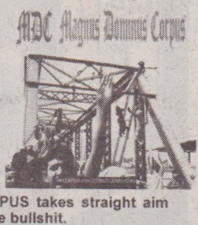

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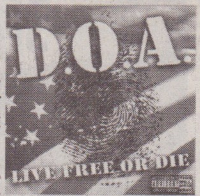

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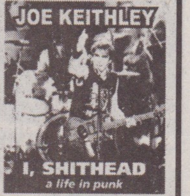

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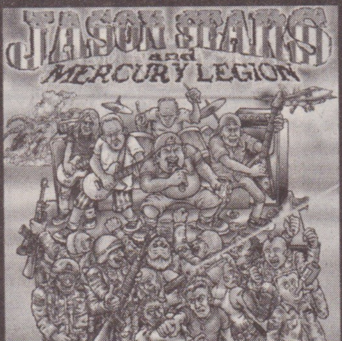
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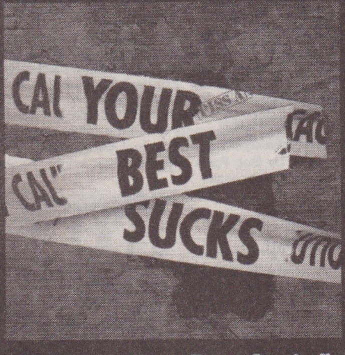
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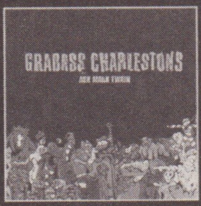
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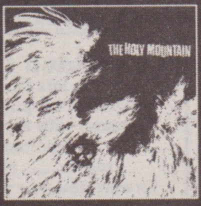
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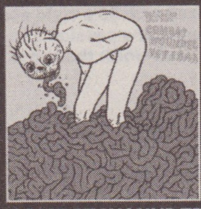

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COLUMNS

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

This month it's time to ditch the serious topics and just talk records. I'm going to focus on some records that might have gone under a lot of people's radar the last few months. This issue it's mostly Swedish stuff.

365 Dagar Av Synd – s/t EP

Absolutely the best record I've heard in months. This is essentially Dödsdömd with a different drummer and apparently recorded back in 2003 (?); it's the same guitar/bass and dual vocal attack as Dödsdömd. I *live* for this kind of hardcore—totally hi-octane, intense Swedish råkäng. Best comparison other than Dödsdömd would probably be 10"-era Skitsystem, but youll have to check it yourself. The guitar sound cuts like a samurai sword, the bass is like a train full of coal a mile long running through your living room, and the D-beat cracks like a whip! These jams just sound saw raw and desperate, like they were recorded in a POW camp on the moons of Jupiter after a war against evil mutants that lasted a thousand years. This 7" was very limited, but I believe a repress is in the works. And it goes without saying that if you haven't picked up the Dödsdömd LP on Putrid Filth Conspiracy, it's essential listening.

Rabid Grannies – *My Brain Is Rotten* EP – Wasted Sounds Records

You might remember another 7" from these guys from 2003, but this is miles ahead of that effort. If you miss the Y2K thrash wave with bands like early DS 13 and Tear It Up, this one is for you. I know it's common wisdom lately that people burned out on fast thrash after 2003 and now demand some melody or whatever in their punk, but when this style is done right it's undeniable. Raw, fast, aggro thrash for circle pits and skating vert. Get into it.

Knugen Faller – *Inte Som Ni* EP – Wasted Sounds Records

Great poppy punk from this all-star Norrland combo. Really catchy tunes showcasing some strong female vocals and judicious use of the saxaphone. Very cool late 70s sounding guitar chop as well. Reminds me a lot of late 70s Swedish punk if it had been more polished and less garagey. This band has another excellent 7" as well, also on Wasted Sounds. Knugen Faller means something like "fall of the King" in Swedish and both of this band's 7"s have hilarious photos of the band doctored to look like they are hanging out with the King of Sweden.

There appears to be some anti-monarchy theme in the lyrics as well, but I'm not so good at Swedish so you can figure that out for yourself. If you like bands like Gorllia Angreb and Young Wasteners you might like this, or if you are into classic *Bloodstains Across Sweden* punk you'd probably dig this as well.

Tristess – *Vad Ska Vi Bli?* LP – Wasted Sounds

This band features Andy from DS 13 on vocals, but it's not fast hardcore at all. Instead it's great, snotty Swedish punk rock. Good, driving bass and drums, raw, jagged, hollow sounding guitars, and snotty vocals give this a really late-70s feel. If you put these songs on a mix tape with bands like Kriminella Gitarrer, Bitch Boys, Attentat, or even Missbrukarna you'd never know this band was from the 21st century and not 1979.

V/A – *We Come in Peace* 7" – Blindead/Halvfabrikat

Its rare to find a totally solid 7" comp these days, but this one is great. I'm especially amped on this comp because it introduced me to Anatomi 71 and 365 Dagar Av Synd, each of whom turn in totally rampaging tracks. The Personkrets 3:1 track is good too, and they have a 10" now as well. Also on the comp are Kuolema (Finland), Apologia, Protestera, Ensam and Diskonto. This is the second volume of a series devoted to activism against the World bank. Volume One was More World, Less Bank is definitely also worth tracking down.

Anatomi 71 – *Hej Kom Och Hjälp Mig* EP- Putrid Filth Conspiracy

Anatomi 71 – split EP with Radioskuga – MCD – Halvfabrikat

This is another totally amazing band out of Sweden that has made a big impression on me. They have a 7" and a split, and the tracks from both are also collected on an MCD. For lack of a better comparison I'm going to say these guys sound like Skitsystem. Not really blazing any new musical trails, but damn do these guys nail the sound well—just raw Scandinavian crust core assault. Some of the songs are totally savage and up-tempo and others drop into a more heavy pummeling. Kind of like the difference between being knocked out cold with a bat and slowly beaten into unconsciousness by an experienced pugilist. If you like bands like Skitsystem, Wolfbrigade, Kontrovers, Human Waste, etc., you are probably going to love this band.

Rövsvett – *Kängor och Shorts* EP – Bucho Discos

These guys have been around since the mid 80s and this latest effort sounds surprisingly fresh, while grounded in the Swedish hardcore past. The lyrics to "Kängor och Shorts" are pretty funny, an ode to the crust life where shorts and boots are worn at all times.

Vi Gruer Oss – *Kjell Magne Bondesvik* EP– Plata/Dittprofit

This one isn't Swedish at all and doesnt sound Swedish either. Vi Gruer Oss from Norway crank out some really raging early-80s style hardcore. The sound is very much in keeping with Norway's hardcore tradition; if you are amped on the X-Port Plater bands you'll for sure dig this. I'd describe the sound as a cross between early-80s Norwegian hardcore and US hardcore of the same time period. The recording is very lo-fi, almost live sounding—in fact I wouldn't be surprised if this was recorded live in a practice room. But it's got a raw power that bulldozes through to the point where anything else would sound fake and over-produced.

After the Bombs – *Terminal Filth Stench Bastard* EP – Sjakk Matt Plater

This one doesn't sound Swedish either, and it's on a label from Norway. From the layout youd expect some kind of D-beat raw punk, but this is much heavier and more metallic. Heavy crust like Sacrilege mixed with Extinction of Mankind, early Bolt Thrower, demo era Axegrinder and Antisect. Metallic raw crust totally true to the form. The title is even a Deviated Instinct reference. If you like Hellshocks revival of the mid-late 80s UK Crust sound this record is for you.

Human Bastard – *After the Last Bomb* EP – La Idea

This band also has a split 7″ with Article Nine from Sweden. Human Bastard are from Spain and drop some serious crust detonation on this 7″. There is a lot of generic crust coming out these days, so it takes a really rock solid 7″ to leave a lasting impression. These guys just burn up with raw riffs and snarled, growling vocals. There is a Motörhead-meets-crust-style rock-out punch that will have Inepsy fans pumping their fists to the sick riffs and wild guitar leads. Like a lot of records these days, this release is marred only by over-pixelated artwork. Note to people laying out crust records: A good photocopy is better than a low-res scan.

RaNSoM
NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

Time Burn

There is a dull roar in my head, loud as a jet engine. I am traveling over the Atlantic, thousands of feet up into the atmosphere, following the curve of the Earth, headed west. At 300 miles an hour I am strapped in, the nylon belt of seat 36E holding me down, as the days of the past month traveling in Europe burn and blur together in my mind.

I spent the heat of the previous afternoon packing my things while looking over the London skyline from a tower block in Hackney. In a few hours, I'll be back in Boston, with plenty of time before last call.

The changeover always fucks with my head, traveling so quickly to another part of the world. Jumping into the next time zone, flipping over to the next page of my life.

The sun begins to set, and the sky flames outside the windows. I am surrounded by sleeping families and business people; heads bathed in the glow of small computer screens.

Time collides into a fusion of bright and hard moments, and I try to grasp a few images to pin down and hold tight, like butterflies under glass. I listen to the white noise of wind and machine, and put down black pen scribbles in a little red notebook, a lone letter E standing on the cover. There is too much to say, and I am lost, not able to write anything. So, for now, here are just a few rambling images. I will save the full report for the DVD!

Overall, the tour with BEHIND ENEMY LINES was absolutely amazing. They played well every night and people were excited to see them. The van didn't break down and we didn't get seriously lost. The food was excellent, the beer free, and fourteen people, including ALL SYSTEMS FAIL from Utah who were touring with them, friends, and drivers—all got along for three weeks straight. None of the shows were canceled. Things went so smoothly I almost didn't feel like I was on tour.

Every day I prepared my video equipment, taped the bands, interviewed people, and hung out. It was excellent.

And before I say anything else, thanks to everyone who I shared a conversation with, took care of me, or was a friend. Also, biggest thanks to BEHIND ENEMY LINES for being such amazing people to travel with, and a kick ass band with right-on politics to boot.

The Joys of Traveling

Damn. I stood outside the huge train station in Hamburg at nearly midnight.

I put down my red vanity box full of video gear and my black backpack with a few clothes, tripod, and sleeping bag, and reached for a cigarette. The last train to Bremen was gone. I saw it pull out of the station about ten minutes ago. At least I had a full pack of smokes and a lighter. Comfort stimuli for the tobacco addicted.

I was tired and I was just glad that I wasn't moving anymore. I was running on only a few hours sleep, as I was in Boston only yesterday morning.

Things were getting blurry.

That afternoon I had taken a London city bus to a tube station, where I caught a coach bus to Stansted (a small airport about an hour away with cheaper flights), to an hour-long flight to Lubeck (same deal, but an even smaller airport that looks more like a redone warehouse), and then another coach bus back south to Hamburg.

So here I was, at the end of the day, worn out, sick of carrying my gear, wondering what the fuck to do. Sitting down and just smoking until morning seemed like not a bad possibility.

Luckily, I had a cell phone and the number of a good friend of a friend who lived in the city. Eventually, after much cursing and many attempts, I figured out the German code for my American phone. Andi answered on the other end.

Three stops on the Hamburg subway a young woman with short blonde hair was banging on the car window yelling at me, "Hello! Erika! Get off the train!" It was Andi, making sure that I didn't miss her stop!

Andi smiled, immediately grabbed my backpack, put it on her shoulders, and started walking towards her place. For this moment, I am eternally grateful. Having someone I've never met before rescue me at midnight from a closed train station was pretty damn cool.

We spent the rest of the night talking about life and laughing until my eyes just couldn't stay open any longer. And I got to hear how funny and ridiculous *Pirates of the Caribbean* sounds dubbed into German. I went to sleep happy to be back in Europe—already I had been lost, and found amazing people.

Dijon, France

The music blazed as the masked members of PEKATRALATAK started into their next song. The line between band and audience blurred as Les Tanneries was filled with hundreds of punks, most of them singing and shouting along to the choruses. The energy in the room was contagious, and for that glorious moment, I didn't want to be anywhere else in the world.

I was taking it all in, balancing on top of a tall barstool next to the sound booth. Les Tanneries is an enormous ex-factory building, now a collectively run autonomous space. I needed the height of the barstool to see over the mass of punks dancing in front of the stage.

My right arm was looped through a welded metal sculpture made out of bike parts, keeping me steady while I stood on the small seat, and my right hand held my video camera. My left hand alternated between camera work, holding my beer, and waving a fist along to PEKATRALATAK!

The show was also special because it was to be PEKATRALATAK 's last performance, after several years of playing anarcho-punk. I was moved by what they had to say on stage, even though I don't speak French. I caught one phrase that seemed to summarize the feelings of the moment: *contre des capitalistes!*

Cheers to Pauline, Chico, and Eloise for their interviews about the Maloka collective, as I was inspired by all of their work. Also cheers to Christophe for playing some kick-ass records while we all waited for people to get ready to leave in the morning.

I have always loved LA FRACTION.

They are one of my favorite bands, both for their music and what they stand for, but now I realize that there are so many French anarcho-punk bands that I need to hear. *J'aime le bruit!*

Living Loud

Julia, Ralph, and their collective set up the show at KTS, a large community center in Freiburg, Germany. The food they made before the show was amazing—vegan koodle with pickled beets and sauce, yum yum! The show that night was small but exceptionally fun, with lots of dancing and crowd-surfing silliness and everyone wanting BEL to play more—until they literally didn't have any songs left!

At 4 am Crusty Caesar from Mexico and I were behind the bar, and the small concert room was empty except for a couple of punks passed out on couches against the wall. Caesar was playing his favorite mix CD, and DOOM was channeled loud as fuck through the speakers of the PA system. The music was as loud, as if the band was actually there on stage, shaking the very walls, drowning out everything else like a sonic explosion. It was so loud I could actually feel the songs. It was ridiculous and over-the-top and unnecessary and probably damaging to my hearing, but kick-ass and amazing all the same. Caesar and I looked at each other and smiled at the beauty of noise while shaking our fists in the air to the changes.

Meanwhile Julia, Mary, and Matt played kicker out in the hallway and other people sat outside. The sleeping room (full of bunk beds and mattresses for the bands) was far enough away that we weren't keeping people up.

There were no cops, or bar owners, no officials of any kind telling us what to do. The place was self-regulated. What a liberated feeling! Even for something as small as playing loud music late at night.

Usually, in the States, there is always the feeling of someone watching, and the constant worry of the police shutting things down, or being in a space that is not yours, only temporarily rented or borrowed. Things are so tightly regulated, land and property so tightly controlled, that it is stifling. There are very few places that punks, anti-authoritarians or activists can truly call their own. There is always the landlord or the pigs that have the final say in what you can and cannot do.

It was refreshing—an American and a Mexican listening to punk loud as hell in a dark basement in Freiburg. Every once in a while someone ventured into the dark room and. We gave them beer and they gave us a few Euro coins, and the music went on.

Longest Day of Tour

In the morning BEHIND ENEMY LINES and Timo drove to the AU squat in Frankfurt to play the annual festival there. I went with ALL SYSTEMS FAIL and Goran to the Anti-Fascist Rock Action festival in Stuttgart. The plan was for BEL to play at AU, and then later meet us in Stuttgart to play there as well.

The yellow van arrived at Stuttgart about one in the afternoon, at the beginning of a very, very, long day. Luckily, Etzel had thought ahead and brought along an extra crate of beer!

It was beautiful weather, and I was able to spend some time sitting on the grass talking with Pera from Ljubljana and Kelly from London about their activism and lives. It was a nice moment, three women from different parts of the world eating lunch together in a field in Germany. It was also nice to see Stachel again, who made me laugh!

The show started around 6 pm with CLUSTER BOMB UNIT, and then continued with NULLA OSTRA from Croatia, BURIAL, DOOMTOWN, PERTH EXPRESS, MADAME GERMEN from Spain, CWILL from Switzerland, ALL SYSTEMS FAIL and then BEHIND ENEMY LINES.

Usually German punk shows have two bands, maybe three, and each band plays for about forty minutes, sometimes more. So this particular show, with nine bands, was a monstrosity! All of the bands were good, but I particularly remember the catchy punk of DOOMTOWN, the powerful female vocals and heavy music of MADAME GERMEN, and the haunting melodies and violin of CWILL.

By the time BEHIND ENEMY LINES started their set, it was past two in the morning. I had been at the festival for eleven hours, and had video taped all of the bands, except BURIAL who I managed to miss entirely while finding dinner. At this point I already had about four hours of footage from the festival, and had been standing on the side of the stage for about six hours. I was tired as hell, but the occasional beer, piece of chocolate, the energy of the crowd, and the bands all kept me excited and wanting to document the show.

This was the second show for the day for BEHIND ENEMY LINES, after sixteen shows with no days off. I think it would be a challenge for any band to play their best after such a day, especially after over two weeks with no days to rest. But as soon as they started their first song I felt, after all the shows I'd seen them play, that show was the best I've ever heard them.

I was standing on the side of the stage with my video camera, right next to Bill wailing on his guitar, and could see over the heads of the hundreds of punks who filled the large hall, and a sea of people and friends dancing up front. It was a beautiful sight that I'll never forget.

Mary and Matt guitar rocked out on the other side of the stage while Matt furiously hit the drums in the back. Dave stood in the middle, pounding his cane into the stage while singing about the injustices of this capitalist world based on fear and hate. The band was loud and together and everything flowed, and I caught it all as best I could through the lens of my camera.

It was fucking amazing.

They finished playing around 3 am, and had to leave for the Frankfurt airport to catch their flight home at 6am. What a schedule! But someone had to work on Tuesday, so they had to leave.

Before they left I had to do my last interview of the tour, with Matt the guitarist. I had already interviewed everyone else in the band and Matt was the only one left. We had meant to do it the previous morning, or sometime earlier in the day, but now there was no more time left. So I interviewed Matt at 5 am, at the end of the festival, with the sound of punks dancing and singing along to an 80s dance party in the background. Another great moment.

I went to sleep that morning on the floor of a hallway overlooking the hall, with people walking next to me most of the time, and listening to the sound of the stage being dismantled and hauled off. It was glorious. I was so happy to be lying down that it was the most comfortable floor I've ever slept on. And the next day when it was time to get up, Stachel brought me a cup of coffee. Hell yeah, thanks!

Not Enough!

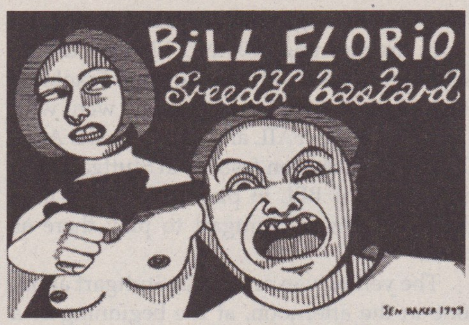
As always, there is not enough space in this column or time before the deadline for me to say anything more. But there is so much more to say!

I didn't even get to talk about Bill and the Darth Vader mask, the strange but fun after-show 80s dance party at EKH, or my time in Bremen or London afterwards. Well, I guess I'll save it for later.

Right now, I'm back in Boston, packing up to leave for the CLITfest in Minneapolis in only a couple of hours, and I need to turn this in. The few days I've been home have flown by. I was riding on the Boston Harbor cruise with Gro and Bev when I should have been finishing this up. Oh well! The ocean waves were calling.

For my last words this month, a big hello and thanks to: Aggel at the Lobusch for recording audio for all of the bands and his great laugh that makes me smile, also the Lobusch bartenders for talking to me about life, fascists, punk and so forth until dawn (when I began to hail Hamburgers in the street on their way to work—*guten Morgen!*). ALL SYSTEMS FAIL for proving to me that not all people from Utah are religious freaks, and being sincere with their music and friendships. APATIA NO for the great interview in Spanish, and Julia for all her energy! Ethan in Prague for the place to stay, good times, conversation and demonstrating the effect of absinthe on the human body while laying down in the middle of the street. Nina for coming out to the show at the 007 to say hello, even though she had shingles (don't touch—eek!). Christian and Silja for the interview in Munich about Kafe Kult. Everyone at Kopi—what a great night hanging out! Hopefully see you soon.... Timo for being so well organized on the tour, and dedicated to DIY music with a real message (these types of folks inspire me). AZ Conni folks in Dresden for having a ping-pong table and being so amazingly hospitable, with great food and a comfortable place to stay. Goran for driving, and just being cool. Philipp for the interview about the EKH eviction (all I can say is good luck, but by the time you read this it may be all over...). Oliver and Aldina in Innsbruck, Austria who live next to mountains, put on DIY punk shows and make kick-ass coffee. Jamal for the interview at Kleiderfabrik in Bremgarten, Switzerland (this squat has a resource/information room, a bar, a concert room, a café, sleeping rooms for the bands—and an indoor skate park. No joke. Not to mention, damn good cider available at the bar). The La France Pue crew in St. Etienne for the good times in the punk apartment building with the great patio garden (also the wine and bread, I think required in France for all citizens to buy in bulk) and Elsa and Cecile for the great interview. Daniel and Beni for the interview about Juz Piranha in Mannheim, Germany, a collective over twenty years old (and still going!). The Friesenstrasse, Bremen, Germany crew—hello and big hugs to Stivie, Nicole and Katia for putting me up—lots of coffee, vegan bacon sandwiches, late nights smoking cigarettes, and pasting show flyers while watching out for the cops, talking about life and traveling, and putting subversive stickers up. All the London folks, especially at 56@ and Pogo Café ("I love vegans" and anarchists too,) thanks to Jon for the excellent picnic in Victoria Park, view from London Bridge and the harrowing bike rides across the city, Marta for the movies and great food, and Robin for always making me laugh. And anyone for lack of memory or space I forgot to mention.

Ya Basta! Solidarity and blazing guitars,
Erika (e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com)



REVENGE OF THE NERDS:
Well, they don't really need any...

Ok, three people this week asked me if I was going to see Gorilla Biscuits at CBGB next month. Why the flying fricassee would I wanna see them if I thought they were crap when I was 17? I mean, other than showing up wearing a shirt that says "I'm Not Judged by My Friends GI Joes" (yeah, Revelation Records 7" humor, I can stoop to it). There's something about this stupid nostalgia-for-something-that-never-existed kinda stuff all over the place. Look, a lot of these bands reunite because everyone who knew how terrible they were when they were around aren't gonna be there. This is the kind of thing that turns people from Nerd to Dweeb.

On Friday I played a show with the Ergs! and the Modern Machines, with both of my bands the Shemps and Lost Locker Combo. Just for the record, playing two times at the same show was not a good idea. It's not the preparation to play all those songs, really; it's the fact that I'm running the show for both bands. So the usual seven phone calls from the Shemps (our drummer usually calls three times; his short term memory isn't so hot) was compounded by about seventeen phone calls from LLC, (yeah, there's eight members and counting). Anyhow, I was driving a buncha people home and I was enquiring why the pop punk kids all like the Ergs! and kinda sat out during the Modern Machines set. It was explained to me that the Ergs are Nerds and the MnMs are Dweebs.

At first I tried to think of the hairstyle/fashion factors involved, but no one's putting either of these bands in their salon window. It was explained to me that Nerds know they're Nerds, but Dweebs go on not knowing that they are nerdy. I like both bands, but I guess at some show last year that I was trying to evict an ass grabbing bike messenger from, Nate Paisano (of the MnMs) went on and on for about ten minutes with Hüsker Dü jokes that no one had enough knowledge of the band to get. This time he stuck to making fun of our accents, which I thought was good enough for guitar tuning time.

I called up Mike Faloon of *Go Metric* zine to make sure he didn't already write a column about Nerds vs. Dweebs today, but he just wrote a review mentioning the conflict without going into much detail.

(Oh, I think everyone should called them the MnMs from now on, by the way.)

Anyhow, it got me thinking how I probably do the same thing sorting out the Nerds from the Dweebs. I mean, when one knows what to expect from oneself and what to expect from other people, it's pretty impossible to be a Dweeb. Then again, you can probably categorize everyone into four basic camps, which is also the way I sorta pick my friends. I mean my mother always would correct me when I told her about friends of mine, especially when she didn't like the story I had about them. She'd be like, "These are not friends, they are acquaintances!" Then again, my mom is full of it. She really doesn't have any close friends she would be able to confide in; she relies on my sister and myself for that. But anyhow, being the generalizing bastard I am, you got Nerds, Drips, Dweebs, and Fucks.

Now I'm going to explain this in terms of my possible bonds of friendship with the following types, but hopefully not in a way that makes you think of the cover of that horrible record by Insted, who will hopefully not be doing any (more) reunions.

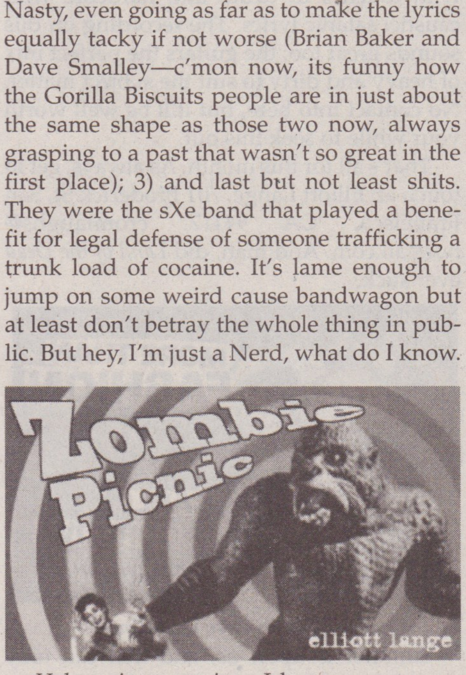
Fucks: These are people who—of course—you don't want to be associated with at all. Basically, they're looking out for number one and then they're making sure nuber two gets shit on too. Sure, you can probably rationalize that these people had cruel childhoods or are heavy drug users, or were heavy drug users during their cruel childhood. You can "chemical" this and "nature and nurture" that, but you can't let this asshole come to my pool party. Next...

Dweebs: Most "cool" people are just as much Dweebs as the nerdy type Dweeb that you think I mean when I say Dweeb. I mean, the person wearing sunglasses inside is just as bad as the person wearing tube socks and sandals. It's not what they're doing, it's the fact that they don't have a clue! Basically, you can hang out with someone like this, but you really can't put too much faith in them. 99% of the time they are very focused on whatever activities they need to Dweeb-ify. Now this doesn't make them evil, but in the long run...well, they're not gonna stick around for the long run. Dweebs tend to shift a lot; they tend to jump from a certain group of friends to another, their main emphasis on their own goals and interests, which probably also change with time. The flaw is in not knowing what they are and how they go about doing what they do. Then when something shatters the little world they build around themselves they move on to create new ones again, not putting much thought into it, or how similar the outcome may be from the previous cycle. It's like the person who breaks up with a boyfriend or girlfriend and then treats finding a new one like finding a new job. Anyhow Dweebs are OK to go on a road trip with, though not a good idea to date.

Drips: This is probably by far the largest group. Drips can be wannabe Nerds or wannabe Dweebs, but really lack the character or intelligence to get them up or down to anything memorable to most people. They feel safe with routines and status quos and all that, so having a couple of Drippy friends isn't really such a bad thing. I mean, eating matzos and peanut butter is OK when it's late and yer starving, but it is what it is. Let's go bowling.

Nerds: So basically what I'm getting at is to be a real solid and interesting person, Nerd is where it's at. Nerds may participate in many of the same activities as the Dweeb or the Drip, while acknowledging its pettiness or its mundane nature. The good thing, if one knows what's up and is OK with it and comfortable in one's own skin, perhaps they will never act like a shit, perhaps they will be actual friend material and not what my mom considers a mere acquaintance.

Anyhow, no Gorilla Biscuits song ever actually addressed any of this because: 1) they were Dweebs buying into the whole lame sXe posi-core thing and probably felt embarrassed about it when they went on to be in equally shitty indie rock/post punk or whatever-you-wanna-call-that-shit bands later on; 2) they were Drips because their whole LP was a complete rip off of Dag Nasty, even going as far as to make the lyrics equally tacky if not worse (Brian Baker and Dave Smalley—c'mon now, its funny how the Gorilla Biscuits people are in just about the same shape as those two now, always grasping to a past that wasn't so great in the first place); 3) and last but not least shits. They were the sXe band that played a benefit for legal defense of someone trafficking a trunk load of cocaine. It's lame enough to jump on some weird cause bandwagon but at least don't betray the whole thing in public. But hey, I'm just a Nerd, what do I know.



Hola amigos y amigas. I hope no one was too sad about my absence last month as I enjoyed the sun, surf, scorpions, and gastrointestinal dysfunction of Venezuela for four weeks. It's a good place that I'd recommend seeing—just keep your eye on them cops down there. You think things are bad here, Christ…

First up, the latest, best, and weirdest band out of Japan these days that were at least news to me is the whirlwind of noise-generating mayhem known as EVS (EXACTLY VIOLENT STYLE). Utilizing the most impossibly blown-out guitar sound, this record sounds like a noise tornado even at minimal volume. This is a surprisingly varied disc, with the full-on grind elements tempered with jazzy, spacey, feedback-laden chaos that, instead of making songs drag as you might expect, make things pretty interesting and original. I don't even know what to compare this too—maybe a slightly more together COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN, or THEGALVINWILHELMMILLERQUARTET in their longer, jazz-inflected screaming compositions of metallic mayhem. Their self-titled CD is on Negative Federal Fund Records: evs@hotmail.co.jp, www.evs.hp.infoseek.co.jp.

Similarly all over the map, but comparatively clean and concise is the debut full-length CD from Italy's PSYCHOFAGIST. This is only in relation to the chaos of EVS though, as their self-applied description, "unstable grind" is fairly accurate, with a million changes of discordant, off-time, riff-fuckery per minute. These brain-eaters are treading the heavily worn path that DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN blazed, but somehow they avoid a lot of the overly Nerd-leaning hipster slickness of DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN and its innumerous clones. They're noisier than most, and their grind tendencies steer them more in the CEPHALIC CARNAGE metal camp. Half the lyrics are screamed in Italian, not that you could tell—and maybe that seemingly insignificant eccentricity influences my interest—but in any event don't be too scared off by the DILLINGER comparison. PSYCHOFAGIST are no originals but they do what they do well and with energy to spare. Get in touch: Subordinate Records, C.P. 536 Trento 9, 38100 Trento Italy, www.subordiante.it, thedoctor@subordinate.it

Latest in the "sitting on my shelf, waiting to be reviewed" department is DEATH CAMP EXPERIMENT, who sent me their six-song demo months ago. This Huntsville, Alabama trio plays the sort of old school grind/hardcore that would fit right in alongside the rosters of the 6-6-6 triumvirate of powerviolence labels (Six Two Five/Deep Six/Six Weeks); they're the kind of band that woulda torn it up at Fiesta Grande. Sounds like everyone in the band pitches in on vocals in some sick old TERRORIZER styled brutality. They growl through the usual topics of war, class war, total war, and Christians. A promising demo, I hope to hear more; beyourownboss@hotmail.com, DCX, PO Box 12262, Huntsville, AL 35815-2262.

I've ranted before about how much I like American West Coast black metal; it's about the only variant of the grossly over-rated style I can stand. Bands like LUDICRA and WOLVES IN THE THRONEROOM somehow add something a little more genuine and aggressive to temper the usual genre-wide case of emperor's new clothes. Add to these ranks Portland's FALL OF THE BASTARDS, a devastating quintet whose full-length CD *Dusk of an Ancient Age* (Intolerant Messiah Records, intolerantmessiah.com) has been more or less ignored for over a year now. Having just seen them live a couple times, including an apt pairing with the almighty ROTTEN SOUND in Sacramento, I can allow this injustice to continue no more. FALL OF THE BASTARDS manages to craft memorably melodic and macabre funeral dirges tempered with absolutely furious bursts of speed. The drumming on this must be heard; it's some of the fastest blasting ever committed to disc. And if you get a chance, don't miss 'em live.

In the "news about bands where I'm from that you haven't heard of" corner, A SLEEPING IRONY has two new demos, their third and fourth, the later of which—mastered by James Plotkin of OLD and a million other bands fame—is due to be released soon as an EP entitled *Your Concrete Eyes*. With riffs evoking the second coming of URANUS, their sound is a misanthropic wall of depressive riffs awash in noise, feedback, and Big Brother-style samples of the ills of man. Definitely their best material yet, this is apocalyptic, doomy fare sure to ruin even your sunniest summer day. Touch Dan in a sensitive place here: a_sleeping_irony@hotmail.com.

Also local and under-appreciated (here and elsewhere) is the brand new 7" from KALMEX AND THE RIFFMERCHANTS on their own West Bay Infrasound label (riffmerch@yahoo.com). This 7" sees the MERCHANTS somewhat drastically changing their sound, if only in the superficial respect that their songs have been scaled back from eight-minute psychedelic jams to the kind of bursts that fit two to a side on a 45. The new songs waste no time and blast in a psychotic grind style more akin to the members' previous outfits EMETIC and NO LESS with as much immediate energy as their previous records had experimental divergence. Still, this is about as unconventional as it gets for grind, with plenty of left-field changes and noise layering atop the blasting, screams, and solos. I think this pressing may be limited to 300, so catch these guys on the road this summer and pick one up.

From opposite ends of the continent come two European drum-machine grind outfits that deserve some attention. From Hungary, mysterious, incomplete-answerer-of-emails, one-man outfit Rozman, aka CORPSE DESECRATE, makes completely bizarre schizophrenic/virtuosic compositions of noodly, jazzy guitar plinking interspersed with killer death metal riffing on his five song self-titled CD. With song titles like "Pervert Salmonela" [sic], "Ninja Rope" and "Dinosaurus Trap" [sic again], original arcane art design, and some oddly captivating songs, CORPSE DESECRATE really have their own thing going on and could be a great band in the future provided they ever get heard outside of Hungary—not an enviable position to be in. Try to get some information out of him at: corpsedesecrate@walla.com, Rozman Balazs, 8900 Zalaegerszeg, Kossuth u. 57, Hungary.

And then there's THE FANTASTIKOL HOLE from France. Before anything further, the obvious must be stated: this is simply the all-time worst fucking band name ever. They don't even have the lost-in-translation excuse of a Japanese or Uzbekistani band; French and English aren't so different as to not make it plainly clear that such is not a wise appellation for a band. Now that that's out of the way, the music is decent, drum-machine-propelled, distorted-scream grind not unlike the obvious comparison of AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED. Several of the riffs are quite good but I could've stood for everything to be a lot heavier and for them to have cooled it on some of the obnoxious electronic/techno effects flittering in and out of the mix. There are definitely some good guitar moments though, and with songs averaging around a minute and a half, nothing is too annoying for too long on the 27-song full-length *Mathematikol Oil* [retch] demo, so at least keep an ear out for future stuff: fantastikol@hotmail.fr, Yann Hagimont, 6, rue Jean Dabadie, 31600 Muret, France.

The good folk over at RSR in Germany were kind enough to send over a few of their recent releases and their increasingly prolific output only seems to be improving. I would say that along with Power it Up Records, Germany's got two of the best up-and-coming grind labels going (though they've both been around for a while now), putting out tons of great records from bands across the globe. I raved about several Power it Up releases a couple issues ago in the *MRR* Reviews section, in particular their excellently-compiled *Gods of Grind* DVD, and I'll do the same here with RSR, starting with the HAIL OF RAGE discography CD *All Hail*. Few bands seethe with such unbridled fury (or are as appropriately named) as Connecticut's angriest trio, who blaze through 23 songs in 27 minutes of relentlessly fast hardcore/grind. Included is the *Fucking Pissed* 7", the RIDDANCE split 7", and comp and unreleased tracks.

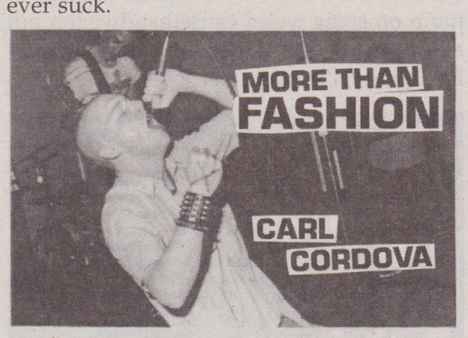
On the vinyl front, the two new EPs from RSR are plenty sick as well. Japan's favorite DIS-ciples DISCLOSE get the reissue treatment, seeing their *Apocalypse of Death* 12" repressed as a 7". The raw sound, shouted vocals, and three-note guitar solos are every bit as mean as *Protest and Survive*-era greatness. Local Bay Area grinders BRUTAL DEATH follows up their previous RSR 7" with a new split with long-running German grinders SKRUPEL for the *Revenge of the Rough Grind Calamari Rings* EP and it, along with that name, is another winner. Quickly becoming the most prolific and proficient grind band in town, BRUTAL DEATH continues their 80s grind origins worship with their strictly lo-fi, non-tech approach of REPULSION, NAPALM, UNHOLY GRAVE-type noise brutality, including a LACK OF INTEREST cover. SKRUPEL meanwhile, unleashes some of their best material in ages, with five songs of surprisingly varied metallic grind. With upcoming releases from the likes of PHOBIA, BLOODY PHOENIX, MAGRUDERGRIND, the mighty POSER DISPOSER, and tons more, there are certainly some bright spots ahead in the Regurgitated Semen future (RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, Germany, skrupel@web.de, www.mitglied.lycos.de /skrupel).

And again this month, some of the best stuff came in right at deadline and so I am treated to four of the better looking and sounding *metal* releases on vinyl this year. First, Italy's EYELESS (www.eyeless.it) unleashes their *Gloomy Day* 7" on Blackprint Records (PO Box 34298, London NW5 4XZ, UK). Raging, gloomy black metal with incomprehensible high and low vocals, the stark grimness of this somehow overcomes my usual aversion to the genre. There are a decent variety of tempos over the four songs and a sort of breakdown or two pops up suggesting a bit of a hardcore influence, which probably has something to do with why I like it.

Next up are not one but two new split releases from Ohio's long-running cult legends NUNSLAUGHTER. Sharing the first is Spain's veteran labcoat-clad CARCASS-worshippers HAEMORRHAGE. They still have songs called "Feasting on Purulence" and "Disgorging Innards," so anyone concerned that the Spaniards might have mellowed with age can rest easy, fears allayed. This is the first I've heard from these guys in a while, so it's good to hear they're still festering with the best of 'em. It's been a while since I've hear from NUNSLAUGHTER as well, but they sound fucking great; their classic death metal sound is heavier and has more hell-raising Satanic fury than ever. Just check out "Saw Me." The tracks from their "Bedeviled" 7"—a split with Poland's THRONEUM are equally evil—are pissed as all hell and blasting with Christ-hating venom. THRONEUM meanwhile, like so many of their fellow countrymen, embarrass the west with their relentless speed, intensity, and some of the fastest blast beats around. These guys have more of a black metal influence, but it's still in an old-school 80s death metal vein, just with updated tempos. The real bonus here though is some great packaging. Even if you're not a collector nerd, you'll be giddy as a schoolgirl at the holographic baseball-trading-cards-gone-to-hell cover packaging that's cool beyond words. Both 7"s are on Hells Headbangers Records (www.hellsheadbangers.com, throneoffire@hellsheadbangers.com).

Bu-hut noooooooo…it doesn't stop there. Rivaling Hater of God's Deadly Sins box set for best packaging design ever is the new double 7" from San Francisco's own DEPRESSOR. Attached between the dual red vinyl's gatefold sleeve is a bizarre 24-page tome torn straight from the *Evil Dead's* Book of the Dead crawling with satanic sketches and row upon row of cryptic hell-font all printed upon burnt-edged parchment paper. I don't even wanna guess how long it took to make these things, let alone how much they cost. And the music's just as good; it's furious old-school black metal with touches of death and hardcore with caustic, satanic lyrics. The recording on this sounds great too; the guitars the perfect mix of heavy and dirty to suit the subject matter. No contact info here, but it'll be well worth your while to seek this out.

That's all for this month. As always, get in touch at: Elliott Lange, 701 Broderick St, San Francisco, CA 94117, cromlaughs@hotmail.com. And man, did *Land of the Dead* ever suck.



California says Goodbye

Summer is upon us, and that can only mean one thing: band reunions. By the time you have read this, UNDERDOG, 108, GORILLA BISCUITS, INSTED, LARM, FLOORPUNCH, and a host of more recent hardcore bands will have reformed—some with more original members than others—and played a handful of shows. This past weekend I participated in some of this reunion hype myself, and took a road trip with some good friends down to Corona to attend what most people were calling the CARRY ON reunions. Of course, the band was adamant about reminding everyone that these were their "last shows," and not reunions. They had broken up so abruptly after releasing their LP that these shows were more like a proper send-off. My friends and I saw this as an opportunity to finally say goodbye to one of our favorite straight edge bands of recent years.

For a band that put out two stellar 7"s and a nearly flawless LP, California never fully appreciated them. I'll be the first to admit that most of today's straight edge hardcore bands aren't designed for the 12" format, but CARRY ON were the exception to that rule. For a record that never got any tour support, *A Life Less Plagued* has had a tremendous influence on a ton of bands in the past four years. For better of worse, you can't listen to a fast, modern, straight edge band without hearing a little (or a lot of) CARRY ON. If it wasn't for the title track and the god awful artwork, *A Life Less Plagued* would be a perfect hardcore LP.

CARRY ON played all their songs both nights, including the infamous rap intro that was left off the *Youngblood* CD (it has since returned for the second pressing). To be honest, it didn't bother me in the least that Ryan, the singer for CARRY ON, was up there on stage belting out straight edge anthems while no longer being straight edge. I thought it would for some reason, but it ended up feeling no different than when I saw them at the PCH seven years earlier, and Todd Jones was just a menacing spectator. Todd, Ryan, Corey, Greg, and the rest of the guys in CARRY ON were my friends then, and remain my friends now. So to see my friends finally getting the response they deserved…well, it fucking felt good. It was a very cathartic experience not only for the band, but for the rest of us that were there since the early days. I am just glad I got to stage dive one last time to songs like "What Once Was" and "Rethinking." Fucking good times.

Record Reviews

Okay, its "catching up" time for the review section. Lets get started:

RECKLESS YOUTH – *State of Confusion* EP

This was one of my best pick-ups in Europe. If you're fan of anything coming out of the Belgium and Boston scenes right now, then it would behoove you to look into this Dutch band. This EP has all the right elements that make up a great hardcore record: speed, competent production, and above all, great song writing. The thing that really pushes this band over the rest of the bands trying to do the mid-80s NYHC sound are the vocals, which are complete and utter HR/BAD BRAINS worship. Complete Control Records did a great job with the layout and insert, and the record is quite possibly the thickest 7" vinyl I have ever seen. With bands like JUSTICE, DEAD STOP, and now RESTLESS YOUTH, the Belgium and Holland scenes are really giving the rest of the hardcore world a run for their money. RECKLESS YOUTH is finally getting the recognition they deserve in the US with the re-release of this EP on Boston's own Painkiller Records. (www.painkiller-records.com)

LIGHTS OUT – *Overload* 12"

I have once again been barreled over by these Bay Area kids. If you were a fan of their no frills, hardcore approach found on their demo and 7", then you will not be disappointed by *Overload*. Connor's lyrics have matured somewhat into a "live and let live" attitude, but a lot of anger still remains directed at specific people in his life. Musically, they still remind me a lot of CARRY ON and DESPERATE MEASURES, but there is definitely a move towards a traditional rock and roll mid-tempo groove in a few of their breakdowns that makes for a sound all their own. It is this new influence, along with the analog recording, that makes this record their best output yet. My only complaint is that all these tracks could have fit onto a 7". Each side ends way too quickly, and I am left wanting more. With the release of *Overload,* I can continue to put this band along side LOOK BACK AND LAUGH as one of the best bands in the Bay Area. (www.youngblood-records.com)

RAT BYTE – *My Boss Is a Jerk* EP

RAT BYTE plays simple, early 80s hardcore/punk that is catchy as hell. I admit that I was a little hesitant to like this based on the simplistic lyrics and silly song titles, but after a few spins, I was singing along to choruses like "I Hate School" and "My Boss Is a Jerk." This trio play authentic sounding early 80s Connecticut hardcore that would have fit perfectly on a flyer alongside bands like VIOLENT CHILDREN and REFLEX FROM PAIN. Why this band has been overlooked by the record scum until now is beyond me, but this EP is worth picking up. My only suggestion for the band would be to scrap the bizarre artwork of green skeletons skating on the pig-like heads of policemen, and just use the RAT BYTE logo and name for their second pressing/next release. That rat logo rules! (www.ratbyte.net)

Demo Reviews

SUBURBAN DEATH SQUAD – demo cassette

Most of the punks in SUBURBAN DEATH SQUAD are made up of Gilman and Burnt Ramen regulars, so it was a pleasant surprise to see these guys *on* the stage instead of in front of it. After seeing just their second show, I picked up a demo in hopes that they could duplicate their great live show onto recording. These five songs did not disappoint, showcasing a fast hardcore/punk approach with nasally vocals not unlike the first GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS 7". Email Johnny at terroreyes66@aol.com for copies.

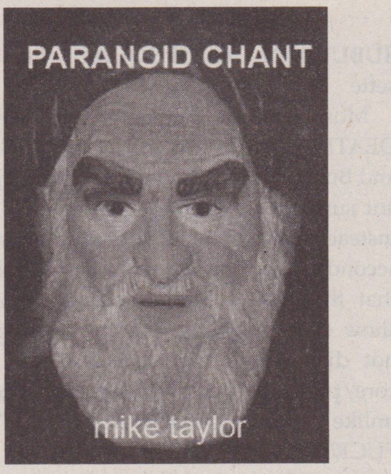
Other Stuff

A kid named Jon from San Francisco State recently handed me an awesome DVD video zine/compilation showcasing some great hardcore bands of recent years. The video and sound quality are top notch, and most of the bands' sets are energetic and entertaining. *Video Compilation Volume 2* contains a few songs from nine bands total, with WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, TOTAL FURY, STREET TRASH, CUT THE SHIT, and THIS IS MY FIST! being the highlights. Pick your own copy up by emailing Jon at jonshade@aol.com.

That's it for this month. Because I took last month off, I am combining last month's top ten with this month's list. Please send zines with ASHES interviews and copies of BASTARD's *Wind of Pain* 12" to: Carl Cordova, 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115, ih8thekids@gmail.com.

August/September's Top Twenty *[-One! –ed]*

DEAD STOP live in Germany
Oli and Arnd's German hospitality
Ronny's Dutch hospitality
COMPLETE CONTROL—*Reaction* LP (sooo good)
ANNILATION TIME – *II* CD
Pogo's Vegan Café in London
CINDER live in Barcelona
The Barcelona Straight Edge
Clint from the UK (you rule, OK?)
CARRY ON reunions
LIGHTS OUT – *Overload* LP
LEFT – 12" EP
LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – new LP
BAD BRAINS – *Black Dots* LP
SUBURBAN DEATH CAMP – demo
OBSERVERS – *Walk Alone* EP
RAT BYTE – EP
GOVERNMENT WARNING – EP
MENTAL – *Planet Mental* LP (in theory)
JUSTICE – *Elephant Skin* LP
DIRECT CONTROL – *Nuclear Tomorrow* EP



MRR's limited musical scope is self-preserving and defensive, yes, but at the same time, occasionally dull. In the interest of a wider aesthetic interpretation of the parameters which we set for ourselves as punxes, I've decided to dedicate my column this month to an interview with Hepatitis Youth, one of the punkest bands around right now. Hailing from the frightening and beautiful subtropic that is my home state of Florida, their tours, along with the ever expanding and confusing roster of related and incestuous groups, are perfect illustrations of the creative/destructive energy that defines the best parts of youth rock, yet I still find to be the most rare.

We're sitting in Cicilia's Pizza, Providence RI. It's a crystalline June day and we're just back from the beach. Receiving funny looks from all corners of the dining area, I press record on my Radio Shack 14-117 and we begin:

OK. I want to hear how long this tour is.
Brandon: This tour is 27 days long. Through the entire United States of America.
And you're from Tampa. And you're going how far west?
Cindy: All the way (laughs). (*Now, at this moment we all laugh because we know that Hawaii is further west than California, but she clarifies by stating the continental obvious. No one is offended and the interview continues…mt*)
Are you playing many shows in the Midwest?
Brandon: Where's the Midwest?
The Midwest is anywhere from Ohio to say, Colorado (*send complaint letters c/o MRR regarding my coast-centric negligence of Occidental geography***).**
Zack: Bloomington. I know we're playing in Boulder, Colorado.
Brandon: We're playing in Minneapolis, too, right?
Cindy: We're not quite sure. We'll find out when we get there.
What do you mean? Is the tour not booked?
(*I become nervous at the prospect that I've been fooled and these aren't actual band members at all, but instead pizza-loving, beach-going regular people*)
Cindy: Oh it is, it's just booked by Carlos. (*Former Floridian, current Bloomington resident and all around hi-profile scene booster*)
What's the deal with the Bloomington-Florida connection?
Hep Youth: Carlos. (laughs)
What bands does he play in? (*This was a setup. I don't actually think this question is relevant at all to the interview; however I knew an amusing string of verbiage would follow. I wasn't disappointed*)
Zach: You shouldn't have asked that.
Brandon: Crotch Council, Byron House, Hepatitis Youth, and Russian Tzarcasm.
Zack…Pediatricide…(*muttering, uncertainty, pizza is delivered. It is hot and delicious.*)
Can we talk for a moment about the last tour, when I met everybody? The like thirty-something person tour?
Brandon: That was a good one.
Cindy: The Cramped Quarters Tour.
Brandon: (*Amidst much hemming and hawing over the integrity of a conversation occurring in the presence of a flashing LED of a tape recorder, we decide to place a paper menu over the machine...*) It was me, Carlos, Adam, Nelson, Greg, Ian, Todd, Cindy…
Cindy: …and Nick for a portion of it but his van broke down…
Brandon: And Todd 2!
Cindy: Yeah, Todd 2 was pissed off about not having two hotel rooms, and like took a plane back home the next day. He was the fourth member of What's Yr Damage.
Brandon: A band from Orlando, Fl.
What's his problem?
Cindy: He just can't handle tour.
Who expects hotel rooms?
Brandon: Nobody on that tour except for him. He wanted to get a second hotel room at the already $85 Motel 6.
Zack: He's on a tour called the Cramped Quarters tour. (*We all laugh at the obvious and eat more hot, delicious pizza.*)
How much money did you have in your pocket when you left for that tour?
Brandon: $170.
Cindy: I probably had $200.
How much money did you have when you came back?
Cindy: I have no idea.
Brandon: That was one of the first tours I went on, and I didn't really understand how to budget for tour. So I lost a whole lot at gas stations.
So you're a junk food guy, not a record collector guy.
Brandon: No, I've never bought a record on tour. From a store…at shows, it's one thing, but I've definitely never gone record shopping.
The records our sub-strata has been producing have a hard time making it into record stores, so I guess that's not saying as much as it used to say.
What are you selling on this tour?
Cindy: We have a lot of stuff. Cephia's Treat and Cheapo stuff (*local, esoteric labels*).
Who does Cephia's Treat?
Cindy: Todd Lynne…(*Talk about the past and other irrelevant things.*)
Brandon: Mike, is it accurate to say you don't know anybody but *weird* people? Out of everyone you know, are they all pretty much weird?
That's a deep question. I don't know what an average person is.
Brandon: If you knew one, that would be weird.
Zach: When I see somebody riding their bike, I wonder, "What is he thinking? Where is he going?"
Or when you're driving at four in the morning. Who are all those people driving? How much of what they're doing is illegal? What do cops do when they go home?
Cindy: I think everybody's just normal…people who look really boring, they're really creeps on the inside. (*We all laugh, wondering how this conversation began, and shuddered at the implication's of Cindy's idea…*)
So this tour you're on. What kind of shows are you playing? Maybe you're not playing what a lot of MRR readers would consider shows they go to…
Brandon: Well forget that we're playing shows every night and having a great time, but also this is a huuuge network of friends, and if you keep going to the same places and hanging out with the same people it just gets better and better…
But that's a really easy thing to say and a lot of, say, pop punk bands would say that. What's you're show tonight like? Because that's nothing like a network of friends. I think you have a totally opposite MO.
Cindy: Well that's mostly for our enjoyment. Who cares what they think. It's fun.
Sasha: I wonder if there will be people who like it? There will be some people who will be totally psyched, and just thought, "Wow, I thought I was just going to a movie!"
Cindy: Well some people always get really angry about it, and some people don't want to be uptight and be like, "Oh whatever, that was cool."
Brandon: Hopefully there will be one person who genuinely enjoys it.
Zack: The best part of it for me is that whether they enjoy it or not, that person's gonna go home and have a story.

So you're going to the movie theater at the mall and setting up outside the exit door, and someone's going to open the door, and you're going to go in and play during the movies.

Brandon: Yeah. We've even got an escape route planned.

Sasha: They won't be able to get us.

But what *if* you get arrested?

Brandon: Whatever.

Cindy: Deal with it. But that's never happened before.

Brandon: That's a nice thing to have on your record.

So what kind of shows have you guys been doing in Tampa?

Cindy: Oh for touring bands? We do a lot at this place called Vulture Towers, outside at a park. We've only been shut down there once and it was because the show went on until like one in the morning. Downtown's pretty vacant.

So a band comes through and you do a show outside. Where does the money come from?

Cindy: We take a collection.

Zack: And it's essentially all the people who set up the show paying for it.

Brandon: Whoever set up the show will match the amount for the touring band.

We did that, even at clubs, because we were scared people wouldn't come to Gainesville anymore. There was a long stretch where bands didn't come to Florida, late 80s, early 90s, because of skinheads, etc… *(More discussion on Tampa history… thankfully, these people had never heard of Hammerskins. I then tell the story of asking Lois Maffeo to tell her friends to come tour Florida after a successful show at our record store.)*

What about the Noise Fest in Miami?

Zack: Three nights, seventy-plus bands…

Cindy: At Churchill's.

The punk venue.

Brandon: Rat Bastard's venue (*he doesn't own it…*) Laundry Room Squelchers play every Monday.

So this tour. You're prepared to pay for the whole thing yourself.

Brandon: That's every tour.

Zack: We take whatever money we can.

How long do you think you can keep this up? Or does it matter?

Cindy: I feel like I'm just getting started, so hopefully, many years.

Brandon: Well, the band I'm in, Byron House, hopefully we'll be playing until we die.

And just working whatever job to support yourself.

All: Yeah.

Brandon: It's never gonna be a source of income, that's for sure.

Well, for a long time people felt there wasn't a market for extreme punk rock, but the market keeps edging closer to the underground. Maybe because of incessant touring. When we were twelve, Slayer was like, "What?!" But nu metal, although it sucks, if you were to hear that on the radio? There would be no way. The new Nine Inch Nails single…

Sasha: Bent keyboards. A bent Casio. It's crazy. I've been talking to people who circuit bend and sell shit, and they're like, "we get commissions from huge bands". Not like to use for their band, but just because the individual is into it…

Noise is the infinite westward expansion. You think you're never going to hit the ocean, but there' s the ocean and there's no going back.

Waitress: Is there anything else I can get for you all?

All: No thank you.

You can contact any of the Florida noise geeks, who *are* the punks, through Cephia's Treat Recordings, eventually. 3416 W. Lemon St., Tampa, FL 33609 or at cephiastreat.com. You can contact me at PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02908.

I'm writing this around the 4th of July weekend. I just finished my special "Salute to America" version of Sonic Overload. I began the program with a snippet from Lee Greenwood's "God Bless the USA." Just the chorus because actually having to listen to that song is almost as bad as any torture administered in Guantánamo. OK, maybe not but you get the idea. It's a sickening bit of treacle that is kind of an unofficial jingoist national anthem. Anyway, on my special remix, Lee's crooning of the song's title is interrupted by a bomb blast before he can finish the world USA and then I moved on to Brother Inferior's "Land of the Free." My favorite song from that band, and one that I can't get out of my head for days after hearing it. Other selections from this show included 7 Seconds "Fuck Your Amerika," "God Bless America" by both Toxic Reasons and Kegcharge, the Clash's "I'm So Bored with the USA" and Articles of Faith's "American Dreams" (as in, "I've had enough of American dreams").

I also got a request for an excellent song from the Observers. I've only had their full-length for a short time and hadn't really absorbed the lyrics yet but Matt, one of my loyal listeners, wanted to hear "Us Against the World." Given the continuing warmongering going on overseas, one of the lines becomes especially poignant: "Mom and dad questioned authority until it was them / all the hippies drive SUVs and their kids are dying for the gasoline / Let's die." That kind of nails it right there, doesn't it? The song's title could be interpreted as much as "*US* against the world." Bush continues to attempt to justify the bloody conflict he helped manufacture. The original reason, the weapons of mass destruction, long forgotten. And his recent speech in front of a hand-picked audience of soldiers at Fort Bragg raised the specter of 9/11, even though Bush stated, a few years ago, there was no connection between the 9/11 attackers and Saddam Hussein. But he wants to stay the course and, according to the *Boston Globe* in a June 29 article, is urging a "long view" on the Iraq war. During the speech, Bush said, "Like most Americans, I see the images of violence and bloodshed. Amid all this violence, I know Americans ask the question, 'Is the sacrifice worth it?' It is worth it, and it is vital to the future security of our country." Easy for Bush to say—I wonder if he'd say the same thing if his two daughters were on the firing line. Come to think of it, why *aren't* they over there fighting for the cause? Both Jenna and Barbara are the right age to serve in the military.

More reprehensible than Bush stating that this ill-advised conflict was worth the sacrifice of over 1700 American soldiers (so far) and countless innocent victims in Iraq were the words of Dan Bartlett, a Bush aide. The *Globe* article states that Bartlett "acknowledged that there was no connection between Hussein and September 11, but said the comparison was fair because they were both part of a threat from terrorists nurtured in the Middle East. 'You can't delink the two, because foreign policy had to change after our nation was attacked,' Bartlett said. 'Sixty years of tolerance and excuse-making by Western nations had to change, and it is changing.'"

Quite a dubious link. Another excuse to justify the ongoing conflict. A conflict built on a lie, if one believes the validity of the Downing Street memos. Bush, Cheney *et al* should be impeached. As I said last month, it probably won't happen, given the current makeup of the Congress

So Americans will likely be coming home in coffins for a long time to come. There continue to be war dead not only in Iraq but Afghanistan as well. The carnage has reached into a town near where I live—Marblehead, MA...

Sgt. Christopher Piper, a 43-year-old Special Forces soldier, died on June 15 in a military hospital in Texas. He was the first person from Marblehead to die in a military conflict since the Vietnam War. He had been injured in early June after his vehicle hit a roadside bomb in Afghanistan. Piper was a longtime solider and had also served in Iraq. Hundreds turned out for his funeral and it was front-page news for a number of days on all the local papers. Even some twisted motherfuckers from Fred Phelps' Westboro Baptist Church (the "God Hates Fags" shit-for-brains) turned out to protest—they think homosexuality brought on the September 11 attacks and have been in Massachusetts several times in the past few months because of the state's gay marriage law. One of the assholes, who I don't want to dignify by naming, said, according to an *LA Times* article, "the funeral demonstration was nothing personal against Piper, who was not gay. 'We are protesting the sins of this nation... that doesn't exclude him.'" There were no incidents. I'm a non-violent person and believe in the first amendment but I wouldn't feel badly if someone dumped a bucket of feces on those *human* pieces of excrement.

Piper was described in the various obituaries as "a true warrior" and someone whose "purpose in life was to defend this country." According to another *Boston Globe* article, "'There's no other way that Chris Piper would want to go than on a battlefield,' said Tim Donahue, a friend who graduated from Marblehead High School with him in 1980... After high school, Piper joined the Marine Corps. He returned to Massachusetts in 1986 and worked as a carpenter, Donahue said. He later joined the Reserves and then, in his 30s, trained for the Army Special Forces... 'When he came back into civilian life, you could tell it wasn't for him,' said Donahue, a Coast Guardsman assigned to Otis Air National Guard Base on Cape Cod.... His brother, Ernest Piper III of Anchorage, said that after becoming a Green Beret and enduring the shock of Sept. 11, his determination to fight for his strengthened. 'He knew the occupational hazard of being a professional warrior was death,' Piper said. 'He accepted that.'"

Frankly, Piper sounds like a Rambo-type character. He left behind a wife and two kids. For what? To defend what? What did Chris Piper die for? Did the invasion of Afghanistan achieve its aim, to capture Osama bin Laden? Why did the US invade Iraq? What freedom are we preserving? It's all so senseless... all the dead bodies, all the wounded, both physically and psychologically. The families that have been destroyed, both at home and in those far away countries.

I feel badly for the family Chris Piper left behind. I don't wish Piper dead. I'm no lover of the military. I don't go in for the gung-ho, rah-rah USA USA bullshit at all (yeah—big surprise, right?). Yet it seems like a waste. I would imagine that comment would bring a virulent response from his friends and family and the defenders of the military. They need to hold on to the belief that Piper died for *some* just cause.

I'm not really proud to be an American, not even sure how free I am (to quote the snippet heard at the beginning of the aforementioned radio show). It's true the government thugs aren't breaking down my door yet, but with the continuing assault on the Constitution and a chilling effect on dissent, just how free are we? How much pride should I have in a country run by a government that continues to wreak havoc both at home and overseas? And more than the government, many (not all, but many) people approve of these actions. There are polls that show support for the war is diminishing, but a majority doesn't think the US should cut and run. Still, the nation is more divided than ever and the ones who wrap themselves most tightly in the flag seem bent on breaking the flagpole over the heads of those individuals who disagree with them.

Before moving on to the review segment, reading the coverage of Piper's death reminded me of another song, this one from about 25 years ago, by the Jam: "Little Boy Soldiers." Piper wasn't a little boy but a grown man but, sadly, the words below still ring true: "Better to take your shots and drop down dead, then they send you home in a pine overcoat/With a letter to your mum / Saying find enclosed one son, one medal and a note to say he won"...

Won what?

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ACCÜSED – *Oh Martha!* (Condar, CD)

A few years back, Blaine Cook revived the Fartz, and now it's the return of the Accüsed and the crossover merchants return with their best album since sometime in the 80s. Truth be told, I haven't played many of their records in recent years except for "Return of Martha Splatterhead" and, nope, it's not quite up to that level but this album is still a non-stop shredder. Perfectly riding the line between thrash-metal and hardcore punk. Horrorific artwork throughout the booklet and the lyrical themes are on the ghoulish side, but dig beneath the surface and they're a commentary on a lifeless, zombie-like society. 12 new songs, cover of Tank's "Filth Hounds of Hades" and Olivia Go-To-The-John's "Have You Never Been Mellow" (the Feederz still did the definitive version, though), plus a re-recording of the *Martha* EP that doesn't improve on the original but is given a solid thrashing. Glad to have 'em back. (www.splatterrock.com)

ANNIHILATION TIME – *II* (Manic Ride, CD)

Yeah, it's been out awhile but I finally got a copy. The first full-length with Jimmy Rose on vocals, following up their *Bad Reputation* EP and the band also now includes Jimmy's ex-Gordon Solie Motherfuckers bandmate Shaun Filley on guitar. Shaun also did the colorful album artwork. The transition to rock 'n' roll badass unit is complete, although some of the Flag/Bl'ast worship remains, such as the nick from "Life of Pain" on "Bigger Problems." "Too High To Die" also harkens back to the band's debut EP. Meanwhile, "Dogends" brings to mind Captain Beyond, with more cowbell, motherfucker... and they also offer a credible take on the Pink Fairies' "Teenage Rebel." "Yuppie Killer" is an enjoyable murder fantasy, with bloodsoaked lyrical images. Spirited, loose, and rockin' up a goddamned storm. (PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.manicriderecords.com)

BLANK STARE (self-released, 7" EP)

One of the new crop of Boston straight-edge bands that come from the hardcore punk side of things, instead of the more jockish realm. Starting with a hard-heavy intro, then Benjamin yells "STRAIIIIIIIIIIGHT EDGE" and the band are off and running. Short, speedy blasts mixing 80s-era hardcore with some pretty sick mosh breakdowns. Strong lyrics—not just anti-drug but also anti-sex trade for "Choice or Coercion," and dealing with sexual identity for "What I Was Born With." (revolutionthrash@yahoo.com)

COLISEUM – *Goddamage* (Manic Ride, CD-EP)

A power-packed 8 song EP, following up Coliseum's ripping LP on Level Plane. Ryan Patterson, who plays guitar in Black Cross, adds vocals to his duties in this four-piece. A roaring amalgam of crusty hardcore and rock 'n' roll fury. Ryan's hoarse vocals are accompanied by a twin-guitar blast leading the forceful attack. This sound is a full-fledged trend at this point, I suppose (yeah, there are similarities to certain bands from that big city in Oregon) but the songs hit hard. (PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.manicriderecords.com)

FUNERAL SHOCK (Six Weeks, LP)

First LP for this Bay Area band, which includes Jeff from Capitalist Casualties. Solid hardcore punk with a strong 80s West Coast influence a la Black Flag, Germs, etc. The Flag/Rollins inspiration comes out strongest on the lurching, creeping "Sleaze Addict/Two Rules." Varying between medium fast and thrashier tempos, with snarly vocals from Jason Von Satan. Some dark lyrical themes—urging on the destruction of

West Point, dreaming up revenge for a claimed wrongful conviction for domestic violence, observing inner city decay. Might not win friends with the more "PC" crowd, actually. Emptying out a twisted mind and bashing out some equally twisted sounds. (225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeks records.com)

HOLY MOUNTAIN – *Entrails* (No Idea, CD) / *Wrath* (No Idea, 7" EP)

Holy Mountain is from Florida but there's a strong Swedish hardcore influence, as well as similarities with Tragedy and bands of that ilk. Lead vocalist Dan (aka Ponch) used to play bass for Combat Wounded Veteran but this is a different approach. Dramatic, powerful hardcore with howling vocals, sweeping passages and melodic underpinnings is played at a blistering pace. *Entrails*, the band's latest full-length, comes charging out of the gate with "The Lines Are Drawn" and seldom flags. *Wrath* is a 7" EP released shortly before the album—none of its three songs are on *Entrails*. I liked the album a bit more than this EP, but the results are still raging. The lengthy title track deals with the sad history of lynching, especially cogent considering that when the Senate had a resolution that condemned lynching, the sponsorship wasn't unanimous and most of the holdouts were southern Republicans. A scream from Red State Amerika. (PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

OMENS – *Destroy the ESP* (Hipsville International, CD)

Oooooh yeah! Fuzzed-out garage rock stomp from the Rocky Mountain state. Stomping and primitive, in the same vein as the more aggressive early Cynics songs. Michael Daboll howls and yowls with savage cool. The drumming bashes through the floor and the guitars create a psychotic wall of barbed sound. Going down a road well traveled but running a few traffic lights along the way. (2591 South Meade Street, Denver, CO 80219, www.hipsville-records.com)

OUT COLD – *Looking Through Communist Eyes* (ACME, DVD)/Planned Accidents (ACME, 7" EP)

Artless once had a song called "How Much Punk Rock Do You Hear In Russia?" Well, Out Cold brings its blazing hardcore punk to St. Petersburg for this DVD, recorded in August of 2004. A single camera shot, not all that polished but that's just fine. Not only is there punk rock in Russia, there are also circle pits and even a wall of death as Out Cold plays in front of an enthusiastic audience and tear through their songs in typically no-bullshit fashion. Raw and in your face, the way it should be. 18 songs in about half an hour, including two encores. By the end, drummer John Evicci is collapsed behind his drum kit. This show was part of a grueling tour that started in Iceland and went through Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland—you can read the tour diary on the ACME website. The band also have a new 5 song EP and just as you'd expect. Exuding anger and pain with howling vocals and a fusillade of guitar, bass and drums. Not just 1-2-3-thrash, either—the mid-tempo "That Hurt" has some cool guitar/bass interplay in the middle. The latest lineup continues to recharge Out Cold. (PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826, acmerecords.net)

RINGERS (CD-R, demo)

Killer pop/punk from Boston, with former members of Sirens. Vocalist/guitarist Ross Noyes was also recently in the underrated Refuseniks. When I say pop/punk, I mean such bands as Crimpshrine or Fifteen, along with a healthy dose of Clash guitar jab. Gigantic hooks, killer singalongs, coming from the gut. This is for the basement, not the fucking Warped tour. They'll soon have a 7" released on 1-2-3-4, Go! Records out of Seattle. (Regeneration Records, 155 Harvard Ave., Allston, MA 02134, rossnoyes@yahoo.com)

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Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net. Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocow records.com (no "www"!)

DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
KAT CASE

PUNK GIRLS, TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER.

I've recently begun training to be a rape counselor at the oldest rape crisis center in the country, which is, of course, only thirty years old. It's something I've thought about doing for five years, but managed to put off for various reasons. I guess that the primary emotional one is a fear of the world transforming before me: hideous subtexts emerging in people's words, aggression coming out in people's gestures; in short, I don't want my world to become one that looks full of violence, when it is the same world it is today.

Last night, I watched a video of an interview with a woman who was a rape survivor. It had been originally broadcast in the early 70s, and it was probably one of the first interviews of its kind. The survivor had been a reporter at the local public television station. She had been covering the rapists' previous attacks, and he stalked her and attacked her.

I watched this woman, so much a product of the 70s, with her short Afro, oversized glasses, and polyester skirt and jacket. She spoke clearly, recounting every detail, she raised her voice, she pointed to societal responsibility, and she commanded the fathers of the world to teach their sons to respect women. The man who interviewed her, white-skinned and grey-haired, told her that hearing of her suffering made him suffer, and they agreed that the answer was for women and men to come together to fight sexual violence.

I was stunned by the power of this woman's words, by her bravery and ability to articulate her experience. I can make no grand claims to know the details of television history, but I believe that this was the first time a woman spoke about being raped on prime time television with her face shown to the camera. I cannot conceive of such an interview being shown during prime time thirty years later. There is no place for survivors to be able to articulate their experience on television themselves, without sensationalism, innuendo, and exploitation by the maker—strategies that are the norm for talk shows and reality television. And to be treated with that level of respect? No way. Jerry Springer sure as hell isn't ready to join you in the revolution.

I have been ruminating on punkers approaches to this issue for the past couple of weeks. It's something that I thought we were so well versed in. I got into punk before Riot Grrrl, in a scene that made plenty of room for sexism and misogyny. Punk girls were experiencing acquaintance rape, and there was little support. Then, we got mad as fuck and organized with our friends, writing zines, yelling at the top of our lungs, getting mohawks, rocking out, and making art. We learned to take care of each other, that we were each other's responsibility. Not that we didn't fuck up, or that we really knew how to do it, but it was an understood part of our agenda.

I look at the young women around me in the scene, 19, 20, years old, idealistic and ready to party, and I wonder if they take taking care of each other as seriously as we did then, out of necessity. I look at my friends, the relative safety that most of us enjoy, by having men in our lives that have no interest in keeping us in a state of fear, women friends that honestly give a shit about us, and a more thoroughly developed sense of self. I wonder if we've started to take it for granted that we are somehow no longer at risk for sexual violence, walking through deserted city streets alone, leaving drunken friends at parties, recreating shitty gender roles in queer communities.

This does not mean that the acts of rape we do not know how to prevent in each other's lives are our responsibility. A girl who cannot manage to figure out how to save a friend from sexual violence is not guilty of that violence. A girl who gets wasted drunk and passes out on a couch is not asking to be attacked. *Period, and without exception, only the perpetrator and anyone who willfully assists him/her are guilty of the crime!*

Shit, man, all I'm trying to say is that we still need to take care of each other, and as much as we'd like it to be, this shit is not over. So please be a little bit more careful, and keep an eye on the girls who are younger than you; walk or drive them home if they need it. It would be really nice to reap the benefits of the women's movement without having to participate in it as an ongoing struggle. But we just don't have that luxury. I've wondered if the reason I waited for so long to do this training is a reluctance to think critically about some of the choices I make. And I've also worried that it would make the world look ugly. What I am remembering is that facing the bullshit also puts us head to head with resistance to it, and the most beautiful part of what makes us human teaches us to resist, to love, and to fucking organize. Now get to it.

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

She unbuckles her seat belt, leans over, and kisses me really hard. I feel her tongue dance around my mouth, and am immediately reminded that I haven't been to the dentist lately, and wonder if she can taste all the plaque and build-up. I know I can. She then looks me in the eyes and remarks how blue they are. She asks if they are colored contacts. I tell her that my eyes are naturally this color, but my blonde hair isn't. She says she wants to see for herself and starts to unzip my pants. I feel myself really starting to get excited and ask her to turn off the radio. I don't like distractions during sex. She argues that the station plays punk rock, and that she really likes punk rock, but finally agrees. We start to kiss again and I feel her hand return to my zipper. I start to think to myself how lucky I am to be here, in a car, making out with a beautiful girl I had just met in a bar an hour earlier. She had silky, dyed blue-black hair, eyes so blue they looked white—like from *Evil Dead* or *The Exorcist* or something—and boobs that were fucking amazing. I had, like, won the lottery or something.

Anyway, we start to really go at it, and my heart starts beating a million miles an hour. She finishes unzipping my pants, and gently slides her hand down, inside my underwear, and grabs me. I let out a moan, and kiss her deeply. Suddenly she pulls her head back, and looks me in the eyes. I look back at her, puzzled. She continues to hold onto my dick as she looks down at my crotch and says, "What is this?" I tell her it is my penis. That all men have one. Well, most of them, anyway. Except for those emo guys. She says that mine feels different, and with one hand still on me, she opens the car door slightly so the light goes on. She then takes out my pecker and examines it closely.

I look at her, wondering what the hell she is doing. "What are you doing", I ask. She tells me that my dick is not like the ones she is used too, but it still turns her on. "Phew," I think. Almost had another almost. She then puts her mouth on it, and I feel myself start to float toward punk rock heaven. I look at her as she bobs up and down, and continuously bumps her head on the steering wheel of my VW. "Thick head", I think. Wow.

She then stops, sits up next to me, and asks if I want to "play with her titties". I had never had a girl say that to me before, and I was kinda shocked. Usually, I kinda just did that, without them asking, but something about this girl made me a bit standoffish. I told her I would love to, and she said okay. She then somehow managed to get on my lap, between my wiener and the steering wheel, and take off her shirt. Then I saw it. Something I'd never seen before. Holy punk rock! She thought my pecker was different? Well, punk rock!

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Actually, it had all started about an hour and a half earlier in a shitty bar called, what else, The Bar. This is some years back, mind you. I was there 'cause there was not much else to do that night. No good bands were playing, and I had seen all the movies at the two dollar theaters in Gainesville, Florida, like five times. So I went to The Bar. I figured I'd just drink, and if I was lucky, get put out of my misery by some jock or redneck. I wasn't even expecting to get laid. The thought of that had long since left my mind. I was on a cold streak so bad that I was actually thinking about getting a job milking cows, just to get some action.

On the way to The Bar that night I had run into my friend and ex-drummer, Pete. Pete and I had been in a band called The Ranch Hands. We played one gig, and were permanently banned from every club in town. See, we told the owner of this club, Main Street, that we were a C&W band. That's country and western. Or "cunt-tree western" as Pete called it. Anyway, we told this really fat guy named Bubba that we played real cowboy material. He asked if we did any covers. We told him we did some Skynard, Alabama, Molly Hatchet, and shit like that. He asked if we did any Charlie Daniels. We told him we did and we also did his brother, Jack. He just looked at us, but gave us the gig anyway.

So we showed up in cowboy outfits, complete with hats, and studded shirts. As we set up our amps on stage, all the cowboys and rednecks in the place kept yelling stuff like "Freebird" and "The south will rise again!" Whatever.

Finally we went on and opened with a country-and-western riff. Actually, it was "Green Acres." It was the only C&W riff we knew. Everyone applauded wildly. I looked at Pete and he looked at me, shocked. We both then looked over at our bass player, Greg. Greg looked at the floor, like he always did. We continued the set with a bunch of originals that we had made up that afternoon. Songs like, "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Sheep," "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Cows," and "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Chickens." The audience seemed to like us. They threw full bottles of beer at us. We'd pick them up off the floor, before they would spill out entirely, and gulp them down.

During the whole set, Bubba kept yelling for us to do Charlie Daniels. The audience seemed to catch what Bubba was saying, and yelled for Charlie Daniels as well. We finally stopped making noise for a few seconds and introduced the next song. "This song is by Charlie Daniels," I said, with my best southern accent, "and it's called, 'Now I Wanna Fuck Some Ducks.'" They all applauded wildly, and one redneck yelled out, "Now I wanna fuck some sluts, alright!". Whatever.

We kick into the song, which is the same thing as the last five or six songs, with maybe one different note, and Bubba runs up on stage with something under his arm. I don't have my contacts in, so I can't really make out what it is. As he gets closer I see that it is a black case and I start to panic. Does Bubba have a gun? Is he gonna shoot us? Bubba then drops the case on the floor, and opens it. I look back at Pete, and he is standing up and playing. He looks like he is ready to do the hundred-yard dash. Bubba then takes out a Violin.

"This here's my fiddle," he yells to me. I nod my head. "Do ya mind if I play along?"

I tell Bubba to go for it. Bubba steps up to the microphone and starts to play along to our song. The crowd goes nuts and besides full bottles of beer flying at us, they start throwing money. Then a couple in the audience stands up and starts to square dance. Then more people do the same.

As Bubba plays along to the awful noise we are making, I step up to Greg's mike. I don't even think he notices until he sees my sneakers. Then he looks up at me, confused. I yell to him to just keep playing. I then say stuff in the mike like, "Take your partner, do-si-do, fuck that chicken, there ya go!" Everyone starts clapping.

Finally, like a million beer bottles and eighty-three cents later, we stop playing. But not Bubba. He is still doing the riff from "The Devil Went Down to Georgia." I tap Bubba on the shoulder and tell him we are through. He nods his head and keeps playing.

Later, as we are packing up our amps, I walk up to Bubba and ask him for our money. "Money?," he says with a very thick southern drawl, "You boys are lucky I don't kick all of you all's asses." I tell him I thought he liked us. He says that he thinks we stink, and if that we hadn't played that Charlie Daniels song, he'd have killed us. I was glad to get my equipment out of there in one piece.

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So I was on my way to The Bar that night, and I saw Pete hitch-hiking. I thought about not picking him up for a few seconds, but I think he saw my face. Pete had gotten weird lately and I wasn't quite sure why. Maybe it was drugs, or quite possibly it was just the Sunshine State taking its toll.

So I pull over to the curb and Pete opens the door to my VW Bug. He then gets in and asks where I am going. I just look at him. He stares at me for a few seconds and then says, "Don't I know you?" I tell him we played in a band together a short while ago. He says, "George?" I tell him that it is me. He says, "Didn't we play in a band together a short while ago?" I think it was drugs.

As we make our way downtown, I ask Pete where he is going. He says, "I dunno, anywhere." I tell him I am going to The Bar.

He says, "What bar?"

I say, "The Bar."

"Which bar is that?" he asks.

"The Bar," I say again.

"The Bar?" he asks.

I tell him yes.

"Which Bar?" he asks.

"Third Base," I say.

He just looks at me, then he says, "Oh, that place. Haven't been there."

So we get to The Bar, and the place is kinda empty. I see a few familiar faces but the place is mostly crawling with college students who thought that "new music" was hip. I order a beer, and strike up a conversation with my friend Jack.

"How's it going, Jack?" I ask him. He tells me that he got run over by a motorcycle a couple of months ago, but that he is doing fine now. I kinda cringe. He then asks if I want to see where he was run over. I tell him sure, even though I really didn't. He lifts up his shirt, and there are fucking track marks across his stomach and chest. Wow.

"Neat, huh George?" Jack asks. I tell him that it is indeed neat, but that I had to go to the bathroom. I excused myself, ran to the men's room, and dry heaved for a while.

Eventually I return to the bar area and finish my beer. I sit on a stool alone and listen as the DJ plays The Ramones, Vibrators, and Psychedelic Furs back-to-back. I then order another beer. As I go to pay for it some girl says to the bartender that she'll take care of it, and gives him some money. I look at the girl. She looks at me.

She has longish, blue-black hair and the bluest eyes I have ever seen. She is about my height, and very sexy. I say hello to her.

"Hi," she says back to me. We don't say anything to each other for a few seconds. I sip on my beer as she sips on her pink-and-orange drink.

"I'm George," I say to her deep blue eyes that make me feel as though I am in the North Pole, or at least eating a Peppermint Patty.

"I know," she replies, as she slowly continues to sip on her pink-and-orange drink.

We continue to drink in silence for a while, and I begin to wonder what the hell the girl wants with me. Obviously, she knows me, and shit, maybe I know her. Maybe I don't remember her. Maybe I should know her. I start to panic. What if I used to date her? What if she was the mother of my children that I didn't know about? What if I owed her money? Yikes.

"I remember you from Roach Motel," she says to me with a deep and sexy voice.

"Have we met before?" I ask her, breaking my long habit of waiting for people to say something about themselves that will give me a clue as to who the fuck they are.

"No, I just remember seeing you play many times, and I have always thought you were very sexy."

I look at her. Beautiful. Sexy. And talking to me. What was wrong with her? I tell her that mostly dogs and hippies saw Roach Motel, and maybe a few cows in our old drummer's barn. She tells me she saw me and thinks that I am really something. I tell her that dogs used to think I was really something, like a tree or fire hydrant, and used to piss on my legs during shows. I tell her that hippies thought I was something, as did cows. But never girls. She says she wants me.

I back up a bit. I say, "What did you just say?"

She says, "I want you". I ask her her name. She asks me if it really matters. I tell her no. So she doesn't tell me.

We continue to drink our beverages in quiet, and suddenly she starts to rub her leg up against mine. I look at her and she smiles. A very sexy smile. I chug down the rest of my beer. She gulps down the rest of her orange-and-pink drink, then licks her lips. I figure I'm dreaming.

I have a hard time standing up, but somehow manage to do so, as does the girl. She takes my hand and leads me out the door of The Bar. As we are leaving, Jack yells over to me that I didn't see where his pit bull bit him a couple of days ago. I tell him, "Next time."

We go out into the parking lot and she says to me, "Do you have a car?" I point over to my Green VW with the "Gabba Gabba Hey" license plate. She takes my hand and leads me to it.

When we get to the car she says, "Open it." I do, and she gets in. As she does so, I get a good smell of her hair and perfume, and feel my hormones just about rip my jeans off.

I get into my side of the car and ask her where we are going. She says, "Right here," and then leans over and kisses me. I kiss her back, then she puts her hand on my chest and starts to scratch me. Wow. I can't believe my luck. "I want you," she moans as she starts to lick my face. Suddenly there is a knock on my window. I look up and see Jack and his girlfriend smiling. "Go for it, George," says Jack. I smile back at him, reach into my pocket, pull out the keys, and start the car.

"Where are we going?" asks the girl with the blue eyes in the passenger seat of my car whom I think I am going to have sex with. "I dunno," I tell her, "Away from here." She nods her head and I start to drive. We make our way down the street, and I start to look for an empty parking lot—one where we will be left alone. Finally, I decide upon a bank. I pull up behind the building and we start to go at it again.

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As we are kissing and she is telling me that she always wanted a member of Roach Motel, I hear another knock on my window. I clear away some of the moisture that we both created and see the face of a cop. I roll down the window.

“This is private property,” says the cop, “Are you aware of that?” I tell him that I am not. “Ignorance is no excuse to the law,” he says. I tell him I'm sorry and start my car. The whole time I feel as though my dick is gonna explode. “Well, you two go find a motel or something,” the cop says. I laugh and tell him I will. The cop then says, “What are you laughing at, boy?” I tell him nothing. He just narrows his eyes and looks at me. Cops.

We drive around some more and I find a kinda empty parking lot next to a greenery. A tree farm. Whatever the fuck you call those places where people go in and buy plants. Like they can't go out in the woods and pick them where they are free. Morons.

We start to kiss, and it is kinda uncomfortable. I ask her if maybe she wants to get a hotel. Fuck, I figure I could spring for it. I was getting laid, and this was definitely worth it.

She says, “No, I want to fuck you in your car.” She said the F word. To me. Wow. No girl had ever said they wanted to F-word me. This was amazing. I told her, “Okay.”

So we start to go at it again, and I take her hand and put it on my crotch. She rubs it really hard and I squirm in my seat. I gently stroke her blue-black hair, and again start to breathe real heavily. And again there is a pounding on the window. I open the window up this time, because the fog inside the car is too thick. Outside I see a guy with a mustache, and a woman standing next to him.

“This here is my property,” says the guy, “you kids should go else where. To your own homes.”

“Alone,” he adds.

I just look at him, as does the girl, whose hand is still rubbing my crotch. I try not to show any pleasure.

“You kids are sinning against God,” says the woman with an accent so thick she must have grown up in the fucking swamp or something. I tell them that I am sorry, start the car, and drive off. Again.

“Listen, whatever your name is,” I say to the girl as we are going down the street again, “maybe we should get a motel. There is one nearby, and I'll pay for it.”

She says nothing to me, but frowns. Not good, I think. Then her eyes light up. “Right there”, she says.

“Where?” I ask.

“Right there,” she says, pointing to a very huge and empty parking lot. I look at it, then her. “The K-Mart parking lot?” I ask her. “Yes,” she says, “I want to fuck you right there.” She said the F word again. I pulled into the parking lot very quickly.

So I park the fucking VW bug right in the middle of the parking lot, right where everyone could see it. We start to go at it, and the windows completely fog up. She turns on the radio, and then turns it off. Her tongue probes my mouth, as her hands unzip my pants. Finally she reaches in there and grabs a hold of Mr. Punchy. I sigh, and think, “Finally, relief.” Then she stops, backs up, and looks at me.

“What is this?” she asks, and I tell her it is my penis. She opens the car door to get some light, and then looks at it and examines it like it is something she has never seen before. She looks at the shaft, then at the tip, then at the shaft, then at the tip again. She tells me she has never had one like this, but it turns her on. We start to make out again, and she asks if I want to play with her titties. She sits on my lap, and puts my hands on her breasts. I start to squeeze them, and they feel real good. She moans and groans and continues to play with my wienerschnitzel. She keeps feeling it, around it, and the top of it.

Eventually I ask her to take off her shirt, and she does. I see a dark spot on and above her left boob, but can't make out what it is. Probably a bad birthmark or something. I start to kiss and lick her boobs, and she sighs and says how much she wants me. I also notice that she is wearing a cross around her neck, and as I take it in my mouth, it really turns me on for some reason.

***

So there I am with a crucifix in my mouth, my head between the greatest set of knockers I have ever seen, and my pud being pulled my a woman who used the F word with me. Life couldn't get any better. Or could it?

Suddenly the girl says she wants to see my pecker again before I put it inside of her. She again opens the car door slightly and takes a good long look at my penis. I take a good long look at it too, wondering what the hell she is thinking. “I know!” she squeals, “This is circumcised!” I tell her that it is, and she tells me she has never had one like this before, and that she is wet just thinking about it. As I tell her that that is neat, I get a good look at the spot on and above her boob. It is not a birthmark. It is a tattoo.

Lots of girls have tattoos, even some girls I have dated. They get things like flowers, unicorns, or even hearts and shit. Some of the tougher girls I have been with have had leopard skin spots, and one girl even had a tattoo of a penis on her arm. But, fuck, I had never seen anything like this on a girl. For all her beauty, what with the blue eyes, beautiful, silky black hair and great boobs, the tattoo ruined everything, or so I thought. I mean, what kind of girl has a tattoo of the word “Skinhead” with a swastika below it on her tit?

“You got a swastika on your breast!” I say to her, kinda really in shock. She just looks at me. I look at her Swastika again, and the word “Skinhead.” We both say nothing for a few seconds, and I feel my dick start to get limp in her hands.

“Are you a Jew?” she asks me. I tell her that I am. “Good,” she says, “I never fucked a Jew before, and have always wanted too!” I feel myself get hard again. Rock hard. Punk rock hard.

“I never fucked a Nazi, before,” I tell her, “and am not sure I want to,” even though my dick definitely wanted to.

“I'm not a Nazi,” she says to me. “I used to be, back when I was in high school, but not anymore.” I ask her how old she is now. She tells me eighteen. My penis goes ape shit, and almost bursts.

“How long have you been out of high school?” I ask her. She tells me she has been out a whole three months. I ask her if she knows what a swastika means. She asks me what a swastika is. I point to her tattoo. “Oh that, that is what the Nazis wear. What my old boyfriend used to wear. I never really thought about it.”

I think about explaining to her the significance of the symbol she wears in permanent ink upon her lovely breast. The message of hate it stands for. The millions who died because of one man's crazy dream, and a whole country full morons who followed him (and who are just rude people, anyway). I think of telling her about the suffering that went on, and still does, and I think of telling her to get lost. But I don't. I do something even better. I have sex with her.

So we start going at it, with her on top of me, with her back to the steering wheel. I stare at her breasts and the symbol of hate as I feel her rock back and forth upon me. I watch her cross bounce up and down, and listen to her moans and groans. I have to hold back my impending orgasm.

Then I tell her I wanna be on top, and start to have intercourse with her that way. I plunge in deep, and as I do so I think about all the horrible things hate has done to this world over the years. I think about the Klan, about other hate groups, and about Nazis. Now I was getting revenge. I pinned her hands down to her sides, and continued the act as she moaned and groaned and got wetter and wetter. I think she was, like, having orgasms or something. But that didn't matter. What was important was me, was the fact that I was getting pleasure from her. A Nazi. A good-looking Nazi, but a Nazi.

Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer, so I took out my penis, yanked off the condom, and came all over her swastika and cross. As I ejaculated, I felt a sense of power and pride that I had never felt before. I felt like I had climbed Mount Everest and reached the top. I felt as though I pitched a no-hitter in the World Series. I felt as though I was that Armstrong guy—not the Billie Joe one—and set my feet upon the moon. I felt liked I, well, just fucked a Nazi.

I collapsed onto her, exhausted. She hugged me and whispered in my ear that she never came so many times. I lifted my head to look at her, and saw her beautiful blue eyes. I also looked at her tattoo covered in white stuff, and her nipples, still erect. I looked at her face again, and she looked at me.

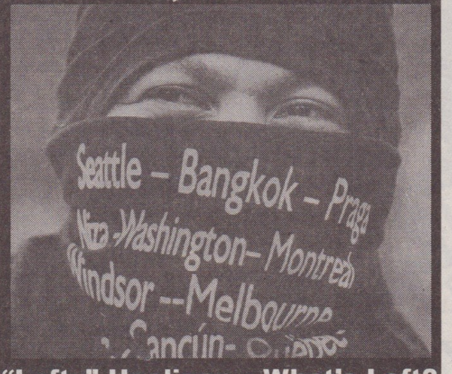
Then, for the first time, I saw her for what she was. A young girl, confused. A young girl who was easily influenced by those around her. A girl who was learning about the world, and who had made some past mistakes, like we all do. A kid. I bent down and kissed her, then hugged her. It felt nice. She sighed.

Finally, I pulled myself away from her, and took one long last look at her beautiful naked body in my car. It was then that I noticed that the cross around her neck was submerged in come, and upside down. I felt myself getting hard again. I tried not to, but I couldn't help it. Hell, I had never had sex with someone who worshipped Satan before.

Take my life, please.

1. www.furiousgeorge.com
2. *Surfing Armegaddon* is the title of my next book, due out any moment now. But check out *Playing Right Field* first.
3. I want to thank everyone who has been there for me over the past few months, especially the ones I met on Myspace.com. If having major surgery isn't painful enough, the loss of my best friend hurts like hell. But I am lucky; I have great friends and family. Thank you!
4. Been thinking about *MRR* and Tim Yohannan, the original guy who started this zine all those years ago. I've been thinking how important *MRR* is, that it shows the world we can all "do it ourselves," and that we don't have to sell out our personal values to lead happy lives. And that makes me feel honored to still be writing for what I consider the most important magazine/fanzine of our time. Thanks guys!

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

So I'm arguing with this libertarian guy circa 1981 and he's going on and on about how the free market will solve everything from crime to cellulite.

"Well, according to the labor theory of value…" I begin a counterargument.

"Oh, that piece of Marxist horseshit!" He exclaims. "The labor theory of value has been disproved by everyone from Adam Smith to Ludwig von Mises and Milton Friedman."

"That's curious," I say, pausing for effect. I like to draw these moments out, savoring the coup de grace I'm about to deliver. "From what I understand the classical school of capitalist economics, the one started by Adam Smith and David Ricardo, promulgated the labor theory of value and based their economic theories on it. They believed in that hokum about atomized human individuals starting out in a raw 'state of nature.' The only way an individual in the state of nature can claim property rights to something is to put labor into it. And the only way an individual in the state of nature can figure out the value of something is by the labor put into it. So these classical laissez-faire economists believed that the free market would exchange things based on the labor put into them."

That stunned reaction. That "deer in the headlights" look. I love it.

That's right. Capitalism and its original spokespeople invented the labor theory of value. You might say that the labor theory of value is the starting point for all economic theory, as we know it. Of course, the left went one way with the labor theory of value, the right another.

The right quickly realized the danger in any labor theory of value and suggested that there might be additional sources of value to consider. Heir to classical theory, modern capitalist economic theory (in other words *bourgeois* economic theory) postulates a holy trinity of value producing/wealth producing factors. Labor, land and capital. Libertarian revisionism has suggested a minor fourth, the much more nebulous concept of enterprise. I'll get back to all of this in due course. First, let's consider the folks who ran with the labor theory of value.

It's safe to say that the socialist Left takes the labor theory of value for granted. Labor creates all value and all wealth. Pay workers for everything they produce. America's wealth was built upon slave labor, so black people deserve reparations. The axioms of the labor theory of value permeate the Left's thinking, not as systematic theory but as atmospheric assumptions. It's part of the very air Leftists breath.

Leave it to Karl Marx to take the labor theory of value to a whole other level by developing it into a truly comprehensive system. This column cannot do justice to Marx's distinction between useful or concrete labor—a particular kind of labor for a particular purpose—and abstract labor—labor as a source of value in general. Nor can I hope to succinctly explain use value and exchange value; private labor and social labor; the commodification of labor under capitalism, a system based on commodity production; and a slew of other concepts raised by Marx. I can only quickly touch upon the notion of surplus value. Workers produce commodities that can be sold for more than they receive in wages. That difference is what's called profit, which is the ultimate source of capital. It is the particular way workers are exploited under capitalism. A portion of living labor is extracted as surplus value to become profit and eventually capital, which is essentially dead labor according to Marx.

Marx was similarly dismissive of land as a source of value and wealth. No matter how fertile land might be, or how many natural resources the land might hold, it amounts to nothing without the labor to work the land. Unfortunately, the labor theory of value isn't very good at valuing something like natural resources or the fertility of soil. Nor does it adequately explain something as basic to capitalism as interest. In fact "real existing socialism"—from statist regimes like the old Soviet Union to your run-of-the-mill cooperative or commune—has been unable to stick strictly to a labor theory of value in economic policy and planning. That's because while Marxism deals with the abstract very well—the ramifications of what it means when labor creates all value—it's not so good at determining the day-to-day use value of commodities to be exchanged. Put another way by Ken MacLeod (who paraphrases Ludwig von Mises in his introduction to the American edition of *Star Fraction*) "[W]ithout property, no exchange; no exchange, no prices; no prices, no way of telling whether any project

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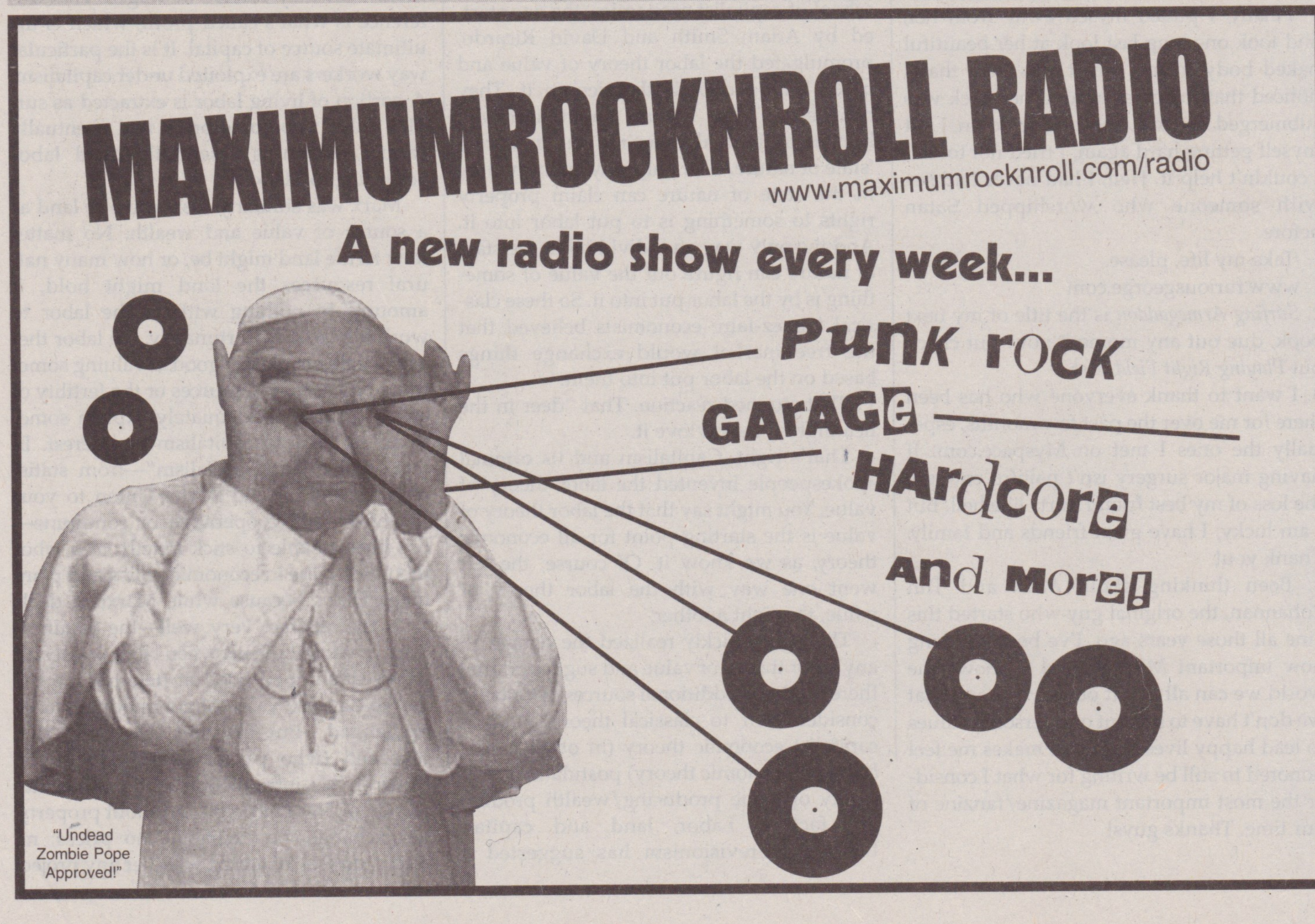
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is worthwhile or a dead loss." That in turn reflects the failure of the labor theory of value to come up with a common unit to equate different types of labor—the mythic labor-hour.

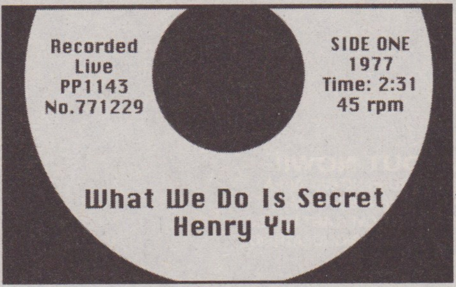
Scale seems to be key to the effectiveness of economies based on the labor theory of value. The centralized state economic planning of old-school Communist countries has proven a dismal failure almost without exception. Decentralized cooperative and communal associations have proven far more successful. Whereas the Soviet Union was economically bankrupt when it collapsed, the cooperative sectors of various European economies, as well as the communal kibbutzim in the Israeli economy, frequently thrive. Whether centralized or decentralized, economies based on the labor theory of value suffer from a problem common to collectivist economies in general—the inability to come to terms with enterprise.

This vague libertarian concept covers everything from individual initiative and drive to the willingness to seize opportunities and take risks. Why does one worker do little more than slog through an eight-hour workday while another takes every spare moment to hustle extra jobs to get ahead? Marxism is dismissive of the individual's contribution, and is supremely derisive of any school of thought that claims "great men" make history or change society. Yet Marxists are hard pressed to come to terms with the importance of a Karl Marx or Vladimir Lenin to the Left without resorting to just such an analysis. Without room for individual initiative and inventiveness, collectivist economies invariably suffer from stagnation and decline.

The weightiest challenge to the labor theory of value, however, is one it shares with capitalist economics, that being technology. Calling machines "frozen labor" as Marxist economics does or defining machines as "capital goods" as *bourgeois* economics does utterly fails to grasp the true significance of technological advancement in society. Can anyone doubt that the impact of a computer exponentially exceeds the amount of labor and/or capital invested in the manufacture of that computer? We are a step away from building machines that are smarter than humans, and a few more steps away from designing machines that can replicate themselves entirely without human help. Advances in human technology portend the creation of an entirely new form of life, a silicon-based, digital life form that may very well supersede humanity.

I began my critique of socialism in general and Marxism in particular last column with the role of science. Actually, that was a stopgap. I wasn't able to finish my assessment of utopianism in time for that issue. This analysis of the labor theory of value is in the same vein. A substitute for the main event. It's been slow going. These mini-critiques, while not exactly tangential, were never intended to be part of the main critique I'm still writing. I'm using them to keep on theme while buying time to finish the original project. Another mini might be forthcoming, and when I get to the larger critique, expect more Ken MacLeod.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



Not Great Men...*Not!*

The thought of my idols (pre-, punk, and post-) pushing-50, getting up on stage and trying to deliver the goods seems hardly a wise idea, but with the exception of the totally overrated and not-godhead-in-the-least Pixies reunion, there's been a heckuva lot more than mere competence or mid-life crisis wanking—there's been downright inspiration and second coming (Metal Urbain, Mission of Burma, Rocket From The Tombs). The last few months worth of Reunite on Ice have managed to keep both ends burning and then some.

First came Slint, a band that barely toured in their heyday of fifteen years ago, and was probably more of an influence than a band of any measurable popularity at their height. They played virtuously with a heightened sense of dynamics, fueled by Britt Walford's amazing drumming, that brought majesty to the din of pre-post rock pre-grunge post-pigfuck scrawl—even as their lead singer Brian McMahon studiously stood off to the side and practically read his vocals.

***

Most anticipated was the Gang of Four reunion at the Fillmore San Francisco...first of a two-night stand. I'd last (and only ever) seen 'em before back in '82, Songs of the Free tour at the Ritz, with the Bush Tetras and Certain General opening (a quantum leap from REO Speedwagon, the previous show I'd been to). *Soft Spot* was their yellow EP, being the first non-MOR/AOR record I'd bought at the time, and secondly (and thirdly and so on), their *Entertainment!* LP with its tribal drumming and raining shards of guitar and sardonic vocals never failed to drop off my top ten through all my post-adolescence pre-menopausal gyrations. Apparently still on the minds of the old timers around these parts had been their memorable gig with the Buzzcocks back in '79.

Gang of Four came out swinging, singer Jon King in Mao outfit (somehow unbuttoned at the bottom to expose his belly button), Andy Gill still looking dapper. Dave Allen and Hugo Burhnam looked a lot less gawky than they did back the day—Allen looked like a grunge rocker. King was like Brian Ferry gone mad: histrionic and self mocking, literally running across the stage, writhing on the ground, shimmying, in a manner not at all befit of a grown man. Their playing was wound so tight they teetered precariously on the brink of having it all fall down on a perfect tightrope. Never mind post-punk, the four were as first generation punk as it gets. What's god got to do with it when you have Gang of Four?

Then, beyond what could have been fathomed. The rebirth of the band Zolar X, who find themselves 26 years after their breakup at a club in the armpit of the Bay Area, San Jose. However, among the skate punks were fans so fervent that fists shook at every faint smile put forth by the trio of aliens that comprise Zolar X. Former lead singer Zory Zenith being still in jail, Ygar Ygarrist now leads the songs with trademark munchkinesque vocals. While last year's *Timeless* reissued Zolar X in all their recorded glory, their live beings are altogether another matter, capable of generating tremendously heavy sound. They glam you not. Their sound is as original as past present future can be moving truly through a time continuum. The Sabbath reference in their press release is now discernible, the playing is pretty furious…never thought of these guys as punk look past the spandex and platinum wigs and the spockisms and the punk is there staring you right between in the ears. So very non-rusty, these guys got chops up the mutton and must be followed slavishly and revered wherever fine noise is purveyed. This mighta seriously been the best reunion of 2005 so far.

Jumpin for Pills

Had no idea that power poppers (and once half of Blondie) Clem Burke and Gary Valentine ever did time with the Ig, but it's true. Back in '81, these cleancut boys provided rhythm for Iggy Pop's depraved leanings on his Party tour. Iggy Pop—*Live in San Fran*

1981 is the document, recently released on DVD by Target Video. Mini-skirted, gap-toothed, slightly junked and post-peanut butter, Iggy's still manages to outcool the cool, tho this was sort of a down period for him. Right around the time he started work on his autobiographical *I Need More* book, along with being branded the Godfather of Punk, maybe he was already thinking he was in the twilight of his career.

Fuck You Up and Get Live is The Dwarves' live DVD filmed at NYC's Continental Club. Their legendary fifteen-minute sets of mayhem have devolved into sorta tongue-in-cheek cabaret middle-age wanking played as goddamn tightly as staccato everything can possibly be, but the kids just love it. They are the stuff of which girls go wild and drop their tops; you get the picture. The video extras on this are bids…"Over You" is barely recognizable Dwarves, weird slick power pop whose edge has been beveled to pointlessness.

The Shit Dogs were most aptly described as punk-freaks—chubby, flabby frizzy-haired goofballs whose visual sense of humor bordered on the absurd: picture a cantaloupe with a pair of sunglasses on it, pseudonyms like "Wheelie Boodtongue": they were hardly fashion plates or cock rockers or poseurs, they were barely recognizable as icons of punk. The first 45 is more imaginative with their own interpretation of punk prototyped, sometimes hard rocking, sometimes garagey, whereas the second 45 is more straightforward trios chord punk with the exception of the pseudo reggae "Can Opener," which devolves into an art rant hard rock workout. Completists note that this comp omits the b-side of the second 45, as it also does parts of their 1983 LP. Their LP was a little more wide ranging, less focused, arty in a good way, loosely guitared noodling, but then there's the set of searing crunchers: "Cockroach" is their answer to "I'm a bug." A must own for any sicko.

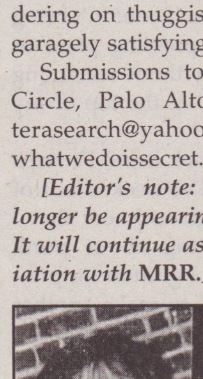
Far more polished but no less ridiculously named is Tot Rocket and the Twins, also comped by Rave Up for the *Television Rules* LP anthology. Also from the class of '79 or so, these pretty boy guitar heroes cop Graham Parker's "Nobody Hurts You" on their first 45, *Reduced*, then peel off a hot harmonica solo on the b-side, so where can it go from there? Anthemic guitar licked bids for getting laid on a regular basis and lotsa blow, it's competent enough, bordering on skinny tie, but somehow not punkly so inspiring, at least in a killed by deathly way. For the evil twins of fans of Greg Kihn.

Fearless Leader's *Little Devil* 45 was one of my faves of the latter 80s, a grinding little punk platter. Believed to be related to the Lazy Cowgirls, or so the rumor went. "God Bless The Devil" is a disc full of previously unreleased stuff that was recorded much later in their career (1997). While the first half of the disc has less economic workouts ("Gotta Get My Shit Together") the second half (songs like "Toxic Crotch" and "Move a Little") are in the good time punk vein of the aforementioned 45. As to their relationship to the Cowgirls, well there is a "Clark" in the songwriting credits, which I'd take to be Alan Clark, the Cowgirls' drummer, as there is also a "Wahl," which is probably he of Clawhammer, but since the band members all have pseudonyms and don mock satanic makeup, the actual working members remain unknown. Life-changing, no, but it makes the beer go down easier.

The Korps was the abbreviated (both in name and personnel) result of supergroup The Afrika Korps. The Kenne Highland/Ken Kaiser duopoly did just one and only record, *Hello World!* as theirlittleoleselves, reissued here on CD by Gulcher (the home of Kenne's earlier band The Gizmos.) Less obnox than the A. Korps, but still with plenty of the beer swillin' ha ha, plus goodly sums of ye olde adolescent pangs of the big L. Whoever sequenced "Designs on You" ("Ain't got no designs on you / If you think I want you you're a fool") right next to "Mad at the World" ("I'm mad at the world / Cos I can't get a girl), just juxtaposed the two most opposing teenaged crazed girl thoughts. I also loved the doo woppy song about the "Blizzard of '78" (which kept yours tru in high school till July if I recall correctly). Slightly touching, bordering on thuggish adolescent laughabilly, garagely satisfying.

Submissions to Henry at 46 Roosevelt Circle, Palo Alto, CA 94306. Email at terasearch@yahoo.com. Blog at http://whatwedoissecret.blogspot.com.

[Editor's note: Henry's column will no longer be appearing in **Maximumrocknroll.** ***It will continue as a blog without any affiliation with*** **MRR.]**



RALL DEAL

I don't think there are any bills for which I use a paper check," Princeton grad student Larry Lyons, 23, tells the *New York Times*. And he's not alone. Millions of Americans, especially young adults, prefer to pay their bills with a debit card or via the Internet. In 2003 checks accounted for just 45 percent of non-credit card payments, down from 57 percent in 2000. "Checks over the next two decades," reports the newspaper, "are likely to become as prevalent as electric typewriters."

While it comes as a surprise to customers hit by big fees for bounced checks and low balances, high processing expenses have caused banks to view the checking account business as a "loss leader"—an unprofitable line of business they only maintain because people expect it. So banks are dangling carrots—Citibank charges lower fees to customers who agree not to write checks—and swinging sticks—refusing to return canceled checks—to coax their customers into fully digitizing their personal finances.

"It's much easier to be able to point and click to make a payment," says Larry Lyons, the student. I don't know what he's talking about. I have broadband, a fully loaded computer and I'm a former computer programmer—certainly no Luddite. Yet, for me, paying bills online compares unfavorably with a visit to the dentist.

First you fill out your name, address, and credit card information on a long form. Don't forget the four-digit security code on your card. No, not the one on the front. The one on the back. OK. Now wait a few moments while we process your payment. What, you don't have "cookies" activated on your browser? Go reset your preferences to allow us to plant mysterious tracking files on your computer. Don't worry about all those identity theft stories on TV, just do it. Now re-enter all that stuff in the long form. Great. Now wait a few moments while we check to see if your chosen username is available. Wait. You have to enter your password twice. Four-to-six digits. Now wait a few moments while we email you a link to verify your account. Click on the link. The link isn't live? Cut and paste it into your browser. Wait for it to re-load. Now re-enter everything. Now wait a few moments while we process your payment. What's that? Your screen is locked up? Better do a hard shutdown and reboot. That should take about ten minutes, assuming that a utility crew across town isn't about to accidentally knock out your DSL or cable connection.

Compare high-tech bill paying to the old-fashioned way: Write check. Place in pre-addressed envelope. Lick. Stick on a stamp. Total estimated time of procedure: one minute.

Bankers say you can access the web anywhere, but they've never surfed on a PC running Windows 98 at a cyber café in Ashkhabat. It takes five minutes just to send an email. Seriously. Accessing the first page of an online banking site is *absolutely impossible*. There is at least some chance that the Turkmen postal service will eventually come through.

Seems like an obvious case of not broken/don't fix. But, says Edward Bachelder of Dove Consulting, "The youth of America has no interest in using checks." Hurrah.

The death of checks presages a cashless society in which employers wire salaries to workers' bank accounts via direct deposit, who in turn pay bills online and use debit cards—which account for over 20 percent of all non-credit transactions—at shops and restaurants. The next obvious step, some future politician will reason, will be to eliminate cash.

Once legitimate money flows digitally, after all, all cash will be used the way most $100 bills are today—for drug sales and other illegal activities. Economists Friedrich Schneider and Dominik Enste estimate that between 6.7 and 13.9 percent of our gross domestic product was generated by the American "underground economy"—transactions conducted in cash—in 1990, the last year for which such data was available. Whether you're selling your futon on Craigslist or moving ten kilos of Afghan heroin, the IRS wants its piece of the action.

Going after tax cheats seems reasonable. But the cure would be worse than the current "lost" government revenue. You have ample cause to fear a cashless America even if you're strictly legit. As Islamic charities learned after 9/11, bank accounts can be frozen by a government acting against its political opponents. Credit and debit cards can be deactivated at a keystroke. Politicians of the future will find the power to instantly impoverish anyone, anywhere, and for any reason, irresistible. And consolidation makes an online banking account ultimately vulnerable to such attacks. Your cellular provider, landlord, and travel agent are scattered across the country, currently known only to you. Now it would take time and effort for a government agency to find them to cut you off. Not so if you pay your bills online.

Of course, there's no reason to worry if you trust all politicians and government agencies, including those not yet conceived, appointed or elected, to do the right thing. Oh, sure, the Social Security guys just admitted giving away "secret" information to HomeSec goons, no warrant requested. But that was just a fluke. Go on, do whatever they tell you. Keep pointing and clicking—and save those 37-cent stamps.

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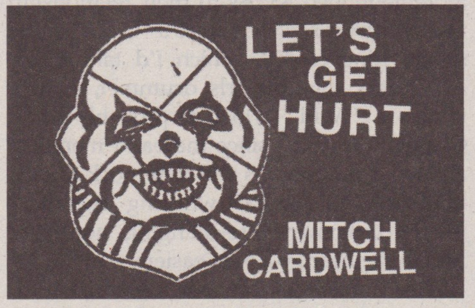
CURRENT BOOKS: *Wake Up, You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back from the Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp, price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays and Cartoons on the Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp, $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.



Although I'd like to think that we all needed a break from the pseudo-collector monotony, the blame for my absence these past couple of months should be placed squarely on my shoulders. I must admit that I buckled under the pressure of my responsibilities and simply could not bring myself to devote one iota of effort to "Let's Get Hurt" or punk in general. I really *needed* a break. During this time off, I found myself really questioning if I was devoting my time, energy, and money to something that might not be worth it, having endured a string of lies and tirades in the name of punk in the weeks immediately preceding my collapse. I also came to find that juggling what had become my punk responsibilities (sad but true) with a 9-to-5 straight gig and a terminally rocky personal life just wasn't working. It got to the point when I couldn't bring myself to call one more pressing plant or answer one more email without screaming "Fuuuuuuuck thiiiiiiiis!!!" at the top of my lungs. Yup…I cracked.

So what am I doing back here? Perhaps old habits die hard, but I've peeked out of the wreckage long enough to know that I still really get off writing about punk records. Call me crazy or a glutton for punishment, but I've decided to make another go of this, having a clearer idea of what I'm capable of and what I *want* to do with the column. For now, I'm not particularly compelled to offer a blow by blow of every obscurity under the sun. Sure, I could clog your arteries with the amount of new punk vinyl worthy of dishing, but this column will focus on a *few* new releases that kept me afloat the past couple of months. Give your wallet a rest and check out some shit you can really chew on.

I'm not exactly sure where the *MRR* party lines are drawn when it comes to the late, great ICKY BOYFRIENDS, but I suspect that relatively few of us find value in their oft-misunderstood rumblings. For those unaware, Icky Boyfriends was a San Francisco band from the early 90s that had a sound that left no middle ground. Put simply, they are the epitome of a love-it-or-hate-it band.

My first contact with them came when I was 13 or 14 years old, tucked away nicely in an East Bay town notable only for high-quality methamphetamine and the ability to pick up good radio signals. My early teen years consisted of me sneaking my old man's Winstons and Coors into my bedroom and leaning my radio dial to the far left, hoping to pick up the college radio stations from places that were geographically very close…but thousands of miles away from my teenage lion's den. I remember The Ickys getting a lot of play on some of these stations, and I remember being completely turned upside down every time I heard them. It was unlike anything I had ever heard at the time (it sort of still is!). This was long before I even heard of bands like ELECTRIC EELS or other off-kilter ilk, so for me, Icky Boyfriends were fucking *it*, man.

I successfully managed to tape some of the tunes off of the radio and would routinely force friends to listen to them, often resulting in me being called a fag coupled with a desperate plea to put *Can of Pork* back on. Every slug to the arm and wicked name I was called only made me like them more. It would appear that this form of ridicule is consistent with most Icky Boyfriends fans…and probably The Ickys themselves. Doomed by my age and location, I was never able to fully dive into Icky Boyfriends until years later. My routine scouring of used record bins yielded a near-complete Ickys discography and I later struck gold a with copies of *I'm Not Fascinating*: *The Movie* (Danny Plotnick's super-8 film on the band!) and Menlo Park's retrospective rarities LP, *Talking to You Is Just Like Being Dead*.

Years later, the sound of Icky Boyfriends has proved to be just as room-clearingly brilliant and off as ever, making now the perfect time for reflection. Enter *A Love Obscene*, a mammoth 2xCD released by Menlo Park Recordings, compiling their entire recorded output on two dirty, dirty discs. Just as S-S's MONOSHOCK reissue did last year, *A Love Obscene* is sure to send a rabid pack of no-goods combing the depths for traces this nearly forgotten period of Bay Area *punk*, creating a mass of frothing-at-the-mouth Icky fans. Hey…it could happen. Right?

To say that this band had absolutely no idea what they were doing would not be an uncommon opinion. They had a legitimately freakish look (much like the proto-punk kingpins they no doubt drew inspiration from) and the racket they made was abrasive and constantly on the verge of a complete cave-in. It's immediately clear that the vocalist was a drugged-up maniac with a perverted eye for detail. It all seems so very wrong, but comes out sounding right.

Some fans and detractors might even agree that Icky Boyfriends sonically amount to little more than tuneless bashing over mongoloid poetics. I'm not of that opinion, but hey…I've heard it expressed. There's no need to over-intellectualize their attack to find value. Listen to the tunes…they were, in fact, a *real* band with a *real* sound! The fuzzy, inept pummel of each tune is underscored by a brilliant vocal performance, more often than not recounting the disgusting minutia of some train-wreck sexual experience or daily urban catastrophe. Bands from SF's Mission District have a long tradition of writing tunes about cats, burritos, and junkies, but none did so as brilliantly, realistically or as disturbingly as Icky Boyfriends. Tunes like "Burrito," "I Was…," "22," and "King Of Zeitgeist" present an incredibly deranged view of a San Francisco that I never knew existed when I first heard the band. I also was clueless in the ways of taking out the "Sex Trash" and the buzz kill that is a mouthful of spermicidal jelly, but hey...that's what growing up is all about.

A Love Obscene is destined to do the job every great reissue should aspire to do: enriching the band for already-existing fans and seriously turning on new ones. Everything you need is right here, including biographical liners by drummer Anthony Bedard and a song-by-song "analysis" from their afro-sporting singer, Jonathan Swift. This really is one of those releases that you dive into and never come out off. I beg of you…give in to *A Love Obscene*!

Flashing slightly forward, S-S Records, makers of my favorite records, have done us all a great service by re-releasing one of the most influential records of recent years, *Black Helicopter* by KARATE PARTY. *Black Helicopter* has gained a lot of attention in recent years, what with lead Party animal CHRIS WOODHOUSE manning the controls for countless high-profile punk records and his work in the mighty FM KNIVES. There was also this little band called A-FRAMES that cited the single as one of the primary influences on their sound. Things like this can do wonders for an ignored 7" EP. It soon became one of those records that people had heard of, but sadly never actually heard. With that, it began to creep onto want-lists far and wide. Thankfully, S-S picked up on the need and re-released it as an LP, adding a couple compilation obscurities and a healthy amount of primo unreleased goodness to beef the package out. The expanded *Black Helicopter* lovingly whips ass over the original issue, coming off as a louder, more complete vision that cements its immeasurable influence on much of what is called art-PUNK today. And PUNK it is. While the music of KARATE PARTY has a tendency to be cast aside by more strict punkers, I think you'd be hard-pressed to find a record as energetic, hard-hitting, and downright *punk* as *Black Helicopter*. The point is that this LP rocks with punkest of 'em…period. The guitars chop, crunch, and stun over a booming rhythm and wailing vocals. Every tune comes right after you, crashing and rebuilding and crashing again right in front of you. You no have no excuse. Do the words "better late than never" mean anything to you? Treasures like this deserve a wider audience, so it's a good thing you've been begging for it.

Before I broke my car stereo in a frustrated rage, In The Red's DIRTBOMBS 2xCD singles compilation, *If You Don't Already Have a Look*, had free reign of it. And believe me, it ruled with an iron fist. I'm no stranger to this band's 7" output, having snatched up every offering immediately upon availability, but having them all compiled together is truly something else. Lovingly organized into two discs (one originals, one covers), it's easy to see that The Dirtbombs are a singles band. Mick's liner notes illuminate even further, offering candid glimpses into his game plan that I had previously only speculated about. This 2xCD is all the proof you'll ever need: The Dirtbombs are one of the most consistently inventive and exciting acts today. Do not miss!

It's a good time to be a COUNTRY TEASERS fan, I must say. The only thing better than the promise of an actual studio session slated for later this year is the release of a couple digital gems bursting at the seems with poison goodness. In The Red's *Country Teasers Live Album* is exactly what you'd think it is…but not really. Culled from years of live recordings, BR Wallers has spliced together the choicest moments, often in mid-song, to produce a lengthy live CD that is free of all the trappings that usually make live albums worthless. This live CD manages to capture The Teasers' live experience (one of the best shows one can hope to see these days) as only they would know how to. Packed with strange jumps and edits, oddly effective cover selections and their always-outstanding improvisations, *Country Teasers Live Album* is a good a live album as you are likely to come across.

Accompanying the release of this live album is *KIT*, Hook Or Crook Records' full length CD by Wallers' alter ego, THE REBEL. Consisting mainly of Ben's one-man home recordings, The Rebel is free to roam where Country Teasers can't, often going further out into weirdness and/or sweetness. It's consistent with past couple Country Teasers platters, but adventurous and different enough to keep you on your toes.

The most surprising 70s punk reissue I've come across lately is *Eaterville Vol. 1*, a lost tapes collection LP for NERVOUS EATERS, released on the fantastic Spanish reissue label Penniman. I'm sure you're no stranger to the classic *Loretta* and *Just Head* singles…just as I'm sure you're no stranger to their embarrassing, misguided self-titled LP that came out on Elektra in 1980. A fall from grace that drastic is impossible to ignore, but *Eaterville Vol. 1* adds the eternal "what if?" to the shady legacy of these Boston punks. *What if* Nervous Eaters could've released this material then? After hearing this, there's no doubt in my mind that if things went according to plan, Nervous Eaters would be as highly regarded as fellow Bostonians DMZ and THE REAL KIDS…possibly more! With the great tunes, great sound, and great package, *Eaterville Vol. 1* has really strengthened my opinion of Nervous Eaters. Another job well done by Penniman!

Well, here's where I turn in. Next month may or may not see a return the standard 9000 record rundown…I intend to keep you on your toes from now on. If you feel you've missed out and aren't on top of things, you might want to visit www.terminal-boredom.com, where I regularly contribute reviews of records only alluded to here. Take care and see you soon…no promises though…

Mitch Cardwell, PO Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623 USA. letsgethurt@yahoo.com

I've been feeling like the world isn't fit to live in lately. Kinda freaking out about the corporate takeover of the world and generally feeling pretty helpless about the way in which you can (or can not) survive in the midst of it all. You can get along in the world just fine and partake in these products and services without much thought, but then all of a sudden they kick your ass and you realize that the corporate world is so powerful that there's nothing you can do. I don't like the feeling of being able to do nothing. I like to think that we are powerful individuals who can make thoughtful choices and support things that we think are worthy, and thus not buy into the corporate culture we abhor. But then one company buys out another and we find out that one seemingly independent, sound business is actually owned by the bigger, larger, giant parent company that we already hate. It's mind boggling if you get started looking at the corporate world. And each day there are mergers and buy-outs, and it seems like day by day the actual number of corporations pulling the strings is becoming fewer and fewer, which in turn means that there is less and less actual, honest choice available. Corporate America is spreading not just across the land, from town to town so that each looks exactly the same, but overseas, where you can find the exact same fast food restaurants and chain stores as middle America. It's gross. And for all the anti-trust laws, which are supposed to keep this and that in check, it sure seems like there is nothing actually stopping a few corporations from becoming the only players out there. I mean look at the way we now have Time-Warner-AOL-and-who-the-fuck-knows-how-many-other-tag-lines-are-added-onto-that; and that is just one example. Everyone owns someone else, and not only does that control the goods and services that are made available, but it also controls the flow of information and news and truth available out there. 'Cause ultimately, everyone is out to get their business making more money and at the end of the day that seems to be the only thing that matters.

For once, I'm actually not even thinking about the punk scene at all, although there is plenty of that in the so-called underground as well, and there has been for years. Major labels create sub-indie labels, and when punk is trendy, there are major-indie-DIY punk labels supported by corporate money. And then there are those smaller, actually indie labels that for some reason aspire to operating like those major-indie labels, because at the end of the day you have to in order to survive, right? Fuck it, I say.

I flew to Wisconsin for a wedding last month. I had a layover in Chicago, which worked out perfectly 'cause I was able to skip out on my second flight, get picked up by my best friends, and get whisked off to an amazing show just in the nick of time to get to see my new favorite band, Thin the Herd, and then Condenada, Selfish, and my ultimate obsession Hellshock!!! I like that I can say I saw Hellshock every weekend for a month in three totally geographically different parts of the country (Austin, Philly, and Chicago). Is that dedication (obsession) or what? Well, it was worth every second and every ounce of my obsession 'cause that show was rad. I realized that I've got some good friends in Chicago as I found myself visiting with one great, familiar face after another. It was the best that punk rock has to offer. Though when I was in Philly the week before I was feeling the exact same kind of high. China and I got on the road super late and got stuck in that shitty fucking East Coast megalopolis traffic that is unavoidable nowadays at any time or day of the week, but Fridays at 5 pm in DC is still about the worst plan you can ever come up with for getting north efficiently. I accepted that we were going to be late and miss some bands, which was a drag cause this was a perfect show: Endless Nightmare, AOS, Hellshock, and Selfish. There is nothing to skip out on there. But as I sat in traffic I accepted I was gonna miss Endless Nightmare. Then I had to accept that I was going to miss AOS, but at that point I was like, there is no way that we can miss Hellshock, they can't play until we get there. The great punk rock forces that be were on our side, and we were able to whisk into west Philly, find a parking spot, be informed Hellshock were setting up, that yes, we have time to get some beer down the block, and get to the show in comfortable breathing time. As we rounded the corner and walked up the hill, with pizza in the belly, a six-pack in one hand, a stack of *Slug & Lettuce* in the other and my camera over my shoulder, the full moon was right in the middle of the street and low in the ground, and I just about cried I was so happy that everything fell into place just how it was meant to be. What made it all even better was that the show was a high-school graduation party for Hazel, the rad girl that I have seen front and center at every single show I have ever been to in Philly in the last chunk of years. Not only do I love Hazel and think she just might rule the world some day, but how cool is it to have your high school graduation party in your family's house be the amazing, rad punk show of the season with one of your favorite bands playing in your basement? Really, I don't think it gets much cooler than that, and I'm glad I got to partake.

All this amazing punk rock harmony and utopia and synchronicity makes me somehow better able to survive in a world I would otherwise probably give up on. Dan and Shannon's wedding in Wisconsin was awesome. But then the next morning I got dropped off at the airport at a heinous hour of the morning, only to find that there were no flights because United Airlines was on strike. I thought it was actually kind of cool that they were on strike, cause I'm all for the workers getting what they are due. I had all day to get home and was content that, if this had to happen, at least it was on the way home. The problem was that no one knew anything—there was no information. When you are at the airport and fellow travelers are saying things like, "Well I was told to wait here and get on a bus to Chicago," it feels about as sketchy as the Chinatown bus to Richmond—but what else can you do? I eventually made it home and all told, it really wasn't that bad.

That was just a taste of the chaos of the corporate structure falling down. Next up was my cell phone company being bought out by another, and getting lost and fucked in the process. I have this crazy phone bill because what I was told by the takeover company was a lie, and now I have two different companies both saying, "There is nothing we can do, sorry," and I'm just aghast, thinking, "Wait! This is not how it's supposed to work. You are supposed to pacify the customer and cover your mistakes. I'm not supposed to be punished with a bill that is a result of your companies trying to transition!!" But no, all I get is an "I'm sorry ma'am, I understand how you feel (bullshit you do) but there is nothing I can do." And I say, "What, no recourse? No higher up supervisor I can talk to?" No, just, "I'm sorry ma'am, there is nothing I can do." And no free place tickets being offered, not even something to eat. Fuck you all!!!

So in the midst of all my corporate takeover hate, I read this great book called *Thinner than Thou* by Kit Reed, which is a futuristic novel about a world in which religion has been taken over by the cult of the perfect body, and if you are too fat or too thin, and not perfect you will be sent away to a secret place that will make you right. But of course it's totally corrupt, all about money and power and one crazed individual's sick obsession, which has contaminated all of society. It was a great story, which had me totally engrossed because—of course—in the story there are those who are resisting and fighting the corporate entity. The underground resistance and their attempts to find out what the whole Thinner Than Thou cult is actually about will make your head spin. But it fits right into my ideas that our world is out of control. I've put myself into a forced media blackout because I just cannot stand to hear about what is going on in the world, or the horror and fear tactics that are being shoved down our throats. It is all a plot to make us scared and helpless, so we pay our cell phone bills and not question anything. So we just accept that we are being fucked. But I don't want to accept it. I want to fight it. It can be a hard and draining fight, and sometimes it gets tiring being so angry. But at least I have these amazing bands to obsess over, and amazing shows to travel far and wide for, and amazing people that I see when I get there that kind of makes it all right.

Cheers to the punks!

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ARROGANT BASTARD
MANTOOTH
AFT 313

I'm fucking useless

Generally speaking, I'm a pretty useless guy. Friends and family may reassure me that I contain many of the abilities and qualities that seem to say that I am a very handsome and useful fellow, but I can see through their vague pleasantries and toothy grins. I can see that they really want to shake my useless ass down and take all my money (no doubt to be used for quite useless endeavors).

For one, I can't grow hair very well. Those who know me, those same people who hurl empty self-esteem builders and vomit in my general direction, recognize that I am currently losing a long battle with male pattern baldness. I've tried likening this battle to something from Lord of the Rings—you know, lots of orcs and totally brutal shit like that. But shrug aside these fanciful metaphors and allusions; the only thing we are left with is heredity. My grandfather on my mother's side is very much bald. He's been totally bald since the age of 27, and sported what is commonly called a combover—and what I commonly refer to as a general lack of dignity—for many years after. But who am I to criticize? I am, after all, a pretty useless guy.

I would be lying if I said I did a lot of reading on the subject of male hair loss. But this has been the pattern of my columns thus far, so I have done a lot of reading on the subject of male hair loss. All resources tell me of "hormones" that attack the "follicles" and "halt" hair "growth" on the top of my "head." Quite frankly, I think these bespectacled lab monkeys are about as full of horseshit as that old fuddy duddy Maslow. My own research points to one Mr. Jeff Gentle, proprietor of Out of Limits Records and guitarist for Warzone Womyn. I've written about Jeff Gentle before and, if you are a rational human being and believe every word I tell you, you will know he is an all-around, low-down dirty dog. I have good reason to believe he has been causing the gradual loss of my hair over the years. For one, he is from Maine. Have you ever met anyone from Maine? I certainly hadn't before Jeff. And if his character is any indication of the breed of people they have growing up north, I think we all have reason to fear malicious ads for his tawdry record label in the next issue of Short Fast and Loud that read something like "FUCK MANTOOTH," but with your name replacing mine, and perhaps with many more expletives. Jeff Gentle, if you didn't know, is the webmaster for Conservativepunk.com and is really Dave Smalley in disguise.

But like I was saying, I'm generally useless. I'm horrible at math. Seriously. Most people I know tell me things like, "Oh Mantooth, I too find dividing, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing quite daunting." No, this is much worse. Hell, I don't even know what my word count is with this column. I know how to find the word count using my sophisticated, but generally useless, knowledge of computers and technology. But the number that I see is meaningless to me. When I go to restaurants, I almost always have to have my girlfriend figure out the tip. And while you may think that it takes some set of skills, either socially or sexually, to find a girlfriend, I'm beginning to suspect she is merely out to get my money. Similarly, I'm not exactly sure where my money is coming from. I barely work 10 hours a week. These two mysteries are probably directly related to my inability to perform simple arithmetic.

Perhaps "the kicker," as they call it in Maine, is the fact that I have never gotten my driver's license. I am 23 years old and have never learned to drive. Now, some of you more bicycle oriented folks might be applauding me, but let me tell you that I rarely ride a bike. My lack of driving skills is more of an indication that I am merely a lazy mooch with no regard for the gas prices others endure for the sake of my drunken, license-less ass, and not one of those who "puts the fun between your legs," as they say in Maine. In fact, as I write this column, my friend Missy is driving me back from the eastern part of Pennsylvania where I did the following:

1) Watched the second Addams Family movie.
2) Ate a diet consisting almost entirely of Snickers bars.
3) Tried to steal cable.

My mother might try to tell you that I did much more than these three activities, but I would prefer that you not talk to my mother. The harsh reality that her beloved son is less than a cog (even a cog has some, albeit ambiguous, use) would crush her. No doubt Jeff Gentle will use this information to destroy my mom. He has no regard for the sanctity of family.

But yes, I am typing this while riding on the awe-inspiring Pennsylvania Turnpike, a monolithic concrete snake that winds itself across the state and is perhaps much more deserving of a column in MRR than I. I do not contain endless rest stops where one can enjoy Sbarro pizza, Cinnabon, Burger King, and buy lottery tickets. Oh, and soft pretzels.

A prime example of my utter uselessness came just five minutes ago when we stopped to eat pretzels at a rest stop. I put my laptop down and didn't even attempt to hide it from the sight of potential thieves. I figured if someone stole it, it would give me an excuse not to write my column for a month. Preemptive laziness. Jeff Gentle would have stolen my laptop, because he is a fucker.

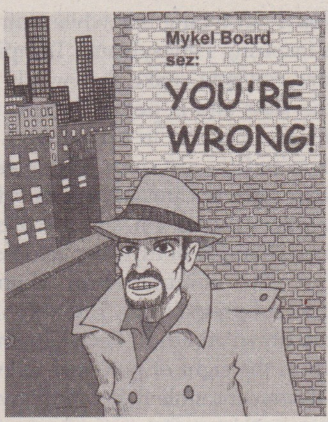
If the zombie apocalypse came tomorrow, I would most likely be the first to go. Not only do I not know how to use a gun, but my puny arms would not be very useful for swinging blunt objects at zombie heads. And let's look at the aforementioned facts: I am bald. Zombies would not have much hair to chomp through before they got to my brain meats. I do not know how to drive a car, so I would be stuck running. I recently bought fancy European sneakers that have approximately zero tread on the soles, so I would most likely fall on the ground made slippery with the guts of my friends and family who were too fucking busy telling me that I am not useless.

I am horrible at math, so I would not be able to effectively calculate how many zombies I could kill with one hand grenade, which I wouldn't know how to use anyway. If for some reason I survived the zombie holocaust I would be no good at replenishing the human race because I do not know how to talk to girls. Plus Jeff Gentle would probably be around to tarnish my good name by leaving deprecating comments on my post-apocalyptic Myspace account

But this is assuming I would survive. Most likely some gnarly-ass zombies would burst into my apartment while I gorge myself on Snickers bars and watch the Addams Family II on stolen cable. And as a zombie, I would probably be equally useless. I wouldn't have enough gumption to out and seek human flesh to satisfy my hunger. If I did, I would have to get my zombie friends to pick me up or have my zombie girlfriend figure out the tip for my zombie waitress. I would still be late with my zombie column. And you know how your hair is supposed to still grow even after you are dead? Mine wouldn't.

ENDNOTES:

1) For endnotes, email me: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com



It only takes 20 years for a liberal to become a conservative without changing a single idea.
—Robert Anton Wilson

Mykel, can't you find any more Nazis for us to stay with? They have much better food than the anarchists, and they don't have cockroaches.
—Gavin, during an ARTLESS tour

I'm cruising through the profiles on Nerve.com. Here's a guy who looks 16. His profile says he's 23. It's hard to tell with Orientals. Hard is right. Me, not him. I stare at his smooth face and rib-showing chest. He stares back. I click on the "profiles" button.

Me: Asian American, 5'10", love house music, X, extreme make-over TV

Well, not the greatest start, but I like X too. Both the California and the Japanese bands. I read on.

Proud member of the Log Cabin Society.

A homo Republican??? Blaargh! NEXT!

I click on the next profile. This one has a picture of a girl lying fully-clothed on a bed. The picture is taken from above, at a slight behind-and-to-the-left angle. On the wall is a DEAD KENNEDYS poster from the late 80s. On a night table next to the bed is a magazine that *might* be *Maximum Rocknroll*.

The girl lies on her belly, one leg, bent at the knee, points straight into the air. She looks over her shoulder, back at the camera. Her long jet-black hair reminds me of Natasha, of Boris and Natasha fame. Her buttocks remind me of The Dominican Republic. Blood returns to my loins.

Underneath her photo is the caption "No Republicans."

I click on the "send a message" button and type a typical hello. She may want me because I'm famous.

Two days later I get an email reply.

"You think I don't know who you are?" comes the reply. "I wouldn't fuck you if my cunt were on fire and your dick were the only hose in country. Leave me alone!"

I don't get it. I'm not a Republican.

"I don't get it," says Hitoshi, squirming a bit in his seat. "What is this liberal and conservative stuff?"

I'm teaching a class on American Culture. We're doing the chapter on politics. All my students are Japanese. Most are smart, have good English skills, but just don't get why Americans are so weird.

I draw a chart on the blackboard. It's a table with two rows and two columns.

	FREE	CONTROLLED
personal	Liberal	Conservative
	Libertarian	Fascist/Communist
corporate	Conservative	Liberal
	Libertarian	Fascist/Communist

"See," I explain. "Liberals believe the government should control corporations, but not individuals. Conservatives believe government should control individuals and not corporations. Libertarians believe the government shouldn't control either. And Fascists and Communists believe the government should control both."

Hitoshi squints for a few seconds. His inscrutable features trying to scrut what I've just written.

"I still don't get it," he says.

"I'll give you some examples," I tell him. "Liberals support the right to abortion, gay marriage, legalizing marijuana, the right to be free from school prayer. They also support the rights of everyone to a free and open trial and the right to be free of government spies. Things like that. That's the personal freedom side.

"Liberals also believe in strong air pollution laws, anti-discrimination laws, corporate accountability, high corporate taxes, laws against monopolies, and government regulation of worker safety standards. That's the corporate control side."

He nods.

"Conservatives oppose those personal rights," I explain. "And they support the rights of corporations to do whatever they want. Get it now?"

Hitoshi shakes his head.

"I still don't get it," he says. "In this book here..." he pats our textbook, *The American Ways*, "it says liberals support gun control. Isn't that a personal freedom?"

I ponder. Howard Dean is the only liberal I know who supports the second as well as the first amendment. I even think he's an NRA member. But Dean is the bane of liberals. He's an embarrassment. Mainstream liberals want to take a machine gun to that second addition to the Bill of Rights. I concede Hitoshi's point.

"And it says," he continues, "that Conservatives want the government to censor movie makers and TV stations. They want to put on fines [*okay, his English isn't perfect*] for people who say certain words or show their bodies. That's corporate control."

I concede that point too.

"So what you're telling me doesn't make any sense," he concludes.

I'm writing this column to concede that point too.

Liberals and conservatives are people who say they are liberals or conservatives. Their points of view cannot be neatly summed up by anything as simple as principles. Christianity and Halliburton guide conservatives. Michael Moore and Al Franken guide liberals. Can you say anything more?

Conservative one year (avoiding war in 1940) is liberal in 2005—or is it?

Hillary Clinton returns from Iraq saying she supports the war.

Bush appointee Karl Rove says, "Conservatives saw the savagery of 9/11 and the attacks and prepared for war. Liberals saw the savagery of the 9/11 attacks and wanted to prepare indictments and offer therapy and understanding for our attackers."

Sounds reasonable. Conservatives see a problem and gotta kill someone. Liberals see a problem and have to understand it. I'm surprised a Bush appointee would get that.

Then I get an email from *The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee.* Signed by Anne Lewis, she says Rove's statement "is a shameless lie." Then she goes on to say, "We all saw the swell of unprecedented national unity in the wake of that terrible day. In fact, every single Senate Democrat voted to authorize the use of force against Osama bin Laden and his allies in Afghanistan."

Jeezus Fuckin' Christ! This is a liberal? What happened to the discussion? If we don't understand why people hate us... or even which people... how are we gonna decide who to kill? Is the debate now down to which side is more eager for war?

FLASHBACK: It's 1968. People talk about "Women's Lib." News reports say women are burning their bras. They aren't. I have images of girls just going up to guys and asking them if they want to fuck. Girls want to be as free as guys to play the field and just screw anyone they want. No marriage. No commitment. Girls have as much right to fun sex as boys do. Yeah, I'm a Women's Libber.

Then come Andrea Dworkin, Gloria Steinem, and their friends. They march on the street. Close the brothels and pornshops. Get the street-walkers off the street—and into jail. "Take Back the Night." The people they want to take back the night from are people like me.

Worse than that. those feminists work with Jesse Helms and other Republican extreme rightists to pass anti-porn legislation. Fortunately, the courts shoot it down.

Feminists are a kind of liberal, aren't they? Working to tighten porn and prostitution laws, calling for an end to strippers and lap-dancers. That's liberal? Sound positively Christian to me.

Yet Andrea Dworkin also wrote:

Marriage as an institution developed from rape as a practice. Rape, originally defined as abduction, became marriage by capture. Marriage meant the taking was to extend in time, to be not only use of but possession of, or ownership.

That does *not* sound Christian. In fact, I agree with it. It's one of the reasons I oppose gay (and straight) marriage. Which side is she (am I) on?

There are no sides. Or there are millions of sides, each person having one. Coalitions form. The oddest groups work together, just because their goals overlap. Maybe it's because I'm looking, but every day there is a newspaper story about some right-wing group and some left-wing group teaming up. The *New York Times* had a story about how Evangelicals and liberals were teaming up to support some social issues—like opposition to prison rape. I can't quote it, because NYTimes.com makes you pay for old articles.

USA Today ran another feature. Their website doesn't make you pay. The article said:

The Christian right's alliances bend the political spectrum Humanitarian issues are at the core of the unlikely coalitions evangelicals have struck with ACLU, Planned Parenthood, the Feminist Majority, liberal Jews and Tibet's Dalai Lama.

The article talks about debt relief and global warming. Conservative Christians, they say, joined the group to push for industrial nations to cancel $40 billion of debt owed by the world's poorest nations. And the National Association of Evangelicals and other conservative Christian groups are joining efforts to limit the "greenhouse gas" emissions linked to global climate change.

This sounds so loopy it gives me a headache. Liberals, I can see, but who would expect Christians to be concerned with human life *after* it's been born? Conservatives attentive to people's health? Worried about rich nations' banks exploiting the poor? Huh? They should be preparing for war.

Not all is good in coalition land. Liberals and conservatives teamed up to pass the Trafficking Victims Protection Act in 2000. It gives "victims of human trafficking" the same rights to asylum as political prisoners. Good enough. But it also seeks to label anyone given a job as a foreign sex-worker, "a victim of sex-trafficking." It holds the employer legally responsible. Jeezus Fuckin' Christ. If you help someone out of their poverty, you get busted for it. Liberals and conservative Christians say, "Yeah, canceling debt is fine, but no fucking, please."

With sex, Conservatives have always been against it. That is unless it's within wedlock, having the goal of providing the world with more Conservatives. Liberals also hate sex. We've seen that most directly among the feminists. But we also see it in the push for laws against "sexual harassment" and the fight to bring homos into the constraints of marriage.

The Clintons are perhaps the worst cases of working-with-the-enemy-ism. They've got it so bad that they've *become* the enemy. Hillary went so far as to say we have to "work with the anti-abortionists to find a common ground. Some way of reducing the tragedy of abortion."

What? Reduce abortions? Why? There should be more of them. Too bad Hillary's mom didn't have one. Abortion technology is fast, safe and effective. It could improve if it were encouraged to. I can imagine it being as easy as cutting your toenails. The only reason it's a tragedy is that women feel guilt and remorse for having one. Where does that come from? From people like Hillary who tell them their internal cleansing is "a tragedy."

Sometimes people get the liberal image out of nowhere, for people who would never use the term for themselves. I write this column on homo-pride day. There is a rainbow parade in Manhattan. A few miles to my east, Billy Graham is exhorting Christians to feel their Christendom. Michael Bloomberg, the Republican mayor of New York, is with the homos. William Clinton is with Billy Graham.

Yet my homo friends love Clinton. He signed the Defense of Marriage Act, a national law that prohibits homo marriage. My liberal friends love Clinton. He pushed for a cell phone wire-tapping law, opposed medical marijuana, and signed a bill destroying welfare payments for America's poorest. Jeezus Fuckin' Billy Graham.

There's more: I get a letter from Americans United for Separation of Church and State. They're another liberal group. They're working with the Christian Right to push for legalization of a Christian group that uses hallucinogens during its religious services.

"Both sides should support this," writes the organizer. "The left because it keeps religion free from government. The right because it keeps government from dictating the rituals of a Christian church. This is one place we can work together."

Sometimes short-term goals are the same. My anti-gay marriage goal is the same as the Andrea Dworkinists and the Jerry Falwellites. But you can bet your bridal veil I won't be working with either of them.

The only voice of reason is Rabbi David Sapperstein, a Washington lobbyist for liberal causes. He complains about "the danger of legitimizing leaders and viewpoints and organizations who are deeply problematic to you in other contexts." The rabbi is right. If you work with groups you hate—even on issues you agree on—you give those groups credibility. From feminist to Puritan is not a great leap. From libertarian to Evangelical is a chasm. Why build a bridge?

So what do we do, Mykel? Do we let them mold our opinions by simply opposing whatever they stand for? Do we abandon an issue because a group we detest finds itself on our side?

And the opposite. When the ACLU backs "hate speech" laws, double jeopardy trials for cops and verbal sexual harassment prohibition, are they still on *our* side? Should we continue to be card-carrying members, if they're wrong so much of the time?

Glad you asked me. Here's what I think: no, yes, and maybe.

First: People's opinions, or their group membership, are only small parts of themselves. If I only had friends who agreed with me, I'd have no friends. If a Nazi invites me to her house for dinner and a quick one, I'm there. I have a Christian friend. He thanks God before every meal and makes me laugh more than Benny Hill. I have pals who are fascists, even feminists for G–d's sake! Judge people on more than their politics. Say you disagree, when you do. But friendship is a whole lot more than right or left.

Second: A cow has four legs; that doesn't make it a horse. The ACLU is wrong about a whole lot, but it is right about a whole lot more. Like a friend who borrows $20 and never pays it back, I'm not about to abandon a group because they make a few mistakes. I'll be vocal about the mistakes. I'll complain. But I won't abandon them.

Third: Two people walking the same way down the same street, doesn't mean they're going to the same place. A few Christians don't believe that every rainforest on earth should be replaced by a nuclear power plant? Whoop-de-doo. Some feminists believe prison rape should not be part of the prison punishment. Oh wow! You still won't see me in church, or marching to take back the night.

Even if the bad guys have some of the same aims as you, they're still the bad guys. Feminism and Christianity and Starbucks and Wal-Mart and Republicans and Democrats and Veganism are bad guys. Sometimes they may do good things, but they are bad. They want to control your life— or they want to hurt you. They want to take your rights and the rights (and lives) of others. If you find yourself on the same path as them, make sure you're going the right way. If you are, cross the street and head on in the same direction. If they talk to you, answer. You might even become friends. But don't give 'em any money. Don't sign any papers. If they sleep at your house, treat 'em kindly, but count the silverware after they leave.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

If you don't know dept. The Log Cabin Society I referred to at the start of this column is an organization of gay Republicans. They have been active for a long time. Amazingly, they're still active. I could understand it when Lincoln was president, but in 2005?

Loonies for cash dept. *The Washington Post* reports that, according to a survey done by the US National Institute of Mental Health, "a quarter of all Americans meet the criteria for having a mental illness, and a quarter of those had a serious disorder that significantly disrupted their ability to function day-to-day." According the paper, the US "is poised to rank No. 1 for mental illness." Can you imagine calling a characteristic of 1/4 of the population "a mental illness?" That's more than the number of left-handed people. Is left-handedness a mental illness? Maybe it will be.

How come the US is number one? Could it be that we're one of the few countries with unregulated drug pricing? Could it be that drug companies are the first to benefit from treating "mental illness?" Could it be that anything that prevents people from participating in the every day work-spend-work grind, is a "mental illness?" Naw, that can't be it. I must be paranoid.

Speaking of loonies dept. I donno, maybe it's true. I got this handbill from Jacob David who does *Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned* zine. He claims the Pentagon was not hit by a plane, but by a missile. The missile came from the US army. Judge for yourself at www.asile.org. They're probably all true. All the conspiracies. Of course, if you believe in 'em, you're mentally ill.

Maybe if his name was Abdul dept. I'm not a fan of passports, border patrols or clear demarcation. So I report this only out of irony: On April 25, 2005 Gregory Despres crossed the border from Canada to the US. He was carrying a homemade sword, a hatchet, a knife, brass knuckles, and a blood-stained chainsaw. U.S. customs agents confiscated the weapons, finger-printed him, and let him travel onward into the US. He was later arrested after the police found unexplained body parts in his Canadian hometown.

Looking for designer genes dept. While Americans study mental illness, the Brits pick a more interesting topic: They have determined that *a woman's ability to have an orgasm is determined at least partly by her genes and can't be blamed on cultural influences.*

I'm not sure how many women have blamed their orgasmic misfortunes on culture, but it sure sounds like another call to the drug companies. I say it's a call for more practice.

Win one, lose one dept. Congress has refused to extend the evil PATRIOT Act's provision for reporting on library and bookshop customers. That's something. However, the oxymoric *Senate Intelligence Committee* has called for expanded FBI powers to subpoena records without the approval of a judge or grand jury.

Los Alamos is a US government nuclear weapons testing site. Thomas Hook, a scientist from that site was scheduled to testify before congress. On the day before his scheduled testimony, someone lured him to a bar and beat him up. He suffered a fractured jaw and other injuries. The assailants said, "If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your mouth shut." Now, I guess, it's wired that way.

RIP Dept. While I was doing the research [sic!] for this column I discovered that Andrea Dworkin kicked the bucket on April 9, 2005. Catherine MacKinnon, her evil cohort in legislation said, "It feels like the North Pole is gone now." I agree. Andrea was great because she was an easy target. She was uncompromising, and made her stands clear. She didn't pussyfoot. That took balls. She was wrong about nearly everything, but I have to give her credit for her convictions. I'll miss you Andrea.

Brown-nosed dept. At first it doesn't make sense. Why would I write about a vegetarian band who sings anti-war songs? That's just what the punk world needs, right?

Well, okay, the music is pretty good hardcore. They got a girl singer, another plus. They rhyme *casts* and *diets*, end a song with *I hate you too.* We're getting there. But is it enough?

Well, how 'bout a bribe? How 'bout four porno magazines including *Transxxxual* and *Young Live Girls* whose subheading says, "Girls with tight bodies and loose morals." That'd do it, though I wish the singer had sent me a home video.

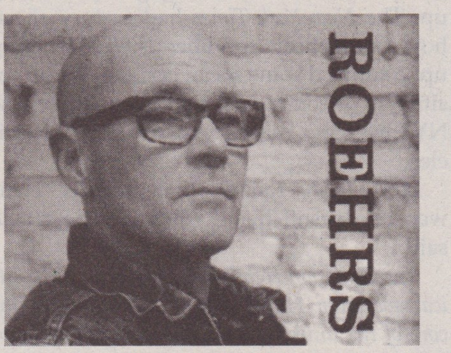
Oh yeah, the band is VIVISUK. Their 5 song 7" (mine is colored...er...African American vinyl) is available on Bacon Towne Records, PO Box 1063, Tallevast, FL 34270. Bacontowne@aol.com. Check out their website at www.upthefuckingpigs.com.

But guys, how 'bout that...er...more personal video for the next release?

Ah the new goddess dept. Leanne Franson is a cartoonist who does a fun comic called: *Liliane, BiDyke*. I saw her picture in the *Utne Reader* and it cost me a new pair of underpants. Jeezus! Whadda Goddess!! I went to her website liliane.keenspace.com and signed the guestbook. And she answered!

Yowsah! She seems like a fine human being as well as a goddess. She confesses her sexual preference: "Butchy girls and guys with long hair." Eeeek! We're in competition!

Jew of the Month Dept. This month it's a trio: David Segal, Jeffrey Goldberg and Allen Goldberg. They are the founders and Webmeisters of jewsrock.com. Originally, they were going to call their site: The Jewish Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, but the Cleveland music pavilion to oldsters sued. Oy.



True to the Cause

Fuck yes! All of the skinheads can unite in celebration! The TEMPLARS are back with a new CD entitled *Outremer*. This material was recorded by Mr. Carl Fritscher between 1999 and 2003 at Acre Studios in Mr. Fritscher's home in New York. This is top shelf skinhead rock and roll! The TEMPLARS start the blood flowing with "Frontline," about a soldier who is standing in the crossfire—he anticipates the battle; he knows there is no hope for tomorrow. This is a very good song! The second song is "Lost and Found" where Mr. Fritscher asks, "What's the purpose to this life? / What am I supposed to find? / What path out there is meant for me? / Don't let them bring you down. / You were lost, but now you're found." Good shit! Song three, "On the Edge," speaks of the "confusion within my brain – it's slowly driving me insane / I felt this way many times before / I pulled myself up off the floor." That's good optimistic inspiration to help with frustration of life. Song four is "Situation Critical" about the condition of our nation: "Our so-called leaders do nothing / Just collect the debt of our suffering / Reap the profits off our backs." Yes! The TEMPLARS nail that one!

Song number six is fucking brilliant! This skinhead anthem conjures up visions of the

TEMPLARS starting their career in a small punk bar in New York in 1992. read the words to "True to the Cause": "1990 just a garage band / Bashing out the classics just for fun / Decided to write our own songs / To leave our mark upon the scene / 1992 played our first gig / Had dreams that we would make it big / Played for ourselves and for our friends / Rode tough means to the bitter end / A new millennium, a new age / We stand before you on this stage / Still true to the cause, playing for you / As the years went by, the band played on / Paid our dues but still stayed down / City to city, state to state / Country to country, the times were great / There were bumps along the way / But we forge ahead to a better day / To those we've met along the way / You're in our memory to this day / On the road to glory there's bumps along the way / But we forged to a better day." Fucking amazing!

The next tune is "Own Free Will." This song is similar to "Heroin Street" from the *Horn of Hattin* CD. It's about a human who has no pride—no self-respect—and ends up on the street; a disappointment to his/her family. This is the result of personal bad decisions, after being raised in a comfortable suburban home with a good education. Carl and the TEMPLARS push on through "A Friend" and arrive at "Alone in a Crowd. Read the words to this well-crafted description of human despair: "Awash in a sea of countless faces / Sailing from unknown places / Feeling one of the rejected / Always feeling down and out / A prisoner of self-doubt / I'm all alone in a crowd / In a world so filled with pain / Don't know why I haven't gone insane / Feel like I'm hanging by a thread / Face each coming day with dread / Society's reached a desperate state / The human condition – despair and hate / Falsehood reigns supreme / This grim reality's not a dream." Fucking A! Those are good lyrics supported by tight rock n' roll riffs!

After "Alone in a Crowd" comes "Forever Young," which makes you appreciate all the challenges you went through to get to the age you are. Now with a better perspective you realize that rock n' roll is the elixir that keeps you young and gives a small amount of wisdom. Read the words to "Forever Young": "It doesn't seem like long ago / When I went to my first show / Just a young pissed-off kid / Searching for someplace to fit in / Swore that I'd never get old / Allow myself to be bought and sold / Just another commodity / In a listless society / I've bid farewell to many years / Much water passed under the bridge / But I've managed to stay whole / Thanks to the power of rock n' roll / Starting to get on in years / Of growing old I have no fear / My heart will stay forever young / I'll keep on rockin' till my time comes." Excellent!!!

Song number eleven is "Anonymous" about all those cowards who stay in the safety of their home and type disparaging comments about others on the internet. The final song on the fine *Outremer* CD by the TEMPLARS is "On My Own" about a betrayal. Carl writes, "You know some wounds don't heal with time."

This is an excellent CD! For your copy of *Outremer*, write to the TEMPLARS, PO Box 602, Bayshore, NY 11706-0660; thetemplars.com.

All the skins and punks had a pleasant surprise when Patrick of the MOST HATED SKINHEADS arranged for San Diego's RAT CITY RIOT to play at the RUMBLERS CAR CLUB (SF) function at The Pound in San Francisco, playing with NUTS + BOLTS, THE REDUCERS SF, THE BODIES, and AMERICAN RIOT. RAT CITY RIOT put on a dramatic set of great skinhead punk rock! RAT CITY RIOT has a new CD available on Taang Records called *Dirty Rotten Games* and the title track kicks off the festivities: "Twice as much for minimum wage / Trying to get by living day by day / Done your worst / Knock me down every day / I'll keep coming back " This is fast-paced punk rock with extra strong vocals and searing guitar parts. The second song, "Break Us Down" continues the momentum. "We're breaking out, we're running the streets / We're the youth, we won't take a seat / Standing tall, standing side by side / Never break us down, never steal our pride / You're nothing but a mouthful of words / You've read the book, but the story's not yours / Say you hate what I'm all about / Nothings changed by running your mouth / Got to find, to find a way / Working hard, working every day / Got to find, to find a way ." Yes!!

You rock through "Better Off" and "First Look" and you get to song number five, "Keep Running…(You've Only Got One Life to Live)." This great sing-a-long bar-room rocker tells you, "There's only so much blood to give—Take a chance and try to live!" Excellent!

Next RAT CITY RIOT crushes your cerebellum with "Too Much to Prove," about a friend who doesn't know when to keep his trap shut. "I look the other way when you run your mouth…Don't ask me to have your back no matter what." RAT CITY RIOT goes right through "Reality TV" and "Foot to the Floor" and then we come to the band's theme song, which is a complete rocker!! Read some words to this great song: "What do you do when there's no one there to help / Now you know, no one ever cared / Society brainwashed too much / Violence / silence win at all costs / When do the ordinary lose their minds / When they see us destroying their lives / Time to stop, take back what's ours, it's time / Kids now destroy, disrupt / Rat City Riot—Unite and win at any cost / Rat City Riot – Shout it out, it belongs to us….." That is a great song!!!

The grand finale is a cover of "Secrets," originally performed by SLAPSHOT. This is an excellent CD! This is a great live band! See them when they come to your town! Order RAT CITY RIOT product at PO Box 4121, San Diego, CA 92164, or contact Taang Records, 706 Pismo Ct., San Diego, CA 92109; Taang.com.

EMERGENCY from New York, New York have a brilliant LP prepared for you skins and punks. The EMERGENCY features Fergus from THE STRIKE, a veteran skinhead/punk band featured on the *Strength of Oi!* compilation from the eighties. Fergus brings that classic British Isles punk singing style. The EMERGENCY rips through: "What You Gonna Do?"; "Won't Tell You Again"; "Idol Generation"; "State of Emergency"; "Don't Wanna Be Like You"; "Army Life"; "I Ain't Listening"; "Wasted Lives"; "New Town Animal"; "You"; "Teenage Fallout"; and "Your Society". This is good melodic punk that today might be described as "street punk." The superior singing that Fergus provides compliments the guitar playing and vocals of Nick and Will's rock solid drumming make for a great punk record! Contact Ghetto Rock Records at Ghetto-rock.com.

Headache Records has a fine Oi! CD available for you skinheads. URBAN RIOT from New York has a hard-scrabble skinhead CD out that features music recorded between 2002 and 2004. On the *Public Enemies* CD, URBAN RIOT combines gruff Oi! singing with accomplished guitar, bass and drums. This is no-nonsense skinhead rock with strong opinions and rough-hewn Oi! music to back it up.". Some of the songs on this CD demand your attention. "Taxman Cometh": "Well, its same shit different day / Work hard for little pay (and the bastards win again!!) / Working for a living / Barely getting by / Barely makes my rent and I'm working overtime / All these fucking taxes / Damn these fucking cuts / Cost of living leaves me in such a fuckin' rut / it's more than forty hours and less than forty winks / Fueled up on caffeine I can barely fucking think / I'm a cog in the machine / A puny little drone / What's the point in paying rent if you're never fucking home?" Good shit!!

The men in URBAN RIOT have one more slice of insight into the human condition in our world. read "Of Mice and Men": "the gravediggers have come back again / They're shouting 'bring out your dead' / As rodents run wild with disease / Your cities turn over to shit / The harsh stench of rot and decay / Bodies piled high in mass graves / As the infection starts to set in / The nightmare slowly begins / trenches turned into mass graves / The black death raises its head / You were strong, now you're feeble and weak / Like garbage, you're left".

This is a rock-hard CD of journeyman Oi! music from the Northeast. Write to Armen at Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432; Headacherecords.com.

The second New York/New Jersey Oi! band for you this month is BROKEN HEROES. These guys are long-term veterans of the New Jersey Oi! scene. Formed in 1991, this band started with two 7"s on Headache Records, appearances on various compilations including the infamous *US of Oi! Vol. 2* and *Backstreets of American Oi!*, and their split full-length CD *Beer, Guts and Drunk Sluts* with Pittsburgh's Weekend Warriors released mid-2003 on Street Anthem. One tune deserves your immediate investigation. Read "Police Brutality." "Did you ever have a cop go and push you too far? / Pull you over for no reason and ask who you are? / Shine his little flashlight reason and ask who you are? / Shine his little flashlight in your face / Make you feel nervous / Feel out place? / "Licesne and registration! Got any insurance? / Step out of the car please, there's been a disturbance! / Put your hands on top of the hood! / Where've you been tonight? / Up to no good?" / Police brutality! / Fuck off! / My reality! / Frisks you all over (watch out for the crotch) / May take some money / Maybe steal your watch / Stick some drugs under the seat / Throws you to the ground and starts to beat / Kicks you in the face 'till you're bruised and bloody / Gives 'em a good feeling like he's somebody / Throws you in the car and takes you away / The cop shop's where you're gonna stay!" Yeah! Police brutality – always a subject near and dear to punks and skinhead hearts. The *I Told You Once* CD is filled with good skinhead rock n' roll that will make you NIBLICK HENBANE and WRETCHED ONES fans happy. Contact: Street Anthem Records, PMB 218, 1530 Locust Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102; Streetanthemrecords.com.

Fuck yes! The BAD VIBES from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania have a scorching new CD on Hostile Cities favorite record label: Steel Cage Records. The new CD is called *All the Right Ways to Do You Wrong*. This shit is raw, unadulterated rock with Geoff Gavin belting out some unrelenting scum-rock vocals that would make LIMECELL and COCKNOOSE smile. The songs are laced with negativity and anger—that's what rock n' roll is fed by! Pure bile mixed with copious amounts of alcohol. The dangerous vocals combined with the lyrics on some of these tunes make the fucking hairs stand up on your neck. Read the words to "All The Right Ways To Do You Wrong": "Once I'm gone, I ain't ever coming back / I know you don't envy me / I'm stealing all the shit along the way / But it ain't nothing that I really need / Because when it comes off without a hitch / Man I give you my word / I'll forget your name / All the sights I've seen / And all the things I heard / I'm just too fucking good at feeling this bad / Lost all the hope of any chance I ever had / I know all the right ways to do you wrong / May have told you that I didn't / But you knew it all along / Once I'm gone I'm far from home / I won't leave behind a trace / I ain't fessing up to nothing man / I ain't living up to that disgrace / Once I'm gone, I ain't ever coming back / I know you don't envy me / I'm stealing all the shit along the way / But it ain't nothing that I really need."

Fucking A!—that's some brutal rock and roll for you fucks delivered up hard and fast by the BAD VIBES. For your BAD VIBES product write to Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125; Steelcagerecords.com.

TKO Records has two really good punk CDs for you melodic punkers this month. THE HATEPINKS from France blast through thirteen up-tempo snot-punk burners on the new *Plastic Bag Ambitions* CD. A peek at this CD cover, with the stripes and sunglasses give you an idea what you're in for. This is super snotty STITCHES-style 1977 punk rock.

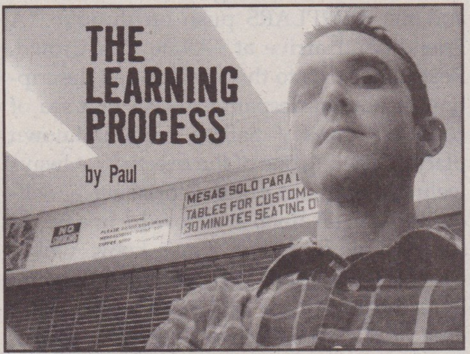
The second melodic punk showdown on TKO this month is STRAITJACKET, which you may have encountered on other TKO releases. The new STRAITJACKET product is called *Modern Thieves* and many of these songs touch on subjects we all deal with every day in our mundane little lives. Read the words to "Tuned Out": "Hated, always berated / So jaded, ambition faded / How many times can we just fake it? / Stepped on, by the ones who made it / Force fed, and manipulated / We're not the ones who made this mess / Will we answer the call of distress? / Fight all the way from the cradle / Our apathy is fatal / Living a life of denial / Is no way to live at all / Thought for, maybe just a minute / We're not, not really in it" That's good shit!

For your HATEPINKS and STRAITJACKET CDs write to TKO Records, 8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646; TKORecords.com.

City of the Dead Records from Italy presents a top quality compilation of twenty Oi! bands alongside eight punk bands on their new CD called *We Don't Like You*. Check out this list of bands and their internet contacts: YOUNGANG (youngang.com, youngang@virgilio.it); LAIDA BOLOGNA CREW (info@vecchioson.net); THE STAB (stab.cotd.it; stab@cotd.it); REBELDE (rebelde-romagna.com; rebelde@libero.it); KLAXON (www.klaxon.info; lorenzotovoli@libero.it); RAZZAPPARTEs (razzapparte.net, info@azzapparte.net); KLASSE KRIMINALE (klassekriminale.com, info@klasse kriminale.com); THE 4-MOORS (beppe10_oz@yahoo.it); BRIGATA PARCOFLORIDA (bpf.sfrajone.org, bpf@sfrajone.org); ADUNATA (nic_suedehead@ yahoo.it); and RAPPRESAGLIA (rappresaglia.cotd.it, rappresaglia@fastwebnet.it).

Some of the legendary bands appearing on this excellent compilation are STENO & LAIDA BOLOGNA CREW with "Lavorom" THE STAB doing "Johnny Too Bad," KLAXON doing "Skinhead Oi!," RAZZAPPARTE doing "Ribelli del Weekend," and KLASSE KRIMINALE doing "Riot (Are You Ready?),", plus lots more! This is a great overview of some of the bands in the Italian Oi! and punk scene! Contact City of the Dead Street Music label and mailorder, CP 88, 01100 Viterbo, Italy, cotd.it, info@cotd.it.

Until next month—see you at the bar!



No Sleep Till Austin...Literally

This is probably gonna make no sense since I haven't slept. Onion Flavored Rings is on tour and we just arrived in Austin after driving all night from Las Cruces, NM. But this is not a tour diary...

Some Thanks for the Thankless

News to me, and maybe to you too, is that Book Your Own Fuckin' Life is not dead! The amazing Ernst of New Disorder records has kept it going for quite a while now. It lives online at www.byofl.org. If you don't know, BYOFL is a resource for contacts around the world in the DIY punk scene—bands, bookers, places to stay and eat, record stores, labels, ad punkinitum. Please use it, contribute, and participate. The zine version was the number one resource for touring bands before Al Gore invented the Super Digi-web. We won't be doing a print version ever again 'cause, honestly, why bother? I love print more than the Interweb any day, but for a resource that needs constant updating like BYOFL, the Electronic Mega-highway is the only way to go. It was such a pain to put that damn zine together anyway. So thank you Ernst—you rule! And thanks to Chanel, too, who kept it going before him.

Very few of you may know who Jerry Booth is but he is Maximumrocknroll's longest-running shitworker. Or *was* rather. After 23 years of doing everything from writing in the first issues, to bookkeeping throughout the zine's entire history, Jerry has turned in his sliderule. He's such a nice guy, and Golnar and I barely got to know him before he left. Jerry, we can't possibly thank you enough. Really.

It makes me choke up when I think of these people and their most unselfish contributions to this thing we call the Scene. Some may say that being an MRR coordinator is like that too, but we get thanked plenty, we get to rant in our columns each month, we get the odd free record or T-shirt, and of course everyone who pays attention to this zine know who we are. There are lots more folks around here that I'll try to thank in future months—maybe to the chagrin of a few of them, but I don't care. I believe in giving credit where credit is due, dude. But right now it's time to lie down and try to get some zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...

YOU AXED FOR IT!
golnar nikpour

My short-term memory has really been failing of late. For weeks—maybe longer—I have sat at my desk, tapping my pen on the table, muttering to myself, wondering aloud what that one kid's name was, or where I put my hoodie. Maybe it's a sign of distraction, or of trying to remember too many details at once, but I worry more that it's a portend of what's to come, a black sign of some future, irrevocable erosion. Of course, it's silly—not to mention neurotic—to be worried about this sort of thing before even hitting twenty-five, but hey, it's not my imagination that's flagging. A friend suggested that I go over everything I do on any given day backwards in my mind before sleeping. "It's an exercise that's supposed to stimulate your memory," she said. "I learned it in writing class." I tried it briefly one evening, but gave up after only a few steps—frankly, I wasn't very good at it. "This sucks," I decided, and promptly went to sleep.

And it's not just my short-term memory. My younger cousin, who spent the last few days here with me, remembers the minutest details of our childhood adventures. She seems not to have forgotten much of anything, really. She chides me for narcing her out to my mother for "not making the bed properly" when she was three and I was four, and remembers painfully stupid jokes I told her when we were just little kids. For my part I recall nothing of these details, but I do remember certain sentiments from those days. I've lost all of the jokes and bratty comments, but retain the moods and feelings in the air from most of that heady childhood era, and from subsequent years as well. Maybe that's just how my mind works, wiping out some of the banal and embarrassing minutia from my life, leaving me with a sense of the larger narrative.

I am trying to take the time to remember more these days. Sometimes it takes just recounting a story once to cement it in your mind, so I tell myself I should just write more of it down. Often, when I get to this part of the month in the magazine, sitting in front of this keyboard and trying not to be intimidated by the empty whiteness of the computer screen in front of me, I draw such a complete blank as to feel kind of lost. Did I really do nothing this month to write about, I wonder, and continue staring at the few words I've managed to get out. No, it's not that I haven't done anything, I think, but that I haven't processed it all yet, that the events of this month haven't quite turned into a story. With any luck, the stories will seem more clear over time, and the bigger picture will emerge from the muck of the day to day. Until then, there is always today to worry about and of course, to enjoy.

***

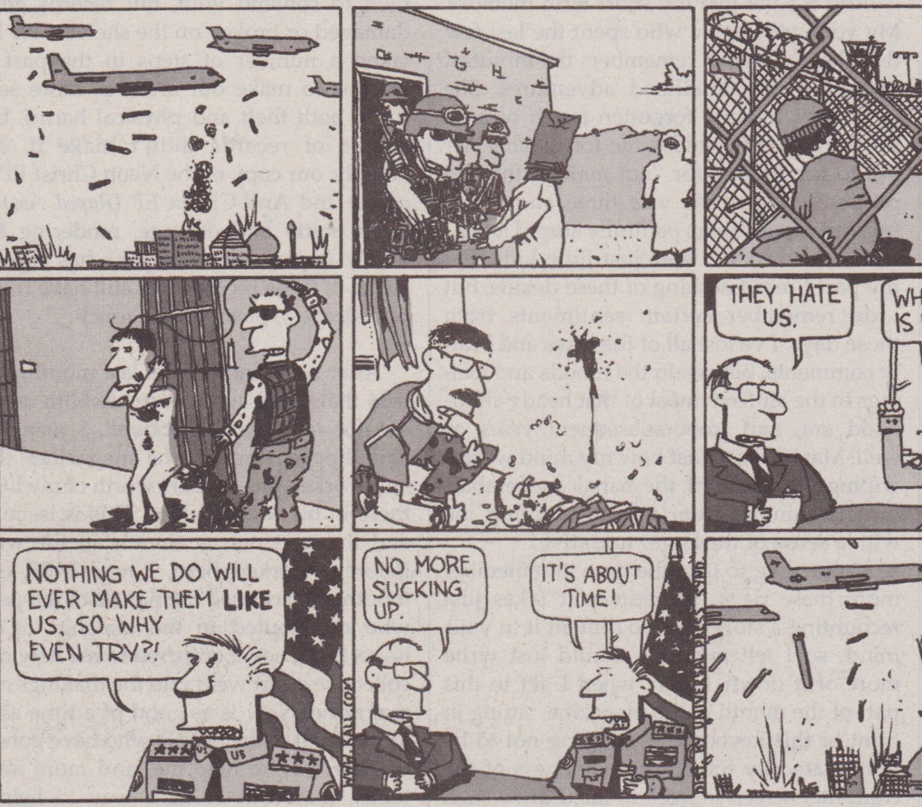
Recently, we printed an ad to alert our readers and friends that a number of rare and valuable punk records have been stolen from the MRR archives in recent years, and some as recently as the past six months. To think about everything that we've had wrongfully taken from us is pretty depressing, but a silver lining has emerged since we published our stolen records list. Two exceptionally generous readers have donated copies of records that we would otherwise not have been in the financial position to replace. Mat Gard sent us a copy of the Minor Threat *In My Eyes* EP and Clint Chapman sent us a copy of the Razar *Money* EP. Pretty amazing, right? In a day in age when we are constantly bombarded with the message that everyone is only looking out for their own well being, and that trust and community shouldn't be valued over material wealth, it's nice to receive such powerful and bighearted statements to the contrary.

Unfortunately, MRR has not only had theft to contend with, but records getting damaged or broken on the shelves. We have taken a number of steps in the past few months to make our archives more secure (from both theft and physical harm), but a couple of records didn't make it. Most notably, our copy of the Neon Christ EP and of the 2nd Anti-Cimex EP (*Raped Ass*) suffered pretty bad damage, rendering them totally unplayable. If anyone has copies of either of these records (we still have the picture sleeves), please get in touch.

***

After we went to print last month, I realized that that issue was my twelfth as coordinator of *Maximumrocknroll*. I went back and flipped through the magazines that I had worked on—a years worth of my life, all there in black and white. This is issue #13, and the next one is already in the works. Before I worked here, I read MRR every month and scanned the names of the people who contributed to the makings of each issue, but it never occurred to me how much collective effort went into the makings of the magazine. Now is as good of a time as any to thank all of the people who have gone out of their way to help me, and more importantly, gone out of their way to help the magazine. There are people who have given far more than a year of their lives to make this magazine what it is today, and I feel genuinely honored to count myself among their ranks.

The other day, after a sweaty Look Back and Laugh show, Tobia pulled me aside and handed me a key. After over five years of picking up and sorting Maximumrocknroll's mail, she explained, she couldn't do it anymore. A grueling school schedule coupled with increased distance between her and the house was taking a toll. I took back the mailbox key and made her assure me that she was still going to do all of the other stuff she has been doing here for nearly a decade. She laughed at me and told me not to worry. There are plenty of people like Tobia here, kids who have proofread interviews, picked up the mail, taken out the trash, helped rebuild record shelves, DJ'd on the radio show, kept our books, written reviews, come to meetings, and otherwise helped in ways too numerous to recount, some for just the past few weeks and some for over two decades. They deserve all the accolades in the world, but would probably be too modest even if those props came their way. The shitworkers are the real lifeblood of this magazine, and MRR would have no way to function without those who have so generously given of their time and creativity to sustain the project. So, thanks guys, really.


THEY HATE US.
WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
NOTHING WE DO WILL EVER MAKE THEM LIKE US. SO WHY EVEN TRY?!
NO MORE SUCKING UP.
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
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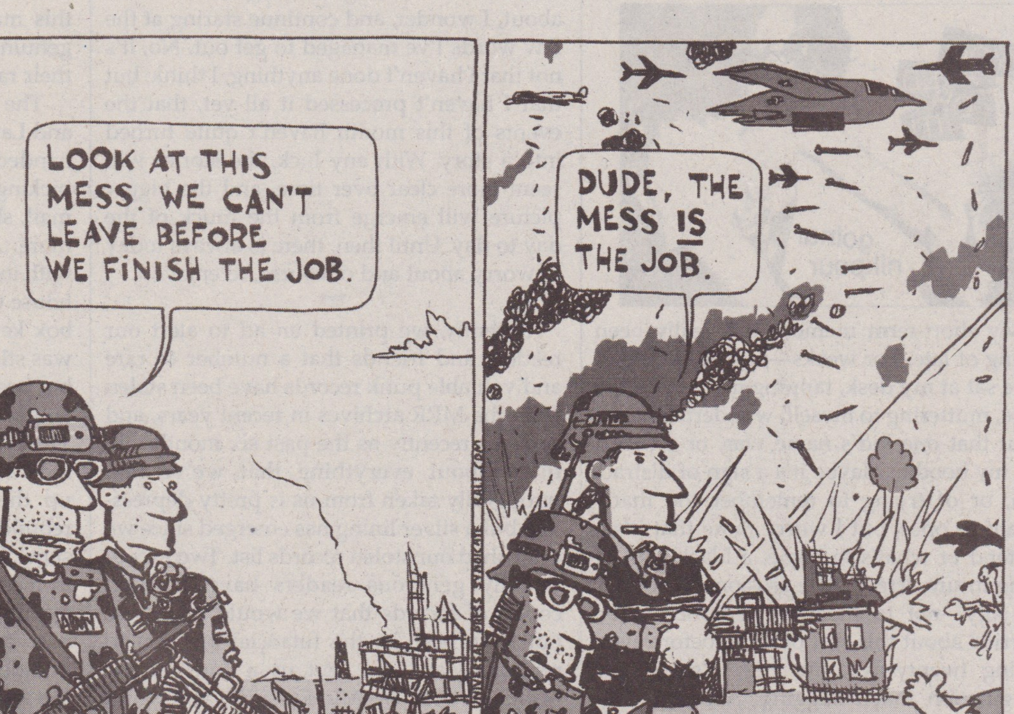
LOOK AT THIS MESS. WE CAN'T LEAVE BEFORE WE FINISH THE JOB.
DUDE, THE MESS IS THE JOB.
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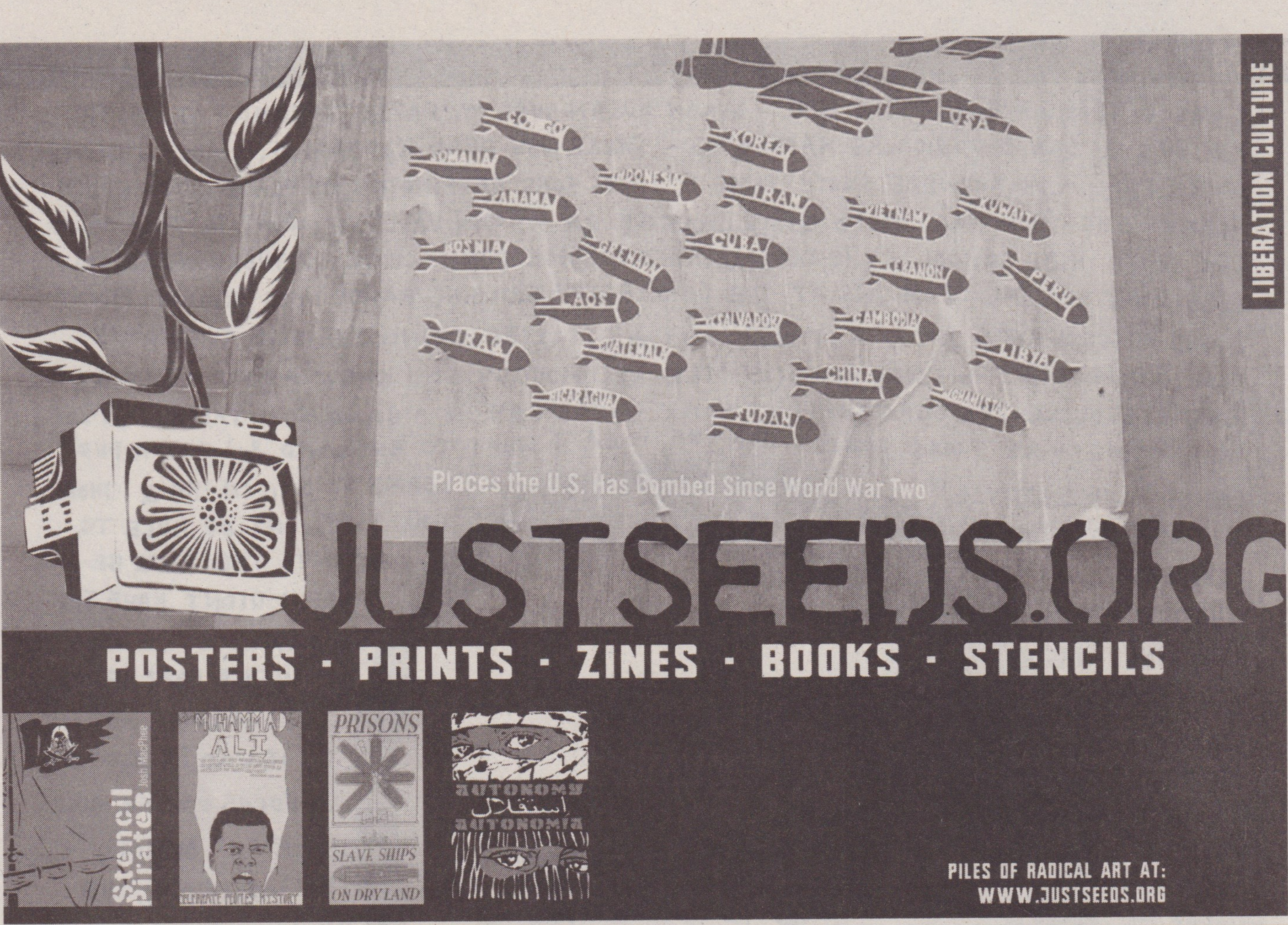
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AFGHANISTAN
SUDAN
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Stencil Pirates
Josh MacPhee
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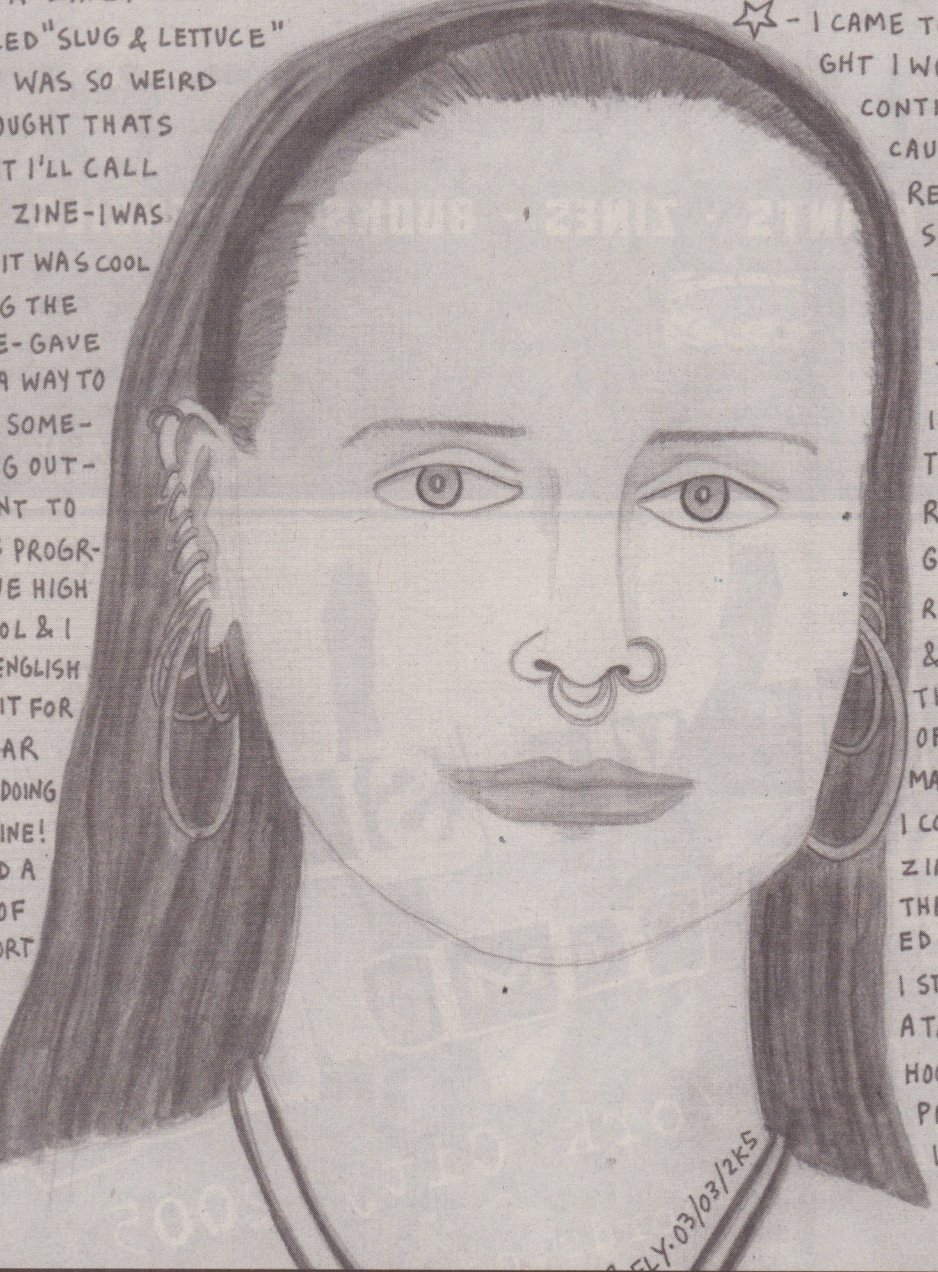
PEOPS

I WAS A NEW WAVE TO PUNK GIRL - DURAN DURAN WAS MY FAVORITE BAND - IT WAS THE MID 80's & SKATE PUNK WAS HAPPENING - THERE WAS DEAD KENNEDIES, CIRCLE JERKS, BLACK FLAG - THERE WERE SKATE JAMS & I WAS SORT OF FINDING MY PLACE IN THIS WHOLE SCENE - THE TOWN WAS CALLED STATE COLLEGE PA - HAPPY VALLEY - I WENT TO STATE COLLEGE AREA HIGH SCHOOL - THERE WAS AN AWESOME PUNK SCENE - & THERE WERE COLLEGE KIDS SETTING UP SHOWS AT THE UNIVERSITY BRINGING BANDS LIKE AGNOSTIC FRONT & THE DESCENDANTS & DRI - IT WAS 1987 & I STARTED DOING THE ZINE CUZ NO ONE ELSE WAS DOING IT - I WAS READING MRR RELIGIOUSLY SO I KNEW ABOUT ZINES & I WAS A BUDDING PHOTOGRAPHER - I DIDNT WANT TO BE IN A BAND SO I THOUGHT - I'LL DO A ZINE! - AS I WAS CONCIEVING THE IDEA I WENT TO ENGLAND & I SAW A PUB CALLED "SLUG & LETTUCE" & IT WAS SO WEIRD I THOUGHT THATS WHAT I'LL CALL THE ZINE - I WAS 15 - IT WAS COOL DOING THE ZINE - GAVE ME A WAY TO GET SOMETHING OUT - I WENT TO THIS PROGRESSIVE HIGH SCHOOL & I GOT ENGLISH CREDIT FOR A YEAR FOR DOING MY ZINE! I HAD A LOT OF SUPPORT & HELP ↗ ☆

☆ - I CAME TO NYC IN '89 & I THOUGHT I WOULDNT BE ABLE TO CONTINUE THE ZINE BECAUSE I DIDNT HAVE THE RESOURCES BUT IT WAS SO MUCH A PART OF ME THAT I COULDNT NOT DO IT - SO I DECIDED TO FOCUS ON THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECTS — THE CLASSIFIEDS, THE REVIEWS & THE PHOTOGRAPHS - I SAW IT AS A RESOURCE FOR CONTACTS & COMMUNICATION - AT THE TIME I HAD HUNDREDS OF PENPALS - SO I WOULD MAKE AS MANY COPIES AS I COULD OF A ONE PAGE ZINE & GIVE THEM OUT - THEN I GRADUALLY EXPANDED - ISSUE #20 WAS WHEN I STARTED PRODUCING IT AS A TABLOID - SQUAT OR ROT HOOKED ME UP WITH THE PRINTER - ISSUE # 83 IS GONNA COME OUT NEXT MONTH & I'M PLANNING MY 20 YR ANNIVERSARY



Chris(tine) Boarts-Larsen

I first met Chris back when she lived in NYC & she was all involved with the punk collective at ABC No RIO - she was doing this great zine called *Slug & Lettuce* & i really wanted to be involved some how - in '95 I started doing Zero Content comix for S&L - Chris is an amazing punk photographer & her photos can be found in the pages of S&L along with some excellent columns, zine & record reviews, & the essential punk classifieds - Chris can also often be found in the pages of MRR columns - check out Slug & Lettuce by writing to S&L c/o Christine PO Box 26632 Richmond VA 23261-6632 - to contact fly email - fly@bway.net - put MRR in the subject so i know its not spam - thnks!!

MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #268 COMPILED BY GOLNAR NIKPOUR & CHRIS HUBBARD

ISRAEL APPROVES WALL IN JERUSALEM

by Arjan El Fassed, *The Electronic Intifada*

One year after the ruling of the International Court of Justice (ICJ), in which it made clear that the construction of the Wall and the settlements were illegal, the Israeli cabinet called for "the immediate completion of the security fence [*sic*] in the Jerusalem area."

With this decision, Israel, once again, defies international law and the advisory of opinion of the ICJ, backed by the General Assembly of the United Nations, which ruled that Israel should not only immediately stop with its construction, but also begin dismantling them and to pay reparations to those who had lost their property as the result of the Wall's construction.

Once completed, the total length of the new barrier route will be 670 km long. This includes the sections around the Israeli settlement Ma'ale Adumim and Ariel/Emmanuel settlement "fingers." Together these two areas total 108 km or 16 percent of the route or 10.1 percent of the West Bank and East Jerusalem that will lie between the Wall and the 1949 Armistice Line (also referred to as "Green Line" or the 1967 border). This land constitutes some of the most fertile in the West Bank. It is currently home for more than 55,000 Palestinians, living in 38 villages and towns.

Where the Wall has been constructed, Palestinians face economic hardship from being restricted from or not being able to reach their land to harvest crops, graze animals, or earn a living. Residents have also been cut off from schools, universities and specialized medical care by the constructed Wall. It also fragments communities and isolates residents from social support networks.

In its ruling, the International Court of Justice noted in paragraph 163, that: "Israel is under an obligation to terminate its breaches of international law; it is under an obligation to cease forthwith the works of construction of the Wall being built in the Occupied Palestinian Territory, including in and around East Jerusalem, to dismantle forthwith the structure therein situated, and to repeal or render ineffective forthwith all legislative and regulatory acts relating thereto."

To date, Israel has failed to comply with the ICJ advisory opinion. The ICJ ruling of July 9, 2004, was a step in the right direction but the international community has failed to take further action. The Wall is preventing thousands of Palestinians from reaching their workplaces, schools, hospitals and relatives. It undermines the economy, erodes livelihoods and increases suffering in a population of which half already live below the poverty line of two dollars a day.

Today's decision by the Israeli cabinet backed concerns about the implications of the Gaza Disengagement Plan as a smokescreen for subsequent violations of international law and human rights law in the West Bank and occupied East Jerusalem. The consequences of this are that the two-state solution has no practicable meaning on the ground. The implications of this include a worsening of the situation of ordinary Palestinians and little reason to regard the Disengagement Plan as a genuine step towards an end to Israel's occupation of Palestine.

Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has called for workers to speed up building the Wall. The Israeli cabinet set September 1, 2005 as completion date for the Wall in and around Jerusalem. More than 230,000 Palestinians hold East Jerusalem residency permits. About one-quarter of these people are located on the West Bank side of the Barrier and will need to cross the Barrier to access to services which they are entitled inside Jerusalem. The Barrier will also affect those people living east of it who may need to cross it to get to their farms, jobs and services. More than 500,000 Palestinians, for example, live within a one kilometer strip of the Barrier.

Extending 14 km east across the most narrow section of the West Bank, the planned Ma'ale Adumim section will impede movement between the northern and southern areas of the West Bank, blocking the current roads used by Palestinians to travel between these areas.

For Palestinians residing in and around East Jerusalem, the addition of the Ma'ale Adumim section will increase existing movement restrictions created by the constructed parts of the Wall. Stretching a total of 670 kilometres, the Wall will run from the northern Jordan River in Eastern Tubas to the southernmost tip of the West Bank in the Hebron Governorate. Because of its meandering path into the West Bank, the Barrier's length is approximately twice the length of the 1949 West Bank Armistice Line adjacent to Israel, known as the Green Line—315 km. Only 20% of the Wall's length runs along the 1949 Armistice Line.

Map of the Wall cutting through occupied East Jerusalem. In the planned Ari'el/Emmanuel finger, the Wall extends 22 km or 42% across the width of the West Bank. In the planned Ma'ale Adumim section, the Barrier route extends into the West Bank 14 km or 45% of its width. In areas where the Wall has been constructed, Israeli occupation forces issued military orders in September 2004, creating a strip averaging 150-200 metres on the West Bank sides of the Barrier where new construction is prohibited.

Palestinians who live in "closed areas" are required to pass through gates in the Barrier to reach markets, schools, hospitals and maintain family connections in the remaining areas of the West Bank.

With the addition of the Ma'ale Adumim section, 56 West Bank Israeli settlements (excluding East Jerusalem settlements) will lie between the Wall and the 1949 Armistice Line also known as "The Green Line". This comprises 76% of the West Bank settler population or 170,123 Israeli settlers. In addition, there are over 170,000 Israeli settlers in East Jerusalem settlements who will be between the Wall and the 1949 Armistice Line.

Even with the $3 billion approved by G8 leaders in Scotland last week—an aid package that is intended to help revitalize the Palestinian economy after Israel implements Sharon's disengagement plan—the damage caused by the destruction of land and property for the Wall's construction will take many years to recover and hinder Palestinian development. Moreover, the Israeli cabinet gave its final blow to the two-state vision, once again embraced by G8 leaders last week, included in the internationally backed Road Map.

PAPERS SHOW MITTERRAND APPROVED RAINBOW WARRIOR BOMBING

from Reuters

The sabotage of the Greenpeace flagship *Rainbow Warrior* twenty years ago in Auckland was carried out with the "personal authorization" of France's late president Francois Mitterrand, documents showed today.

Le Monde newspaper published extracts in its Saturday edition of a 1986 account written by Pierre Lacoste, the former head of France's DGSE foreign intelligence service, giving the clearest demonstration yet of Mitterrand's direct involvement in the sinking of the campaign vessel.

Portuguese photographer Fernando Pereira died in the attack on the ship that was leading Greenpeace's campaign against French nuclear tests on the Mururoa Atoll in the Pacific.

"I asked the president if he gave me permission to put into action the neutralization plan that I had studied on the request of Monsieur (Charles) Hernu," Lacoste wrote. Hernu was defense minister at the time.

"He gave me his agreement while stressing the importance he placed on the nuclear tests. I didn't go into greater detail on the plan as the authorization was explicit enough," he said. Lacoste added that he, "Would not have launched such an operation without the personal authorization of the President of the Republic".

The scandal, which triggered Hernu's resignation and Lacoste's departure from the DGSE, shocked the world and tarnished France's image in the South Pacific. Two French agents were later tried and imprisoned for blowing up the ship on July 10, 1985. They began their sentences in New Zealand but were later transferred to a military base in French Polynesia and were released within three years of the attack.

Lacoste's account, dated April 8, 1986, is contained in a 23-page handwritten document that has only now come to light. Ordered by then defense minister Andre Giraud shortly after France's current President Jacques Chirac became prime minister in 1986, the document was kept quiet so as not to destabilize the power sharing agreement, or "cohabitation," between the Socialist Mitterrand and Chirac's right-wing government.

The account is supported by documents in the secret service's archives and others likely to be in Lacoste's own possession, *Le Monde* said.

DANGEROUS TB INCREASE IN IRAQ

from ***IRIN*, 14 June 2005**

Iraqi doctors say they are concerned over an increase in Tuberculosis (TB) cases in the southeastern city of Amarah, fueled by a shortage of medicine and poor living conditions.

The disease, which has been under control in the area for more than 50 years, has been rising steadily since the conflict in 2003.

A survey on living conditions, released by the UN and the Iraqi government in May, stressed that standards had seriously deteriorated over the past two years with poor access to clean water and adequate healthcare.

Health experts are now concerned about a rapid increase in cases over the past four months. The number of cases in the city, located in Missan governorate, some 360 km south of the capital, Baghdad, has reached 400.

"The spread of TB after more than 50 years is something worrying. The total of 400 cases is a huge number in relation to the population of Amarah and the number is increasing daily," director of the chest diseases hospital in Amarah, Dr Hameed Jassim, said.

TB is caused by bacteria and usually attacks the lungs but can affect almost any part of the body. It is treated through DOTS, which involves a course of a variety of powerful antibiotics taken uninterrupted for six to eight months. This treatment also stops the development of multidrug-resistant strains of TB.

Some 20 years ago, the disease afflicted nearly 20 percent of Iraq's population but efforts by the country's Ministry of Health (MoH) and the World Health Organization (WHO) bought that figure down to 2 percent.

Jassim said cases in Iraq could not be cured through treatment alone. "Poverty, high population, dust, unpaved streets and absence of health awareness expands the circle of the disease," he explained.

Most patients will not admit they have the disease, especially those from rural conservative societies, as they feel embarrassed. This is due to misconceptions about the way in which TB is caught, relating to close contact between men and women. "I did not tell my family that I have TB, I told them something else and they believed me because they are simple people. If I tell them they won't speak to me. I cannot work now to support my family and I sent my wife and son to her parents home afraid that they will catch the disease," construction worker, Salim Muhammed said as he lay in his bed.

"The government is not improving the health system and our lives are worsening. The treatment can be found only in private pharmacies that suck our blood due to high prices and I don't have money," he added.

Local pharmacy owner, Dr Hadi Hassan, said most patients in need of drugs were from poor suburbs in the area, adding that the normal course of treatment costs at least US $500, which most families could not afford. According to Hassan, the medicines most requested were Rifampicin, Ethambutol and Pyrazinmide but they are not found easily.

"When TB reaches its chronic and advanced stage it will spread to other parts of the body and causes failure of the lungs that leads to death of the patient, especially if there is a shortage of drugs for treatment," a local doctor, Qassim Mohammed said.

"Our procedures to face TB are weak due to the lack of the required medical equipment and laboratories. We need mobile X-ray vehicles and we only have a few medical labs and X-ray units in rural districts," Jassim explained.

WHO officials for Iraq said a special health team would be sent to the area to supply drugs and assist in controlling the spread of the disease. But they added that poor hygiene in many areas in the south was opening doors for the spread of diseases previously under control during the rule of Saddam Hussein.

"I have been psychologically affected, because I feel as if I am untouchable. I only recently discovered that I had TB and it is advanced now and my relatives and friends will not visit me. I am waiting for death without drugs and love and support," Nadia Raheem, 38, said.

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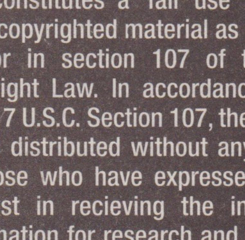

THE LONDON BOMBINGS: WAS IT REALLY SUICIDE?

By Jeff Edwards

Police and MI5 are probing if the four men were told by their al-Qaeda controller they had time to escape after setting off timers. Instead, the devices exploded immediately.

A security source said: "If the bombers lived and were caught they'd probably have cracked. Would their masters have allowed that to happen? We think not."

The evidence is compelling: The terrorists bought return rail tickets, and pay and display car park tickets, before boarding—a train at Luton for London. None of the men was heard to cry "Allah Akhbar!"— "God is great"—usually screamed by suicide bombers as they detonate their bomb.

Their devices were in large rucksacks, which could be easily dumped instead of being strapped to their bodies. They carried wallets containing their driving licenses, bank cards and other personal items. Suicide bombers normally strip themselves of identifying material.

Similar terror attacks against public transport in Madrid last year were carried out by recruits who had time to escape and planned to strike again.

Bomber Hasib Hussain detonated his device at the rear of the top deck of a No 30 bus, not in the middle of the bottom deck where most damage would be caused.

Additionally, two of the bombers had strong personal reasons for staying alive.

Jermaine Lindsay's partner Samantha Lewthwaite, 22, mother of his one-year-old son, is expecting her second baby within days. Mohammed Sidique Khan's wife Hasina, mum of a 14-month-old daughter, is also pregnant.

A source disclosed: "The theory that they were not a suicide squad is gathering pace. They were the weakest link.

"We think it's possible they were told that when they pressed buttons to set off timers they'd have a short time to abandon the bombs and get away

before the blast. Instead, the bombs exploded immediately."

Another intelligence source added: "Whoever is behind this didn't want to waste their best operatives on a suicide mission. Instead they used easily recruited low-grade men who may have believed they'd walk away."

At least 54 people were killed in the 7/7 blasts. Khan, 30, of Dewsbury, Shehzad Tanweer, 22, of Leeds, and Jamaican-born Lindsay, 19, of Aylesbury, Bucks, detonated devices on the Tube at Edgware Road, Aldgate and King's Cross.

Hussain, 18, of Leeds, blasted the bus at Tavistock Square. The Tube explosions went off almost simultaneously. But the bus went up an hour later.

Yesterday, Hussain's family told of their horror at the teenager's involvement in the massacre. They said in a statement: "We are devastated over the events of the past few days. Hasib was a loving and normal young man who gave us no concern and we are having difficulty taking this in.

"Our thoughts are with all the bereaved families. We have to live with the loss of our son in these difficult circumstances.

"We had no knowledge of his activities and, had we done, we would have done everything in our power to stop him. We urge anyone with information to cooperate fully with the authorities."

Police are urgently investigating the missing 81 minutes between Hussain arriving from Luton in London and the time his bomb went off.

His device may have malfunctioned. He may have lost his nerve. Or he may have panicked when he discovered the Northern Line, on which he is thought to have been due to travel, was suspended.

Officers want to discover if Hussain met anyone else who either strengthened his faltering resolve or reset his flawed bomb..

UNITED STATES: STOP SHOOTING JOURNALISTS

from *CommonDreams.org* by Aaron Glantz

It's time the US military stopped shooting journalists. In the last three weeks, the American soldiers have killed at least four journalists in Iraq—each while the reporter was driving his car.

Two of the cases are especially telling.

There is the case of Yasser Salihee, an Iraqi correspondent for Knight-Ridder newspapers. He was driving alone in his own West Baghdad neighborhood when an American sniper's bullet pierced his windshield and struck him in the head as he approached a US military patrol.

Four days later, a news producer for Iraq's independent (that is not controlled by the occupation) TV-station, al-Sharqiyah, was shot to death as he drove to his in-laws home in Southern Baghdad. The Associated Press reports US soldiers fired on his car fifteen times when he failed to pull over for an American convoy.

Those killings, plus the shooting death of a Baghdad TV editor and a stringer for a Western news agency bring the total number of journalists killed by US forces in Iraq to seventeen according to the International Federation of Journalists.

So much for freedom of speech and democracy.

Unembedded journalists in Iraq are also frequently arrested by the US military. On June 17th, the director of the daily newspaper *al-Sabah* (which is funded by US tax-payers) was detained by American soldiers during one of the military's regular security sweeps. A week later, the US troops detained an Associated Press Television News cameraman in Fallujah. Both have since been released, but the situation in Iraq is hardly free. The most important Arab media outlet, al-Jazeera television, remains banned from Iraq.

Hearing these stories I think about to my own time as an unembedded journalist in Iraq. In six months reporting from the ground, I never once had a gun pointed at me by an "insurgent," but on two occasions I felt personally threatened by an American soldier's machine gun.

The first incident occurred at the beginning of the occupation. I had just arrived in Baghdad, in a beat up orange and white-checkered taxi and was pulling up to a meeting at the al-Fanar hotel across the street from the mammoth Palestine Hotel, where many military contractors were staying. The soldier, who had to be younger than 20, was under orders to block all Iraqis from entering the hotel compound. When I got out of the car to explain that I was an American journalist, my brown hair and mustache giving me the appearance of a native, he cocked his gun before I spoke. Fortunately, my traveling companion was a blond. When the soldier saw my friend, disaster was averted. A year later, when insurgents blew up the Lebanon Hotel in Baghdad, I faced death again. Rushing over to cover the explosion, I grabbed my camera and tape recorder. But when I lifted my camera to photograph an American soldier on top of a tank, he cocked his gun and screamed, "No photos! No journalists!"

What are we to make of all these stories? At the very least, the Pentagon owes journalists an explanation because to date no American soldier has been punished for killing or arresting a reporter.

And the obvious: US soldiers need to stop shooting journalists.

LET MR. BUSH EXPLAIN THE WAR TO HIGH SCHOOLERS

from MinutemanMedia.org, by Stacy Bannerman

I'd like to see President George W. Bush go on live television before a tough crowd. Like a high school class in my hometown that includes Iraqi students and boys who are preparing for boot camp. These Seattle kids are still able to exercise their Constitutional right to freedom of speech. My guess is that they'd have some questions.

The President has already proven he's got the time to sit in a classroom. After all, that's what he did after being informed that this nation was under attack on 9-11, something he mentioned repeatedly in his speech, even though he's acknowledged that there's nothing whatsoever linking Iraq to that day.

If ever there was a President who needed flashcards to keep his facts straight, it's Mr. Bush.

Maybe the President can discuss his statement that "terrorists respect no laws of warfare or morality." Did not this administration violate international law and it's own policy against preemptive strikes when it invaded Iraq on false pretenses? Perhaps he can clarify for the kids why he clings to the dream that the US invasion is supported by a sizable "coalition of the willing" despite ample proof to the contrary. As the President inadvertently pointed out, the only real coalition of the willing is the one that has developed amongst terrorist cells converging in Iraq as the result of the American presence.

Since the President thanked the soldiers and military families for their service and sacrifice, I'm sure the students would be interested in learning more about just how grateful the administration is. Is it grateful enough to provide all of the troops with tetranike vests and uparmored tanks? Is it grateful enough to help the thousands of military families who've had to apply for food stamps to feed their children?

Is it grateful enough to deal with the fact that Tri-Care, the military's medical coverage for soldiers and their families, is rapidly becoming obsolete, as fewer and fewer providers accept it? And does the administration's gratitude mean that they will take care of the Reserve and National Guard troops who are already exhibiting much higher rates of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder than active-duty military?

Possibly the President would like to explain why this country enforces truth in advertising laws, and considers bait-and-switch sales tactics poor business practice, but plays shell games with the mission in Iraq. And whether he would like to tell the children they're more valuable as consumers than as citizens?

Speaking of citizenry, perhaps he'd like to discuss the Iraqi citizens that have died during this war; many more than were killed during any comparable time frame of Saddam Hussein's reign. The tens of thousands of dead Iraqis dispel any pretense whatsoever that this war can ever be called "moral." Yet, it was President Bush's moral values that got him elected to a second term. I'm sure the Seattle high schoolers would like to hear an explanation of how a moral person justifies it when he creates, rather than alleviate, suffering.

Since high schools have strict policies against fighting, I'm sure they'd like to hear the president, a "compassionate conservative," reconcile the New Testament's command to "turn the other cheek" with his decision to respond to violence with violence. Then the President could talk about democracy, explaining how, counterintuitive though it may be, it actually can be imposed. The President could tell the kids that when he said a totalitarian regime is one that "despises dissent," he wasn't referring to his administration.

After reviewing the national polls showing that at least half the US population wants troops withdrawn and 60% believe the war in Iraq wasn't worth fighting, the president could specify which country he was talking about when he referred to a "Constitution that upholds the will of the majority." Because the children should be forgiven if they want to know how we can presume to do that in Iraq when we seem unable to do it here.

The President made it to Fayetteville and talked to the troops at Ft. Bragg in June. Now, he should take his act to Seattle. And don't forget to bring the cameras. The world will be watching.

Stacy Bannerman is a contributor to Foreign Policy In Focus (www.fpif.org) and on the Advisory Board of Military Families Speak Out www.mfso.org. Her book When the War Came Home: The Inside Story of Citizen Soldiers and the Families Left Behind, *will be released by Continuum Publishing in 2006. Her husband deployed to Iraq in March 2004, and returned home in March 2005. She wrote this for the Institute for Policy Studies.*

CHINESE MILITARY OFFICIAL THREATENS NUCLEAR WAR

A Chinese military official says Beijing will use nuclear weapons against the US if the Americans attack the Asian nation in a fight over Taiwan.

"If the Americans draw their missiles and position-guided ammunition on to the target zone on China's territory, I think we will have to respond with nuclear weapons," Zhu Chenghu, a major general in the People's Liberation Army, said at an official briefing, according to the *Financial Times.*

Today, however, the Chinese government distanced itself from the comments.

"What he talked about were just his personal views," said Shen Guofang, an assistant minister of foreign affairs.

Speaking at a function organized for foreign journalists, Zhu noted the definition of China's territory includes warships and aircraft.

"If the Americans are determined to interfere [then] we will be determined to respond," Zhu said. "We Chinese will prepare ourselves for the destruction of all of the cities east of Xian. Of course, the Americans will have to be prepared that hundreds ... of cities will be destroyed by the Chinese."

The *Financial Times* notes Zhu is a self-acknowledged "hawk" who has warned previously that China could strike the US with long-range missiles. But his threat to use nuclear weapons in a conflict over Taiwan is the most specific by a senior Chinese official in nearly a decade.

Zhu is not the first Chinese official to mention the use of nuclear weapons first in a conflict over Taiwan.

Chas Freeman, a former U.S. assistant secretary of defense, said in 1999 that a PLA official had told him China could respond in kind to a nuclear strike by the US in the event of a conflict with Taiwan.

"In the end you care more about Los Angeles than you do about Taipei," Freeman quoted this official as saying.

Though official U.S. policy on Taiwan is that it is part of mainland China—the "one China" policy—President Bush has said the US would defend the island republic if it were attacked by Beijing..

ROVE LEAK IS JUST PART OF LARGER SCANDAL

by Daniel Schorr from *Christian Science Monitor*

Let me remind you that the underlying issue in the Karl Rove controversy is not a leak, but a war and how America was misled into that war.

In 2002 President Bush, having decided to invade Iraq, was casting about for a *casus belli.* The weapons of mass destruction theme was not yielding very much until a dubious Italian intelligence report, based partly on forged documents (it later turned out), provided reason to speculate that Iraq might be trying to buy so-called yellowcake uranium from the African country of Niger. It did not seem to matter that the CIA advised that the Italian information was "fragmentary and lacked detail."

Prodded by Vice President Dick Cheney and in the hope of getting more conclusive information, the CIA sent Joseph Wilson, an old Africa hand, to Niger to investigate. Mr. Wilson spent eight days talking to everyone in Niger possibly involved and came back to report no sign of an Iraqi bid for uranium and, anyway, Niger's uranium was committed to other countries for many years to come.

No news is bad news for an administration gearing up for war. Ignoring Wilson's report, Cheney talked on TV about Iraq's nuclear potential. And the President himself, in his 2003 State of the Union address no less, pronounced: "The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa."

Wilson declined to maintain a discreet silence. He told various people that the President was at least mistaken, at most telling an untruth. Finally Wilson directly challenged the administration with a July 6, 2003 New York Times op-ed headlined, "What I Didn't Find In Africa," and making clear his belief that the President deliberately manipulated intelligence in order to justify an invasion.

One can imagine the fury in the White House. We now know from the email traffic of *Time's* correspondent Matt Cooper that five days after the op-ed appeared, he advised his bureau chief of a supersecret conversation with Karl Rove who alerted him to the fact that Wilson's wife worked for the CIA and may have recommended him for the Niger assignment. Three days later, Bob Novak's column appeared giving Wilson's wife's name, Valerie Plame, and the fact she was an undercover CIA officer. Mr. Novak has yet to say, in public, whether Mr. Rove was his source. Enough is known to surmise that the leaks of Rove, or others deputized by him, amounted to retaliation against someone who had the temerity to challenge the President of the United States when he was striving to find some plausible reason for invading Iraq.

The role of Rove and associates added up to a small incident in a very large scandal—the effort to delude America into thinking it faced a threat dire enough to justify a war.

HOW THE US EXPOSED THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS TO LETHAL BACTERIA

from Democracy Now

The Homeland Security Department last month released what they said was nontoxic gas into New York's Grand Central Station to trace how chemicals might flow through the terminal in a terrorist attack. We speak with biological and chemical terrorism expert Leonard Cole, who asks what this "nontoxic gas" actually was. He wrote a book about how—in the 1950s and 1960s, US government scientists ran a series of tests to determine how easy it would be to expose large numbers of people to a lethal bacteria.

In the aftermath of the London bombings, the US Government raised the terrorist threat level to Orange, or "High." The alert was particularly applied to the nation's trains and subway systems. Although far less money has been spent on security measures for public transportation than for the airline industry, experts say subways and trains may be particularly vulnerable to chemical and biological attacks. Late last month, the Homeland Security Department released what they said was nontoxic gas into New York's Grand Central Station to trace how chemicals might flow through the terminal in a terrorist attack.

But some government simulations of chemical and biological attacks in the past have been somewhat different.

In the 1950s and sixties, scientists from the Fort Detrick biological weapons program ran a series of tests to determine how easy it would be to expose large numbers of people to a lethal bacteria. Containers of nontoxic bacteria were planted in the New York subway, bacteria was secretly pumped into the Pentagon ventilation system and clouds of bacteria were released in San Francisco. And germs that were meant to sicken but not kill humans were tested on conscientious objectors in the military.

THE POLLUTION IN NEWBORNS

Environmental Working Group

In the month leading up to a baby's birth, the umbilical cord pulses with the equivalent of at least 300 quarts of blood each day, pumped back and forth from the nutrient and oxygen-rich placenta to the rapidly growing child cradled in a sac of amniotic fluid. This cord is a lifeline between mother and baby, bearing nutrients that sustain life and propel growth.

Not long ago scientists thought that the placenta shielded cord blood—and the developing baby—from most chemicals and pollutants in the environment. But now we know that at this critical time when organs, vessels, membranes and systems are knit together from single cells to finished form in a span of weeks, the umbilical cord carries not only the building blocks of life, but also a steady stream of industrial chemicals, pollutants and pesticides that cross the placenta as readily as residues from cigarettes and alcohol. This is the human "body burden"—the pollution in people that permeates everyone in the world, including babies in the womb.

In a study spearheaded by the Environmental Working Group (EWG) in collaboration with Commonweal, researchers at two major laboratories found an average of 200 industrial chemicals and pollutants in umbilical cord blood from ten babies born in August and September of 2004 in US hospitals. Tests revealed a total of 287 chemicals in the group. The umbilical cord blood of these ten children, collected by Red Cross after the cord was cut, harbored pesticides, consumer product ingredients, and wastes from burning coal, gasoline, and garbage.

This study represents the first reported cord blood tests for 261 of the targeted chemicals and the first reported detections in cord blood for 209 compounds. Among them are eight perfluorochemicals used as stain and oil repellants in fast food packaging, clothes and textiles—including the Teflon chemical PFOA, recently characterized as a likely human carcinogen by the EPA's Science Advisory Board—dozens of widely used brominated flame retardants and their toxic by-products; and numerous pesticides.

Of the 287 chemicals we detected in umbilical cord blood, we know that 180 cause cancer in humans or animals, 217 are toxic to the brain and nervous system, and 208 cause birth defects or abnormal development in animal tests. The dangers of pre or post-natal exposure to this complex mixture of carcinogens, developmental toxins and neurotoxins have never been studied.

Some chemicals and pollutants detected in human umbilical cord blood

Mercury (Hg): tested for 1, found 1

Pollutant from coal-fired power plants, mercury-containing products, and certain industrial processes. Accumulates in seafood. Harms brain development and function.

Polyaromatic hydrocarbons (PAHs): tested for 18, found 9

Pollutants from burning gasoline and garbage. Linked to cancer. Accumulates in food chain.

Polybrominated dibenzodioxins and furans (PBDD/F): tested for 12, found 7

Contaminants in brominated flame retardants. Pollutants and byproducts from plastic production and incineration. Accumulate in food chain. Toxic to developing endocrine (hormone) system

Perfluorinated chemicals (PFCs): tested for 12, found 9

Active ingredients or breakdown products of Teflon, Scotchgard, fabric and carpet protectors, food wrap coatings. Global contaminants. Accumulate in the environment and the food chain. Linked to cancer, birth defects, and more.

Polychlorinated dibenzodioxins and furans (PBCD/F): tested for 17, found 11

Pollutants, by-products of PVC production, industrial bleaching, and incineration. Cause cancer in humans. Persist for decades in the environment. Very toxic to developing endocrine (hormone) system.

Organochlorine pesticides (OCs): tested for 28, found 21

DDT, chlordane and other pesticides. Largely banned in the US. Persist for decades in the environment. Accumulate up the food chain, to man. Cause cancer and numerous reproductive defects.

Polybrominated diphenyl ethers (PBDEs): tested for 46, found 32

Flame retardant in furniture foam, computers, and televisions. Accumulates in the food chain and human tissues. Adversely affects brain development and the thyroid.

Polychlorinated Naphthalenes (PCNs): tested for 70, found 50

Wood preservatives, varnishes, machine lubricating oils; waste incineration. Common PCB contaminant. Contaminate the food chain. Cause liver and kidney damage.

Polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs): tested for 209, found 147

Industrial insulators and lubricants. Banned in the U.S. in 1976. Persist for decades in the environment. Accumulate up the food chain, to man. Cause cancer and nervous system problems.

Chemical exposures in the womb or during infancy can be dramatically more harmful than exposures later in life. Substantial scientific evidence demonstrates that children face amplified risks from their body burden of pollution; the findings are particularly strong for many of the chemicals found in this study, including mercury, PCBs and dioxins. Children's vulnerability derives from both rapid development and incomplete defense systems:

A developing child's chemical exposures are greater pound-for-pound than those of adults. An immature, porous blood-brain barrier allows greater chemical exposures to the developing brain. Children have lower levels of some chemical-binding proteins, allowing more of a chemical to reach "target organs."

A baby's organs and systems are rapidly developing, and thus are often more vulnerable to damage from chemical exposure. Systems that detoxify and excrete industrial chemicals are not fully developed. The longer future life span of a child compared to an adult allows more time for adverse effects to arise.

The ten children in this study were chosen randomly, from among 2004's summer season of live births from mothers in Red Cross' volunteer, national cord blood collection program. They were not chosen because their parents work in the chemical industry or because they were known to bear problems from chemical exposures in the womb. Nevertheless, each baby was born polluted with a broad array of contaminants.

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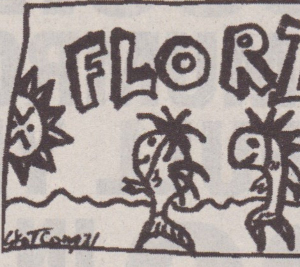
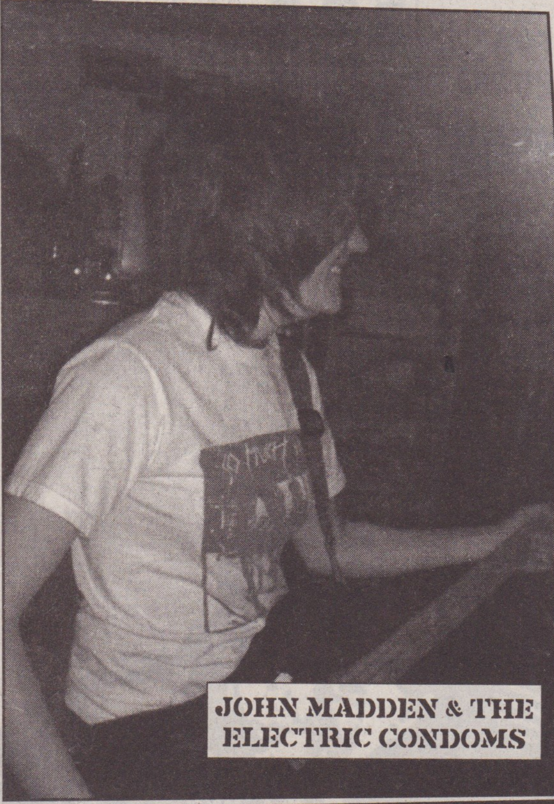



JOHN MADDEN & THE ELECTRIC CONDOMS

Hello, everyone. Florida is a pretty big state with various forms of punk rock/hardcore existing from coast to coast-from the Panhandle to the Keys. Frankly, I can't keep up with it all. Who could? But, here's what I know. If there's something important that I left out, please let me know and I will include it in a future report.

We'll start over on the East Coast, up in Daytona Beach, where my pal Billy Regar has been putting on reliable, all-ages shows for the past several years. Billy has access to a few different venues, including a Plummer's union hall that he gets to use free in exchange for mowing their lawn. Yeah, Billy has his own lawn service company called "Straightedge Cuts." I'm not kidding.

Billy has done shows for TEAR IT UP, AMDÉ PETERSEN'S ARME, ANNIHILATION TIME, and lots more. Billy and the Daytona crowd tend to favor straightedge/youth crew/metalcore bands but are open minded and will respectfully check out many subgenres of this thing we call punk. After checking out a few shows in Daytona myself, I can guarantee you a good time. These kids know how to have fun. Billy is a busy guy and might not respond to every booking inquiry, but you can try him at xdropmudx@hotmail.com. He also maintains the Daytona Hardcore web page, featuring local show listings, so you might be able to contact him through it.

Down in Miami, crazy old Roach promotes shows and runs sound at Church Hill's in the Little Haiti district. He's recently done shows for ANGRY SAMOANS and MDC. He also plays drums in SOUND FOR SOUND with Adel, who was in TIMESCAPE ZERO back in the 1990s. In contrast to Daytona, Miami is a party town. I've been to tons of shows in Miami over the years and I've always had a good time there—even though I am straightedge. Contact Roach (real name: Glen Thor Larsen) at: record@rocknroch.com or (305) 510-9325.

NO SUBSTANCE

The only record store I know of in Miami that's worth checking out is Blue Note. This place carries a little of everything and every now and then, you can find a treasure or two. Last time I was there, I found a sealed copy of the F-WORD LP on Posh Boy for about $7. Blue Note is run by Leslie Wimmer, who was a big part of Florida's legendary Open Records back in the 1980s.

Open was the best record store in the state for indie/punk/hardcore stuff in its heyday. I remember seeing a display of EAT singles sitting on the counter. I think they were $2.99 each. That was twenty years ago. Open Records also had a record label to spotlight local talent, like CHARLIE PICKETT AND THE EGGS, and released the seminal compilation LP, *The*

Land That Time Forgot. Leslie tells me that she still has a bunch of sealed copies of the comp. Every once in a while she brings a few to Blue Note. A friend of mine picked up one for something like $8 not too long ago. Check them out at 16401 N.E. 15th Ave, Miami Beach, FL 33162 or call (305) 940-3394. I think they sell on eBay, too.

I left south Florida in 1995 to move to Brandon, which is pretty much an extension of Tampa. Brandon is where I run Sound Idea Distribution (mailorder and wholesale) and the Sound Idea store. The store is a general meeting place for punks. At pretty much any given time I have a couple of them sitting on my couch or on the bench outside.

Local bands play at the store almost every Saturday night and touring bands play every now and then. Over the years, we've done shows for PORK DUKES, RATTUS, DS-13, VITAMIN X, VOORHEES, MUNICIPAL WASTE, HOLIER THAN THOU?, RUNNAMUCKS, FUN PEOPLE, DEATHBAG, NO FUCKER, BREAD AND WATER, REASON OF INSANITY, MDC, and lots more. (MDC's Dave Dictor was really happy to see that we have a recycling bin right outside of the venue.) If you don't know who any of those bands are, please don't ask me for a show. I have no interest in booking emo, metalcore, ska, acoustic barf, etc.

Shows at Sound Idea are all ages and are strictly no alcohol/no drugs. Unfortunately, not everyone can respect this policy and we've had to ask a few people to leave and not come back. Some people think, "It ain't punk without booze." Great, go *be punk* somewhere else, like maybe an AA meeting. All I know is that we've been doing all ages shows here for more than ten years with very few problems, which I attribute to the lack of fuck ups.

If you want to drink at a punk show, I suggest going to the Brass Mug (813-972-8152) or the Pegasus Lounge (813-971-1679). Both of these are bars in Tampa that encourage you to drink, so go nuts. And both places have excellent sound systems and are used to working with punk/hardcore bands.

The Brass Mug has done shows for DRI, FEAR, and SLOPPY SECONDS. Bring a blank tape and get a good soundboard recording. The Pegasus is where I put on a SKITSYSTEM show because they wanted a stronger PA and because I didn't want to put up with drunken crusties at my store.

RACE FOR HUMANITY

RACE FOR HUMANITY

The record store is also headquarters for Burn Brandon, a collectively-run record label and zine. We have put out 15 issues of *Burn Brandon* and have released two seven-inches, a compilation CD and a compilation LP—all of local bands. Benefit shows and donations completely finance *Burn Brandon*. All zines and records are given away, never sold. Free records and zines, by the kids, for the kids.

We are currently working on issue #16 of the zine and soon will vote on what will be the label's fifth release. We've found that we can make about 200 copies of the zine with a single benefit show. And we can come up with the cash to do 500 seven-inches with maybe four or five shows. It is a really simple concept and I hope that it catches on in other places. If you would like more info on how Burn Brandon operates, please contact me.

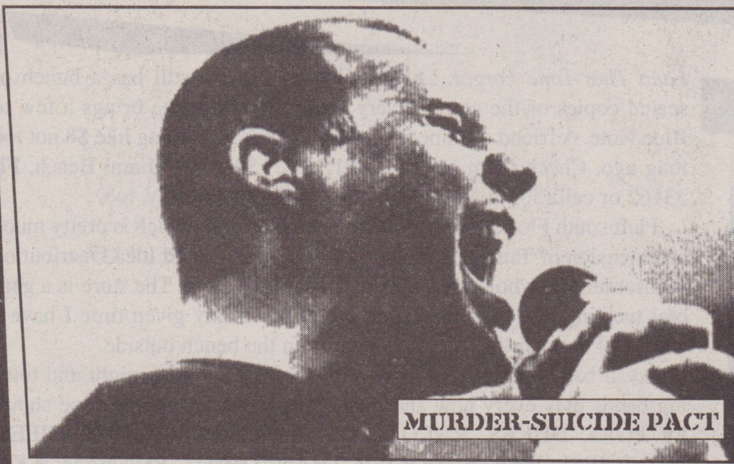
The Brandon area is home to a handful of cool, young bands. For example, the people in RACE FOR HUMANITY are in eighth and ninth grade! But these kids totally rip, especially their psycho singer, Zebra. After their first show, "Zebra Is God" graffiti somehow appeared in the bathroom of Waffle House.

BAD EATING HABITS are also high school kids who play high energy thrash. Their singer Dan really goes nuts. They should have a self-released split seven-inch with REASON OF INSANITY out any day now. They earned the money to put out the record from a few local shows and t-shirt sales.

THE SONAGRAMS are a really sloppy but fun band. Their hit song is called "Angry Dad." Actual lyrics include, but are not limited to: "Angry dad, he's my dad, angry dad, he's so mad."

SMALL TALK DEATH is another thrashy band. Actually it might be more accurate to call them powerviolence, as they worship SPAZZ.

JOHN MADDEN & THE ELECTRIC CONDOMS


MURDER-SUICIDE PACT

MACHETE ATTACK will be making a seven-inch soon. These guys have a mix of old school hardcore, like DAY GLOW ABORTIONS and newer thrash.

My old band MURDER-SUICIDE PACT broke up (for good this time) in March 2005. I'm staying busy playing drums in three bands and bass in another. My drumming bands are NO SUBSTANCE, JOHN MADDEN AND THE ELECTRIC CONDOMS, and a DOA tribute band called FUCKED UP BABY. The band I play bass for is GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT—quick, simple hardcore with a female singer.

Female involvement in our scene is still not what it should be, but we now have four bands with female members and I have noticed quite a few getting into photography, video-taping, and screen printing. May 21, 2005 was Female Bass Player Night at Sound Idea with NO SUBSTANCE, JOHN MADDEN AND THE ELECTRIC CONDOMS, and RACE FOR HUMANITY.

Brandon's best-loved band is THE RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS. THE DEERHUNTERS have been rocking since 1996 and are still playing the same basic, three-chord punk style.

THE DEERHUNTERS received a heavy blow in 2003 when founding member, main songwriter, vocalist/guitarist Frank Vagnozzi died in his sleep. Bandmates Tony and Scott grew up with Frank and had been best friends for almost thirty years. They've decided to keep the band going because Frank would have wanted it that way.

Shortly after Frank died, his brother-in-law and sister called me up with a fantastic idea. They wanted to start a charity organization in Frank's name to benefit upcoming, deserving musicians. They very generously started the ball rolling with a $1,000 donation and laid the groundwork for the Frank Vagnozzi Music Foundation.

Here's how it works: the foundation is headed by me and the three surviving members of THE RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS. Our job is to raise money and decide who gets it. So far, we have raised nearly $4,000 through benefit shows, donations and a garage sale. If a local band wants money to record their music or buy some new gear, all they have to do is ask us and we weigh the merits. Three out of four of us must agree on the project to grant the money.

The first project funded by the FVMF was, appropriately, a RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS CD featuring all of the early recordings with Frank. The band and I are selling these CDs and giving the money back to the foundation. We've sold a couple of hundred by now. You can get one from me for $6 in the USA or $10 if you are outside of the USA.

The next project, and the most important, was the purchase of a 16-track digital recording system. We call it the Frank Vagnozzi Recording Studio and it is housed at the record store. Local bands may use the studio at a modest rate of seven dollars an hour, with all proceeds going back into the foundation.

In the very near future, the FVMF will finance the release of a seven-inch by MACHETE ATTACK. And, of course, all sales will go back in the pot.

Yeah, this is a really long scene report and most of it is about my where I live and my friends, but I am really proud of what we've achieved in this bedroom community through cooperation and organization. It is not a utopia, but I think what we have is pretty cool. It would be great to see something like Burn Brandon and the Frank Vagnozzi Music Foundation spring up in some other areas. Once again, if you need any info about how to get started, contact me and I'll tell you everything I know.

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CONTRA COSTA COUNTY

Northern
California

Welcome to my neighborhood, Walnut Creek, Pleasant Hill, Concord, and surrounding flat cities located on the other side of the Caldacott Tunnel (Hwy. 24) that separates the hills of Berkeley/Oakland and the rest of the East Bay. It's just a fifteen plus mile ride from outside SF on the Pittsburgh/Bay Point BART. Some people might say it's a bit boring but it's got some charm. Being a semi-retired punk rocker/zine writer the warmer inland valley weather pattern suits my personality after commuting to SF during the work-week.

Pleasant Hill/Concord, California basically has everything you need to lead a nice quiet punk rock retired life. The most revolutionary thing about the music scene in this town is the high school run 90.5 KVHS radio station, also broadcasting on the web (www.kvhs.com). The play list runs a little right out of Hollister clothing or something but it's got a lot of personality. For the most part the students aren't "DJs" in the typical sense of the word. They are more in charge of creating the playlist, "bumpers," and PSAs. There are a couple specialty shows including one focusing on local music, but somehow I only tune in to the Goth Friday and metal Thursday night shows.

What's there to do for fun? Sometimes you got to make your own fun. One highlight of breaking up the midweek monotony this past April was going to gawk at the aged hippies at the local Barnes and Noble bookstore, in the Walnut Creek Mall, who lined up to meet Phil Lesh of the Grateful Dead. Being a new resident of Northern California I felt it was my duty to fully gawk. The closest I ever got to being a fan of the Dead was watching the Jerry Garcia probate trial on *Court TV*. Lesh's testimony was brilliant, or maybe I've been responsible for dating (eating) a couple quarts of Cherry Garcia (even though I am a bigger Chunky Monkey fan).

Have you ever felt like you walked into a different time? I've stepped back into punk rock circa 1985 pre-Nirvana and pre-East Bay sensations Green Day, back to a time when the Dead Kennedys ruled the local scene. In the last two years at a local bar here in Concord called Bourbon Street (2765 Clayton Road), DOA and my favorite old school punk band of all time, Channel 3, played together. Even the Dickies have been through twice this year. Other bands that have come by include the Misfits with Dez and Marky Ramone, and another personal fav, Death Angel. Being sXe hanging out in bars isn't a fun thing but for an early Friday night show with the Dickies, local East Bay bands DYNAMITE 8 (www.dynamite8.com) and DEAD END put on a pretty good show. In order for me to lay down ten bucks on a show, I must really have to like the band. It's an eight dollar round trip BART ride into the SF so the cover charge looked like a bargain.

I started this scene report not knowing what to expect, but driving around up to Martinez just north of Concord I passed the city Pacheco where Smiling Politely Productions puts on all ages concerts. I happened to pick up a flyer for an upcoming concert at the local community center featuring INTERPRET THIS, HOURS WORTH WASTING, KID MOE, AZREAL, SFM, FIST TO LEAVE. I haven't checked out web pages for all these bands but so far after looking at Myspace.com I've found some cool bands to check out. (myspace.com/allheroesdie, www.smilingpolitely.net, www.interpretthis.tk, www.sfmband.com, myspace.com/azraelrock, myspace.com/firsttoleave, www.kidmoe.net) It's pretty funny to see who's around hanging out at the same record shops you visit.

DEAD END

Cool places to hang out with your friends and lovers. For the romantic date: Banyan Tree, 41 Woodsworth Lane, Pleasant Hill, serving the finest foods from Singapore, Thailand and India. For the regular weekend munchies I can't complain about a slice of cheese and pineapple pizza from Blondie's. After which walking next door to my favorite record store in the area is Rasputin's, 1035 Contra Costa Blvd., only because they have a cool $1.00 used vinyl section that is fun as heck to raid. It's just down the street from Diablo Valley Community College where you can find some students hanging out in the parking lot. The only place I've found to pick up *MRR* is at the Tower Records on Willow Pass Rd. near Route 242 on your way to Bourbon Street.

It's a good thing that I am a "semi-retired" punk rocker living in this area because the only discount movie tickets happen before 2 p.m. on the weekends and I think 4 p.m. during the week not that I'm ever around to see movies at this time. Other bands to check out: FULLER, which includes former KVHS DJ John Riccomi, (www.myspace.com/fuller), and one of his favorite bands, STIGMA 13. (www26.brinkster.com/stigma13psycho/home.html)

For me this summer is going to be spent riding my beach cruiser around town and definitely not checking out the Avril Lavigne show at the Concord Pavilion.

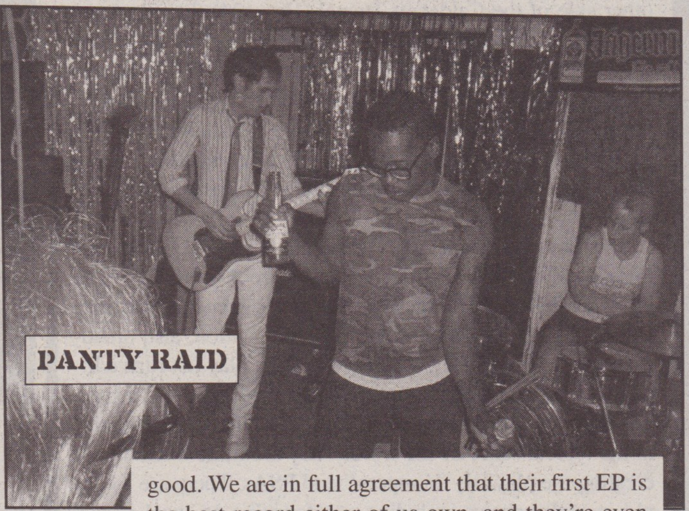
Don Irwin, has been Editor of Punk Life *fanzine since 1992, is a former record reviewer for* Punk Planet *magazine, a former Washington DC socio-political activist, and owner of Boogie the Cat.*

email: omdharma@hotmail.com

BAY AREA CALIFORNIA

Northern California

GIANT HAYSTACKS


PANTY RAID

We'd like to begin this scene report with the disclaimer that it is not a full, complete, or necessarily good scene report. In fact we can guarantee that many people working for *MRR* could write a better one, but sad fact is no one has written one for a long time. So we decided to take it upon ourselves to do so. We are not well connected to the scene here. In fact we don't know dick about the scene, but we do live in San Francisco and try to do cool stuff as much as possible. So here's the Bay Area as we see it.

Bands

In terms of bands in the scene, San Francisco is outside of time. Not only are there tons of new bands to see live, but there is a plethora of nearly forgotten first wave bands to explore as well. Some personal favorites of the first wave persuasion include THE MUTANTS, THE DILS, THE NUNS, CRIME, UXA, NEGATIVE TREND, TUXEDO MOON, THE AVENGERS, THE SLEEPERS. All are awesome and distinct, political and personal, and absurd enough not to take themselves too seriously. If you're looking for recordings, White Noise Records is a small label that redistributes a lot of these early bands. If you want more information on the bands themselves, just pursue the issues of *Search and Destroy*, which has been reprinted by Re/Search publications. The punk scene in the Bay Area has remained strong to this day and we are currently flooded with astounding bands here. The following is a list of some of our favorite bands.

THIS IS MY FIST! is hands down our favorite band—they're so good. We are in full agreement that their first EP is the best record either of us own, and they're even better live. Whether at a show or in your room THIS IS MY FIST! mosh pits are the best mosh pits. They play the Bay Area fairly often these days and will be recording a full length this summer.

50 MILLION is another great band and *Bust the Action* is one of the best LPs ever. They rarely play shows these days, but when they do they are out of control. Their die-hard fans rush the stage before the song even reaches its chorus (which is weird with songs like "Carpet Technician"). By the second number the insanity has transformed itself into a mass singalong. 50 MILLION will be releasing two CDs this summer: a vinyl discography and a four-song EP. The discography will include both sides of a never before released HICKEY/50 MILLION split which is claimed to be some of the best material either band wrote. They will be touring this summer and playing three Bay Area shows before recording a new LP.

ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT contains two of our favorite musicians: Ivy and Erick (a.k.a. Iggy Scam). Everything these two touch is genius and this band is no exception. Their EP on Left Off the Dial is amazing. I'm not sure what their status is because I think some band members are not currently living in the Bay Area or something. I saw them play a surprise show last January and it was so good I almost cried. For what it's worth I think Ivy is the best singer ever. My own personal heaven would have a never ending cup of coffee in one hand, a never ending beer in the

BORN/DEAD

BORN/DEAD

(PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY LARRY WOLFLEY)

other, and Ivy's band would be playing every night...hmm, perhaps I've said too much.

FULL MOON PARTISANS make it impossible to stand still at one of their shows. Their music induces movement. The mix of guitar, bass, and drums with haunting off kilter harmonies, gypsy-esque accordion, washboard percussions and the best use of aluminum siding as an instrument ever is sure to alter your mental state.

STRIPMALL SEIZURES is sheer mayhem carnival music on crack. The lead singer, Judy, transcends the physical plane and becomes pure force. And Brock, the keyboard player...man, all I can say is that he plays his instrument with his *forehead*.

BORN/DEAD is possibly the best hardcore band in the Bay Area right now, which says a lot. Well, ESKAPO might be better. Tough call. They may have to *ro-sham-bo* for the title—best out of three. Anyway, they're very political, very fast, and very good live. They hit all the bases. Thanks BORN/DEAD.

ESKAPO is out of control. Several of the members are Filipino and their songs, which are screamed in English and Tagalog, encompass a wide range of world issues. Every time I hear them play "Manila Sunrise," I can't explain what happens, but I shudder. Damn, they can write a good song.

DIRTY DIRTY makes me giggle just thinking about them as they are so much fun. Fast, catchy punk rock that will get anyone's ass shaking. When they come to your hometown don't forget to bring your dancing shoes—you'll need 'em. Last time we

BRANOIL

PHOTO BY LARRY WOLFLEY

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH

ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT

saw these guys all our friends and us drew mustaches on our fingers and pressed them up against our upper lip to pretend as though we in fact had mustaches. While riding piggyback on each other we were yelling "*Mustache*" as loud as we could. DIRTY DIRTY pretended to think we were weird but you could tell they thought we were cool.

KUNG FU USA is a three-piece band with the tall guy from 50 MILLION. They are a more conventional punk version of 50 MILLION. Less experimental, more straightforward, but still with that 50 MILLION style that makes my heart go pitter-patter.

DEADFALL reminds me why I love hardcore bands that have good political lyrical content, yet don't take themselves too seriously. These guys are obviously having fun while they play, especially their drummer. Bands are just more fun to dance to when it looks like the band members enjoy playing music.

Other local bands that are among our favorites (note: there are too many good bands to name them all here): LOVE SONGS, SHOTWELL, STRUNG UP, STFU, SHELLSHAG, THE FLESHIES, SHAT, VOETSEK, BLOWN TO BITS, ONION FLAVORED RINGS, UZI SUICIDE, HOSTILE TAKEOVER, LA PLEBE, SHITSTORM, BLACK MARKET BOMBS, and MINORXSECTION.

Venues

Up until a few months ago the Balazo was a venue/gallery run out of a the second story of a three-bedroom apartment. It was awesome, but the room with the stage was real

STRIPMALL SEIZURES

LI'L RUNT

ACTS OF SEDITION

small. They just moved into an incredible new spot on 18th and Mission that used to be a cafeteria of some sort. The room with the stage, which used to be a kitchen, is much larger, about the size of the former Mission Records stage area. There is also now plenty of space for the art to be properly displayed, which gives the gallery aspect of the club an air of legitimacy that the old Balazo spot didn't have. Perhaps a piece or two might sell now and the artist who created it may eat for a while. The old spot did have a certain hole-in-the-wall charm, which is gone now, but I think the relocation is better for everyone.

Warm Water Cove is a spot where we often throw afternoon generator shows. It's a little park right on the coast of the Bay. It's probably built on a nuclear waste dump or something. Shows are always free and there are lots of abandoned warehouses to explore around there. There's even one with a rope swing.

24th Street BART Station is another good place for generator shows. If you can out-perform the religious wackos screaming into a bullhorn your band should do all right. A few years ago the cops used to fuck with punk shows real bad and it made it so it was real hard to throw a show at a venue. In response bands just set up generators and played in public. The 24th street BART stop is my favorite but bands would play at all sorts of public transportation hubs.

Mission Records is no longer with us—RIP.

Every body knows the Gilman St. story—A great punk club in Berkeley which been around forever. (Check out the book *924 Gilman: The Story So Far* by Brian Edge if you haven't yet.)

The Pound is a little shack of a venue located on the docks of the Bayview. It looks like it used to be an old fishermen's bar or something. It's really out of the way and there is nothing around but a post office building and the bay. They book stuff that leans more towards metal stuff, but a lot of touring hardcore acts come through there.

Everywhere else: There are several other good show spaces out in the East Bay like Burnt Ramen and the Hazmat House, but in San Francisco there are a buttload of other venues and none of them are even worth mentioning because they have some sort of a bullshit age requirement. 21+ clubs just plain suck.

Record Stores

The record store situation in San Francisco has been bleak since the closing of Mission Records a little while back. We are down to two decent record stores, both of which are devoid of an appropriate local section. There is Amoeba records on Haight Street, which is this enormous warehouse of a record store. It used to be a multi-lane bowling alley. You can find all the big name punk releases there, but it falls short of covering underground and local stuff. They do have a good used record bin since most punks sell their records to Amoeba. There is also Aquarius on 20th and Valencia. Their selection isn't great but they make a point of having a good amount of punk rock. I feel better about supporting them when I have the money to buy a record. Hopefully not too long after this issue prints, the non-profit, community record store us and our friends are organizing will open. Perhaps that will finally replace the void in my heart that Mission Records left.

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH

ICKY GIRLFRIENDS

Literature Stores

Needles and Pens is a store front—the size of a closet—that is the best place to go to for finding zines and underground publications in the city. San Francisco produces a lot of great zines and Needles and Pens carries them. I think they carry some stuff on consignment, so any John Q. Zine can bring their shitty zine in there and idiots like me will read and buy them. They also sell patches and pins and other similar items.

Bound Together Books is San Francisco's premier anarchist bookstore and infoshop. It's really cool. This is where you should go if you're looking for good, honest, political literature. They also have a lot of underground political zines from around the globe.

The SF Public Library, near the Civic Center BART station, has a ton of awesome books and it's always free. What a sweet deal.

Scenesters of Interest

The Poptarts—a.k.a. MINOR SECTION, a.k.a. the BART girls, a.k.a. those girls that are at every fucking show. This group of ladies goes to about every good show in the Bay Area and have been doing so since they were thirteen or fourteen back in the Mission Records days. They are all about the same size (tiny) and it's really scary when they all come running at you after pouring out of a mini van. They are, however, really awesome. They don't call themselves the "Poptarts," that's just a name Zoë started calling them when we first noticed them drinking 40s out of their Ninja Turtle backpacks. Three of them now play in a band called MINOR SECTION—expect great things.

Debauchery—I've only met once at a party and he told me there are 502 bands in the Bay Area that one should be listening to right now. He has a flyer in his pocket for every current show and I guess he promotes a good portion of the bands in the city. And, he once gave my boyfriend $20 when he was spare changing and that's just cool.

Cooper Quintin—is a former resident of the Abyss, the hole, and most recently Fred's couch. He is 5'11", brown mohawk, brown eyes, politically active, and in touch with his feminine side. He just wants to be loved. If this charming package seems half as good as it really is, just contact MRR and tell them that you want to love Cooper Quintin. We're sure someone there knows how to get a hold of him.

Taquerias

So there is this dorky dispute with in our group of friends over which Taqueria is better: El Farolito or Taqueria Cancun. I think El Faralito is better and Zoë, who is wrong, thinks Cancun is better. We've had many o' debate, weighing the merits of each, and making point and counterpoints. But somehow these well-meaning discussions always devolve into simply shaking our fists and exclaiming "Cancuuuuuuuun" or "El Farrrrrrralito" in a treating manner. We've agreed to disagree. Here are our dissenting views. We'll let *you* be the judge.

El Farolito is the best Mexican food San Francisco has to offer, no wait, the best food the world has to offer. This place is so good HICKEY wrote a song about them. Their *Super Quesadilla Suiza* is so orgasmic I've reserved it for special occasions (birthdays, new job, etc.). Their verde salsa is tops in its class and they make crazy-good vegan nachos for all you cruelty free folks.

Taqueria Cancun is the best Mexican food San Francisco has to offer. No wait, the best food the universe has to offer. So good that no one can write a song that could possibly do it justice. They wrap delightfully huge burritos for vegetarians and carnivores alike, their grilled onions are a mouth watering, breath stinking good-time, and their salsa verde is 10,000,000 times better than El Farolito's. Period. Check and Mate. —By Zöe and Fred

There's more! Like I've said before—ICKY GIRLFRIENDS—see 'em before it's too late. Their demo will give you a headache and make you laugh. LI'L RUNT features ex-members of BLATZ and the SIX-PACK FOUR and will have an EP out on Left Off the Dial soon. Has PANTY RAID broken up? We will be sad if so—did no one notice their transition from obnoxious, snotty punk to catchy, snotty power-pop? Speaking of power-pop, Rich Bucher (SOUP, SWEET BABY JESUS, JUKE) is back! TOP TEN is pure *Power Pearls* and features Rich on bass and none other than Tina Boom-Boom on vox. UP THE VOLTAGE is a killer basement band that may be playing your home town this month. ACTS OF SEDITION is the best HC band I've heard come out of the Bay Area in quite a while. They have no problems getting gigs at Gilman 'cause they all work there! (I thought they should be called GILM INSECURITY. Okay, that was bad.) Most of these bands will be on my uppcoming comp tape tentantively called *Bay Area Thrashfuck Decimation*. Just kidding. Someone should make up a good name for me. Peace out. —Paul

STRUNG UP

P.S. Check out Streetlight and Force of Habit record stores for vinyl.

P.P.S. Cancun rules the taqueria universe!

Call me a control freak, but I can't let this chance go by without mentioning a few of my favorite Bay Area bands. First off, there's LOOK BACK AND LAUGH, arguably the best hardcore band going these days. They have a new LP out on Lengua Armada (now also Bay Area-based) of incredibly angry, intense hardcore, which is my early pick for record of the year. LOOK BACK AND LAUGH members are also doing time in a band called WAR ALL THE TIME; I think that a recording from that band is on the way. Then there's STRUNG UP, who is another vicious, excellent hardcore band. Their LP is a house favorite around these parts. DESOLATION had to cancel their East Coast tour, but will have a new LP of dark, metallic hardcore out on Prank records fairly soon. There are many other hardcore and punk bands in the Bay Area: SCURVY DOGS, JOHN THE BAKER AND THE MALNOURISHED, BEST PALS, FUTURE ADULTS, STFU, DEATH BY EXCESS, BRAINOIL, DEATHTOLL, CASE OF EMERGENCY, FUNERAL SHOCK, DOPPELGANGER, SMIRK, RADIO REELERS, JESUS FUCKING CHRIST (who has a great new demo out), and loads more.

Oh, and of course, who could forget the beloved and inimitable GIANT HAYSTACKS, the Bay Area's own SST Records lovin' econo punkers. Check out their self-released LP *Blunt Instrument*—it's great!

I'm sure we're forgetting stuff, but hey, we're only human. Now go write your own scene report! —Golnar

WE WANT THE AIRWAVES

Corporate consolidation and greed don't have to be the final words on the matter of media. There are people all over the world taking back the airwaves for DIY punk and politics. If you are involved with DIY or punk radio, please send us your story!

Under the Pavement

MRR: What is Under the Pavement?
David: Under the Pavement is a radical alternative radio show broadcast fortnightly on ALL FM 96.9 a community radio station in south Manchester, England fronted by three vegan anarchists! As well as regular guests/interviews it features a fortnightly news round up, in association with Indymedia, a Campaigning What's On Guide with Manchester's Networking Newsletter project plus reviews and an alternative/ DIY/ punk gig guide.

Kazzan: Maybe the show should be seen as a resource for the radically minded, with some music and a bit of chat. We don't take ourselves too seriously.

MRR: Is it a punk show?
David: Not really... we just try and play a lot of thought provoking music. The focus is on the lyrics and attitude rather than a particular musical style though. Having said that we do play a lot of loud punk rock! The way I got into radical ideas was through anarchist punk bands like Crass, Conflict, Flux of Pink Indians, Chumbawamba, Zounds and MDC in the late-70s/early-80s. We play a lot of that on the show. Plus we've had an interview with Gee Vaucher who did the artwork for Crass, and Boff and Alice from Chumbawamba were "guest DJs" on the show picking out their favourite songs. Hopefully in April we'll be interviewing Conflict. But the great thing about the show is that I am finding out about lots of bands and singers such as Submission Hold, Gertrude, Ember Swift, Le Tigre, David Rovics and Robb Johnson…

Kazzan**:** Yeah, it's more the voices of resistance that we're interested in, which is why you'll hear traditional and contemporary folk music alongside Palestinian sounds, alongside AntiManiax and Jello Biafra. If people go to the website and checkout the playlists from previous shows, they'll see where we're coming from.

MRR: What does the name mean?
David: It was thought up by Loukas, who was initially involved in the show. It's taken from that Parisian situationist slogan: "sous le pave, la plage" which I guess roughly translates as under the pavement, the beach. I think it sounds good and sums up the underground/political feel of the show...

MRR: How long has the show been going? How did you get involved?
David**:** Two of us originally started the show back in July 2002 broadcasting every four weeks. Since then lots of people have been involved and we're now on every fortnight (Mondays 9:00 p.m.-11:00 p.m.)

How did I get involved? Well I had never thought of presenting a radio show. I was working at a community centre and someone from ALL FM asked if I would like to do a show about the centre. At the time the station only had a two-week license. Despite the nerves I enjoyed the experience, so when the station re-launched and got a longer license I helped present a couple of community shows for several months. I then came up with the idea of doing something more personal and political. The station agreed and Under the Pavement was born.

Kazzan: I'd always listened to the show and got in touch about six months ago just to offer to help get the word around, but David and Spike suggested I get more involved on the show itself—and here I am.

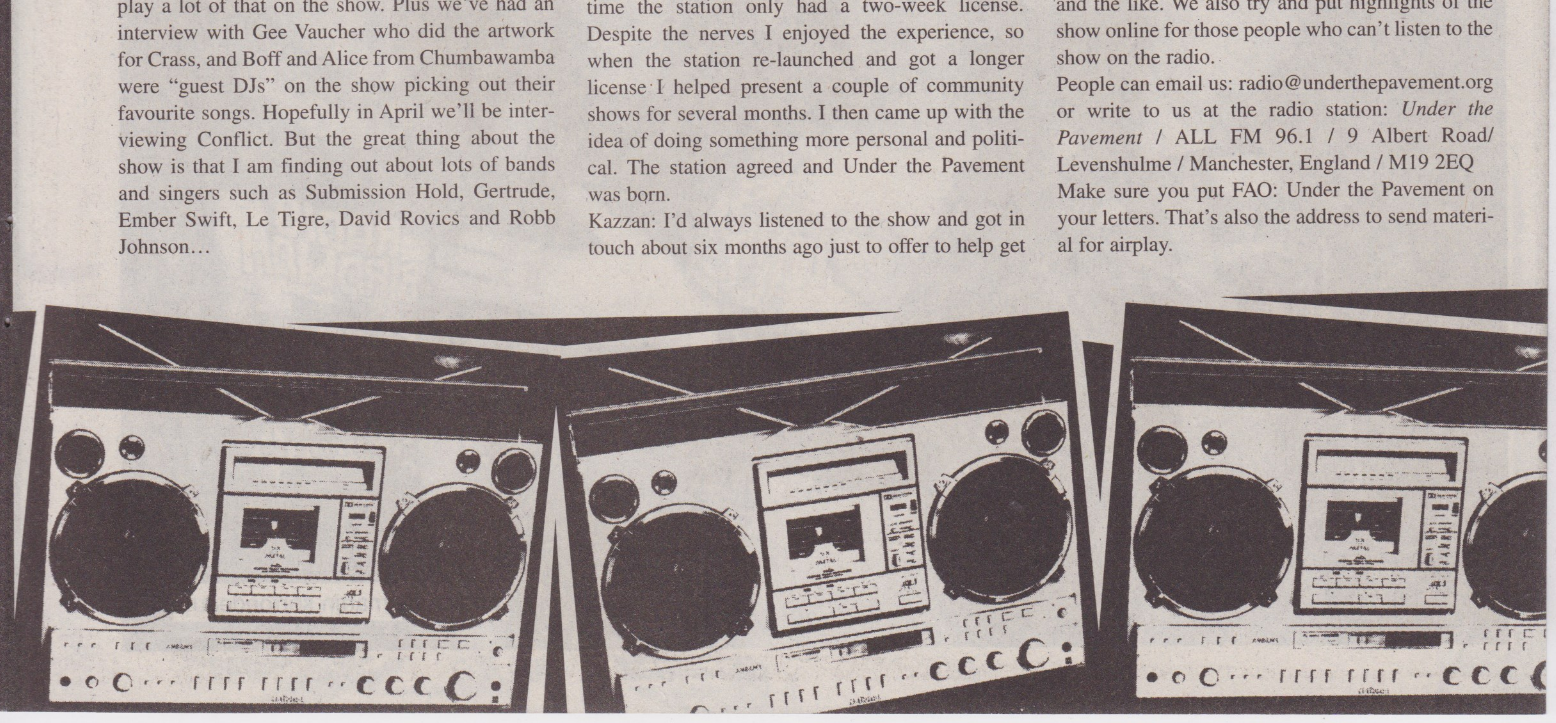
MRR: What is ALL FM?
David**:** It's a community radio station serving Ardwick, Longsight and Levenshulme three very diverse communities in south Manchester. Community radio is a new thing in Britain, so ALL FM is one of a small number of pilot projects across the UK.

MRR: What topics do you cover?
David: The idea is to get guests to do the talking. We're there as a platform for people's ideas. Though if you look at who we've had on you'll get a good idea of where we are coming from. In the last six months guests have talked about Peace Brigades International, gay rights, vegan organics, independent media, underground/activist video and films, anti-deportation campaigns, Palestine, anti-war, prisoner solidarity, cycling, radical book fairs, critical mass, anti-quarry campaigns, veganism, DIY gig promotion, and squatting

MRR: How can people get in touch?
David: The website is a good starting point: www.underthepavement.org. We put all the playlists on there and links to websites, free MP3s and the like. We also try and put highlights of the show online for those people who can't listen to the show on the radio.

People can email us: radio@underthepavement.org or write to us at the radio station: *Under the Pavement* / ALL FM 96.1 / 9 Albert Road/ Levenshulme / Manchester, England / M19 2EQ

Make sure you put FAO: Under the Pavement on your letters. That's also the address to send material for airplay.



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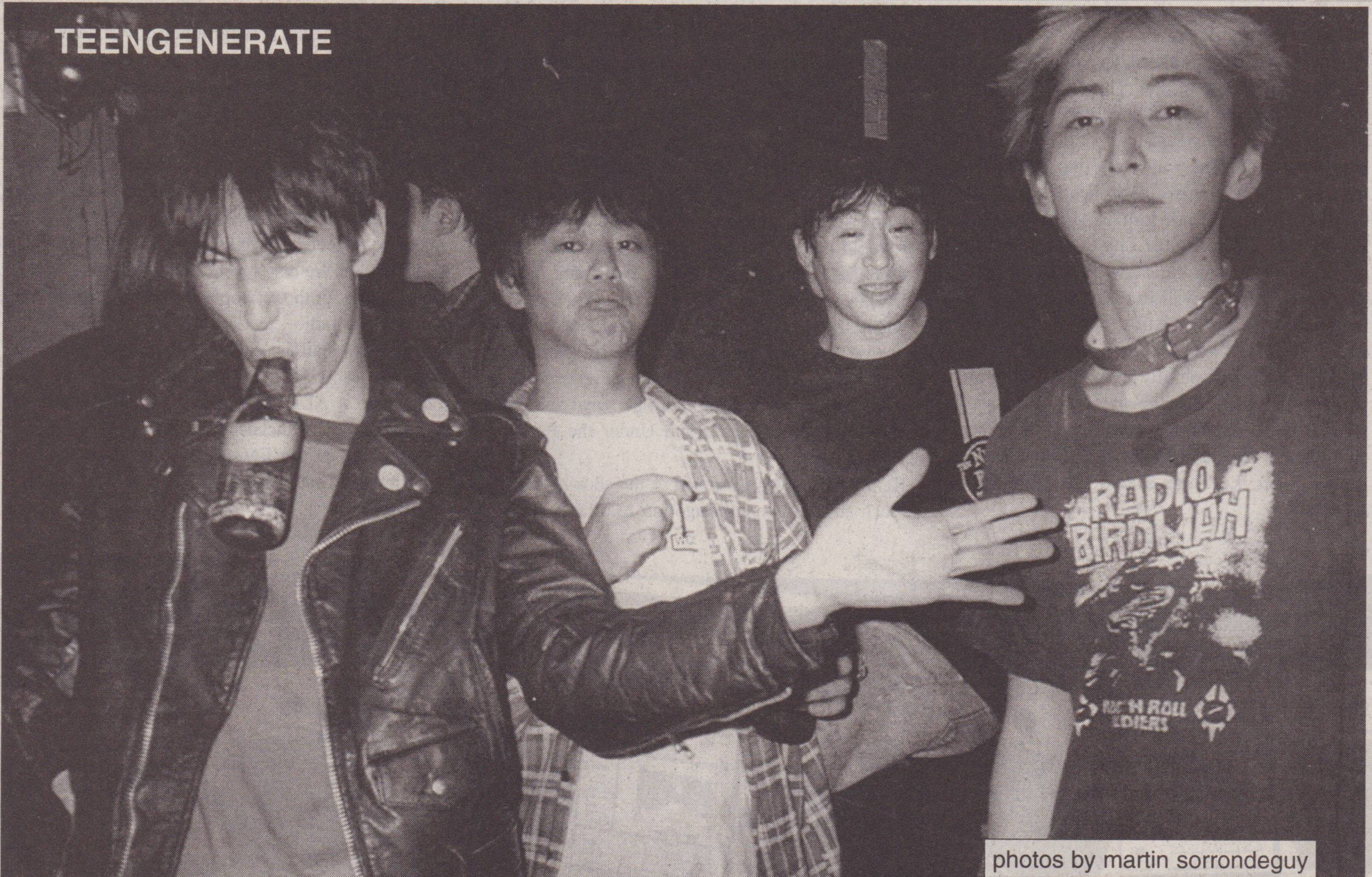
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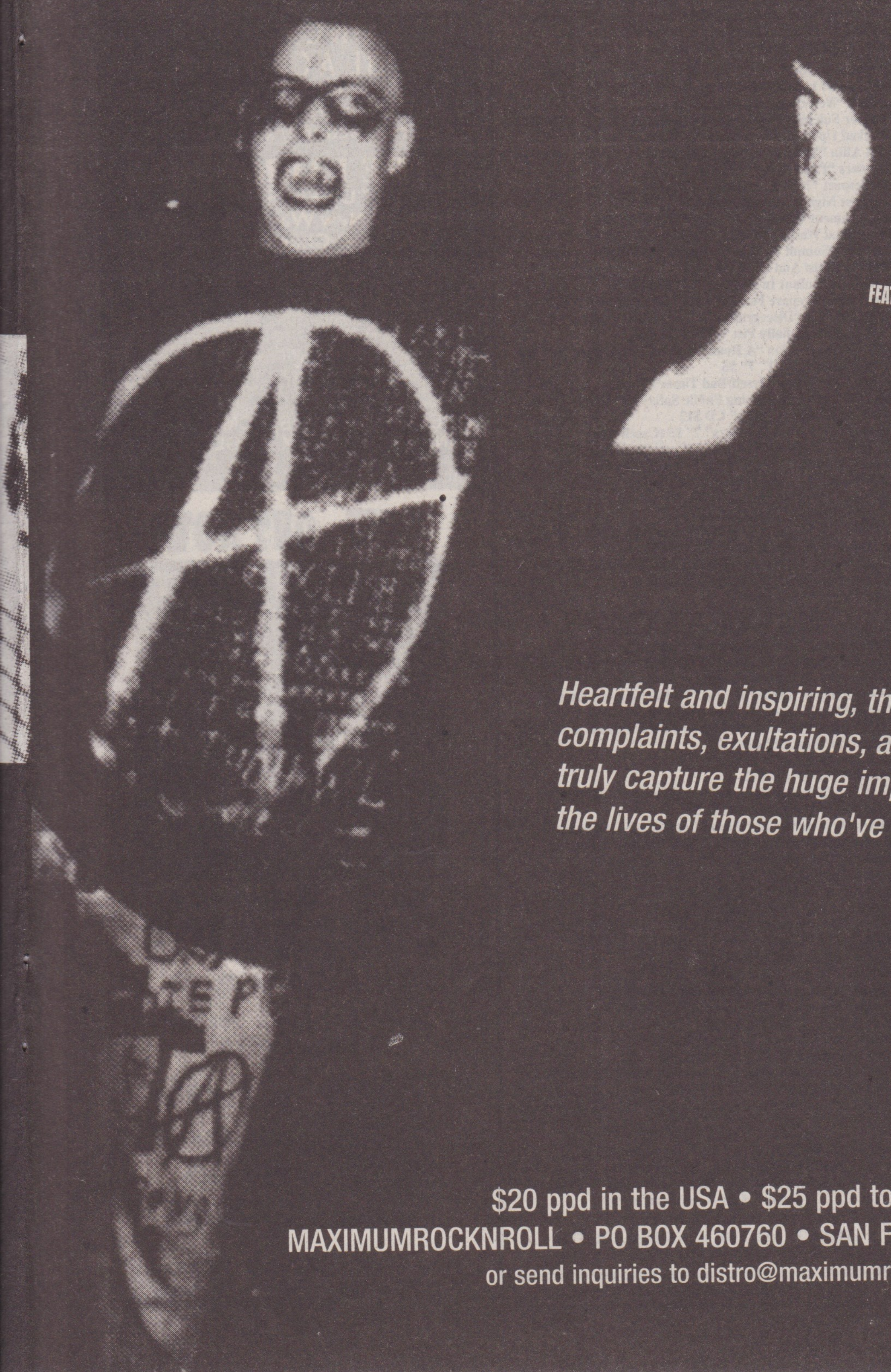

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4 Missoula @Edge of the World SK8S
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6 SaltLakeCity @Burt's Tiki Lounge
7 Denver @Lion's Lair w/Frontside 5
8 Ft.Collins @The Starlight
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23 JohnsonCity,TN @The Hideaway
24 WashingtonD.C. @666 House
25 Richmond,VA @The Nancy Raygun
29 NYC @The Cake Shop
30 Brooklyn @AutumnBowl
31 Newport,RI @Area Venue

August
1 Connecticut t.b.a.
2 Mass t.b.a.
3 Mass t.b.a.
4 RhodeIsland t.b.a.
6 Whitneyville,Maine @Robstock '05
7 Whitneyville,Maine @Robstock '05
8 Montreal,Quebec @t.b.a.
10 Kingston,ON @t.b.a.
11 Toronto,ON @t.b.a.
12 Rochester,NY @house party
13 Cleveland,OH @Lakewood Subs
14 Lansing,MI @ t.b.a.
16 DesMoines,IA @Vaudeville Mews
18 DesMoines,IA @Hairy Mary's
20 Denver,CO t.b.a.
22 NewMexico t.b.a.
23 Pheonix,AZ t.b.a.
24 Tucson,AZ t.b.a.
25 SoCal t.b.a.
26 San Francisco,CA @TheeParkside
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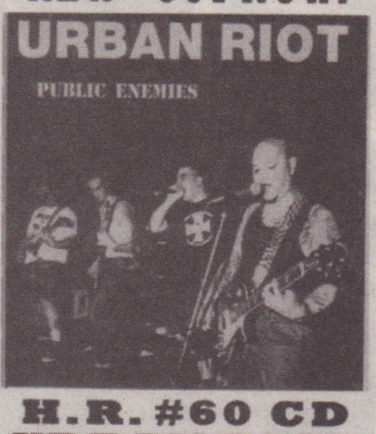

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SIGNAL LOST

With a lot of punx desperately trying to carve a place within pre-established niches, looks, and sounds, bands like Austin, Texas' Signal Lost are a breath of fresh air. Refusing to be tied down to any easy labels, Signal Lost plays a form of punk rock influenced by melodic hardcore and peace punk that is as much all their own as it is passionate and powerful. Extremely hard-working and frequently on the road, Signal Lost has already wowed audiences with their aggressive and energetic performances. They have an excellent LP, *Children of the Wasteland*, out on Prank Records, new material in the works, and will be on the road again this September with tourmates Hammer from Japan. Interview conducted by Peter O. in October 2004, on the cold ruins of West Philadelphia. Participants were Ashley (vox), Stan (guitar), and Chris (sticks). Photos by Jerry Milton.

MRR: So what is the history of the band so far?
Ashley: Well, we've been together for about a year and a half. Chris is our new drummer; we had someone else until the Philly Fest, and a different bass player on our demo. We have a pretty solid lineup right now, which is cool. It's Stan, Jasmine, Chris, and me, and I'm pretty happy with that. We have some creative differences, which gives us what we're creating right now.

MRR: So there's a tension in the band, but it's productive?
Ashley: Yeah, exactly.

MRR: What inspired you to form a band together?
Stan: When I first moved to Austin, I was playing with Chris, actually. Parts of those songs became Signal Lost songs. Then Chris left for a long tour, and I wanted to do another project. Ashley had never sung in a band before, but she expressed interest and I said, "OK, let's do it." So we learned an Avengers cover, and that was the first thing she sang on, just to try it out.

MRR: I'm really surprised that you had never sung in a band before.
Ashley: Well, I did choir in school! [*everyone laughs*] That was kind of the experimental thing going on in the band. Mark had never drummed, Lisa had never played bass, and I had never sung. That was kind of the initial idea, but things didn't work out in the long run.
Stan: Not because of that. I think it was more personal.
Ashley: Yeah, it was more personal stuff. But it's awesome, because I'm glad to be in a band with Stan. He's kind of my counterpart in music making, and I don't know if I could be in a band without him.
Stan: With Chris playing drums it's kind of gone full circle—a lot of the parts we began by playing together—which I think has really helped with the band's development.

> We're not always looked at the same way as a band with all males, like just whether we're good or bad. A lot of times it's looked at like, "Uhhhhh, she's got a tight shirt on." Just bullshit.

MRR: To me, you have a very unique sound, influenced by both peace punk and hardcore. What influences you when you write songs?
Stan: I've always listened to stuff like that, but coming from more of a hardcore background, I wanted to bring some of those peace punk elements into hardcore, to get away from a lot of the sounds that are popular right now by referencing older sounds with more melody.

MRR: I've never been to Austin, but it sounds like a pretty crazy place. Could you talk a bit about the scene and what's going on down there?
Ashley: I've lived there my whole life. I have to say, even though I tried to get away from there for a little while, it's a great scene. It's very united—everybody hangs out with everybody. After all the traveling I've done over the past year, I'll have to go ahead and say that Austin has one of the best punk scenes in the US. Everybody is cool, believes the same stuff, hangs out together, and goes to the same shows together.
Stan: There's a lot of variety. I don't feel like there are any divisions or cliques in Austin.
Ashley: It is an insane place and kids like to party, but everyone seems to have a pretty good head on their shoulders.
Chris: I think it's really strong right now, probably the strongest it's ever been. I moved there from Dallas back in 1995, and I didn't really hear about people doing shows. But it's been really cool as a scene, and it's so packed right now. There are so many great bands; it's definitely something to be proud of.

MRR: Especially since it's relatively isolated, geographically speaking.
Ashley: It is isolated, but not as much as other scenes might be in their own cities.
Chris: I actually like the way it's located geographically. As a band we can do a West Coast or an East Coast tour without being in the van for two weeks. We've also been down to Mexico, which was awesome.

MRR: I wanted to ask about Mexico, since it seems like a lot of bands from Texas and elsewhere have been able to tour there recently. How did that get set up, and what was it like to play Mexico?
Ashley: Basically, everyone pays a small amount to get on a charter bus where there's like 40 seats. It's usually a couple of bands from the U.S. and a couple bands from Mexico. We did our first one in January, it was a twelve-day tour, and that was actually our first experience working with Chris. It was awesome. Honestly, you don't get paid, you don't make money, but it's all about the experience. You're playing to huge crowds of kids, with multiple circle pits going on while you're playing. It's the most insane shit you'll ever experience—it's just awesome.
Stan: People are so appreciative.
Ashley: They are actually thankful for what you're doing.
Chris: You don't really even have to spend money since it's so cheap.
Stan: There is also food cooked for the bands at every show.
Ashley: The hospitality there is just incredible.
Chris: The back story on the whole setup is that there's a family—Fernando and his wife and daughter—who have a label called Reaccion. They put out records, and they also set up these tours. They're from Monterrey, but they used to live in Chicago, and Fernando used to play in a band called Youth Against Fascism and was a part of the Chicago scene.
Ashley: He does one of the most organized tours you could ever imagine. He totally has his shit together and has everything worked out.
Chris: Bands have gone through Mexico with other people, but he seems the most reliable to me.
Ashley: You all really feel like a family.

MRR: OK, this next question is for you in particular, Ashley. The band has a quite powerful female presence, something that's still rare in hardcore and punk these days. What have been your experiences, being the lead singer of the band and a woman?
Ashley: I wouldn't say that it's rare. But obviously the presence is noticed, because people write about it on message boards, talk about it, and that's what goes on fliers—you know,

Emo's
Austin
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“female vocals.” When we originally formed the band, I really liked the idea of there being another female in the band. I have to say that I've always listened to music made by women; I've always been a fan of female vocals and bands with females in them. It's been awesome having another woman in the band, and singing and doing everything that I really want to do, but it's kind of been a pain in the ass gossip-wise.

People can look at you and say, “Hey, this woman's doing something,” or, “These women are in a band,” and whether we have talent or not, they feel like they can say whatever they want. We're not always looked at the same way as a band with all males, like just whether we're good or bad. A lot of times it's looked at like, “Uhhhhh, she's got a tight shirt on.” Just bullshit.

Stan: They're not judged equally in terms of the music.

Ashley: Exactly. I definitely feel like there's a lot of growing up to do within the scene, that there's a lot of ignorant people. It's really sad to say, but it's true. You know, we've been around for how many years? There are still a lot of people with a lot to learn. I know I should expect people to say some stuff, like how I sometimes dress in a way that would attract some attention—but over the last year I've noticed there's been a lot of negative comments made towards myself, Jasmine, and the band. To say that the only reason we have been able to do the stuff we have done is because of our looks is a total load of shit, and a direct putdown to all the parties involved: every member of the band, Prank Records, anyone who has ever put us on a show, anyone who owns our record, etc.

MRR: It seems like a lot of your songs have a consistent theme of a younger, disillusioned generation rising up and overthrowing an older power structure.

Ashley: Definitely. Stan and I write a lot of the lyrics together, and I love working with him because we have a lot of the same thoughts. I definitely think there's a lot of hope, and if everyone really tries to open up their minds and really think about what's going on, they can start to stand up for what they think is right.

Stan: I hadn't really thought about it before, but the other day someone pointed out that most of the songs have a theme. The word “child” or “children” is in almost every song. I hadn't really planned it out that way, but looking back I wonder if there was something underlying it—maybe like Ashley said, a sense of hope.

Chris: Having joined the band after the LP and being able to look at the lyrics somewhat objectively, I think that we're not really offering any solutions, just a perspective. With the way the world is, there are a lot of issues and problems, but as a child growing up in it there are choices. There are situations that mold you, but at some point you still make your own choices, so maybe it's more about that. It's so easy to get sucked into the mainstream culture, but there are alternatives.

Ashley: Exactly. Being sucked into the mainstream culture, knowing what we believe in, and that there are other options—that's what a lot of our songs are about. I think that a lot of people don't even realize that there are alternatives. You don't have to be a Christian or a Republican who worships war, there is so much more out there.

> Being sucked into the mainstream culture, knowing what we believe in, and that there are other options—that's what a lot of our songs are about.

Stan: And I definitely don't think that things are black and white, either.

Chris: You don't have to be an overtly activist person, someone who spends all his or her life trying to change the world. Music can change people's minds; I don't know if it can change the world, but at least you can see that there are other people with the same ideas.

MRR: Do you think the resurgence of popularity and interest in punk, with so many new people becoming active, could become a part of that?

Chris: Well, it's like the ultimate catch-22, because you see so many mall-punk bands, which can be kind of annoying, but then again maybe some of them will get into other stuff.

Stan: Maybe they'll pick up on new stuff, and maybe they got into punk for more meaningful reasons. I mean, we all got into punk in a lot of different ways and through a lot of different bands, and you definitely grow the longer you're involved.

Chris: The first bands I listened to weren't completely DIY.

MRR: Right, because how do you get into those types of bands, DIY and underground bands, without looking around for something more?

Stan: So maybe that can be a stepping-stone for them.

MRR: So what are the plans for the band in the future?

Chris: I think the main thing is to write new songs. With my drumming, I think that we can definitely pursue different things.

Ashley: I'm definitely looking forward to writing more lyrics, and to writing another record. We have a 7" record in the works. It should be released within the next couple of months on Prank Records. Communichaos Records will be probably be doing the European release. We'll be hitting the road again with our friends Hammer (Japan). This time we'll be doing shows through the Midwest. Caustic Christ will be playing a few of these shows too! Last time was so great that we just had to do it again. As soon as we finish that tour we will be on our way to Europe. The tour is still being booked, but the plan is to travel for five or six weeks from the beginning of October. We are so excited! *Children of the Wasteland* was released on tape in Poland by Trujaca Fala. We have many plans for the future; we just want to stay productive. Contrary to popular belief, we are not breaking up. I moved away for a little while but now I'm back.

MRR: I had wondered about that...

Ashley: I will be traveling a bit more, but we're definitely not breaking up: this is the one thing that keeps me sane.

MRR: Any last thoughts?

All: Thanks for the interview! Thanks to everyone for helping us out while on tour and all the kids that sing and dance around and make our shows more fun! Cheers!

THE GULCHER RECORDS STORY PART II

Edited by Jill Hubley

Eddie Flowers: Technically, we had no idea what we were doing.

Ken Kaiser: All the members of the Afrika Korps would wait with bated breath for every new Gizmos release. They were a fun band. There was a lot of jealously between the two bands but it was a friendly rivalry.

Ted Niemiec: Early [Gizmos] recording sessions were held in a house with studio equipment. The schedule was tight, so there wasn't time for a lot of takes, or overdubs, or even volume adjustments. The drum room was like a tiny bathroom. It was as though we were all crammed in a back seat together.

Billy Nightshade: Our first recording sessions were at Max's Kansas City in NYC where we recorded the first side of the Never Mind the Sex Pistols, Here's the Gizmos EP during a three-night stay there on our spring of '78 East Coast tour.

Side two was recorded at Homegrown Studios in Bloomington and actually involved a very old Motown recording technique where we recorded the majority of the tracks off an old combustion engine. That guy Rich Fish was a genius.

Phil Hundley: The Gizmos recorded the Never Mind the Sex Pistols EP while I was in the band and we recorded at Rich Fish's little home studio, Homegrown, in Bloomington. It was pretty much live in the studio, and a few takes and that was it. That's still pretty much my preferred mode of recording, though I have now had some experience with more fancy and complex recording. I'd still rather just roll tape and play.

Billy Nightshade: We recorded Hoosier Hysteria at Zounds with Dow Jones and his fellow Industrials. (R.I.P. Tim North). Dale, Tim and I, less Shadow, plus Krash, went back to NYC to record the final Gizmo studio session, but Krash ran away and Robbie Wise filled in capably for him. Robbie's a good guy.

John Barge: [The Panics' recording sessions were] pretty hilarous. Please remember we weren't old enough to vote yet, and had only played together for a few months. We knew nothing.

Ken Kaiser: The LP the Afrika Korps recorded was called Music to Kill By. It was a perfect title for a release during the Summer of Sam. Those recording sessions earlier in the year were wild affairs. We called ourselves "an army of rhythm guitarists." To finance the record the founding members invited everyone they knew to participate in the recording. So a lot of people wound up playing on the record. The engineers hated us. We were too loud, had no money, no "talent," and were rather smelly if I recall correctly.

Music to Kill By was released on Iron Cross

Records. That's the only release ever on that label. That Germanic thing was getting tired by the end of '77. After Solomon left the band I changed the label to Kleen Kut Records and started running things myself. I don't remember all the label names but people would just send their records to the Kleet Kut PO Box. I remember that Cherry Red Records sent me a 7 inch 45 rpm and asked me if I could somehow help them get distribution in the US. I wish I could have helped. I think Cherry Red went on to become something of success.

Mach Bell: The Gulcher album that really took the whole Thundertrain bandhouse by storm was The Afrika Korps Music to Kill By released in 1977. One of the greatest rock 'n' roll records of all time. We played that one over and over again.

Jason Rerun: The one thing that really differs between the original Gulcher bands and the Mee-Mees is the Mee-Mee's are from St. Louis (well, a suburb) and never officially really played out. It's all crazy guy in the basement, home recording stuff. They recorded on cheap tape decks at will. They never really had any type of recording session.

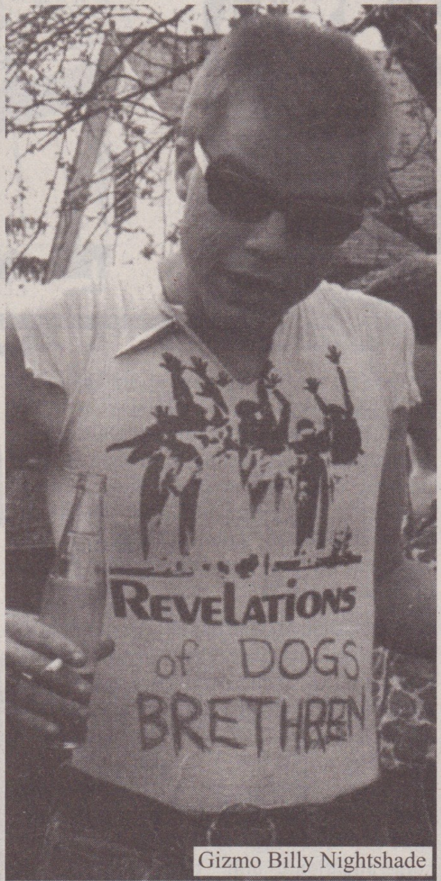
Bruce Cole: Yeah! Playing! Bangin'! Bangin' on cardboard boxes, playing Kinks and Yardbirds albums at 78 rpm and screamin' all sorts of stuff over 'em, fartin' in the mic, you name it! We started anywhere from about '65 to '68. When we started out we were only about 14 or 15 years old. [John] Ashline lived two houses down the street.*

Scott Wooldridge: We recorded our Red Snerts track in a basement studio (Two very small rooms) in West Lafayette. Other than that, we did all our recording at home, which was very educational but perhaps not the best, quality-wise. We played one show with another punky band in Bloomington and took along a boom box to record the show. Halfway through the tape, you could hear someone saying, "You suck, you suck!" over and over. Turns out it was the lead singer of the other band. So much for solidarity.

Phil Hundley: Red Glance was very serious in its day and wanted to make records and play shows and make a living. Well, Andy wanted to get rich, but the rest of us would have been happy paying the rent and eating off music. I really enjoyed playing with RG and not just because the music was good and flowed nicely, but also because they are great guys and I enjoyed spending time with them. Michael Woods and I have been friends for 30 years now and I hope for 30 more, regardless of how much music gets made—though I am hoping for a hell of a lot more of that, too.

Bruce Cole: I moved to Kansas City in '71, going to electronics school… Then I knocked up this broad and ended up getting married for six months! Then we split and I came back home. Here comes Ashline…We thought, "Let's do something." So, he was beatin' on coffee cans with a coupla spoons. We'd graduated from cardboard boxes to coffee cans!*

Scott Wooldridge: We [(Post Raisin Band, which later became the Squares)] got along great. We all were very enthusiastic about it and worked hard at it. I think I was a bit insufferable at times because of my artistic ego, but the other guys put up with it pretty well. It wasn't until we moved to Milwaukee that problems began appearing, and that was mostly related to outside things, jobs, paying the bills, girlfriends, etc. Life became a lot harder when we stopped living with our parents! But I think we all still look back fondly on those days. It was a lot of fun.



Gizmo Billy Nightshade

Mach Bell: In 1975, my suburban Boston band Thundertrain released a 45 rpm single by ourselves. We found an ad in a Billboard magazine for a pressing plant down in Louisiana that charged $172 for 500 singles. We sent away our songs "I'm So Excited" and "Cindy is a Sleeper" along with a record label logo that I drew. A couple weeks later a box of records arrived at our bandhouse. Thundertrain were now official United National recording artists!

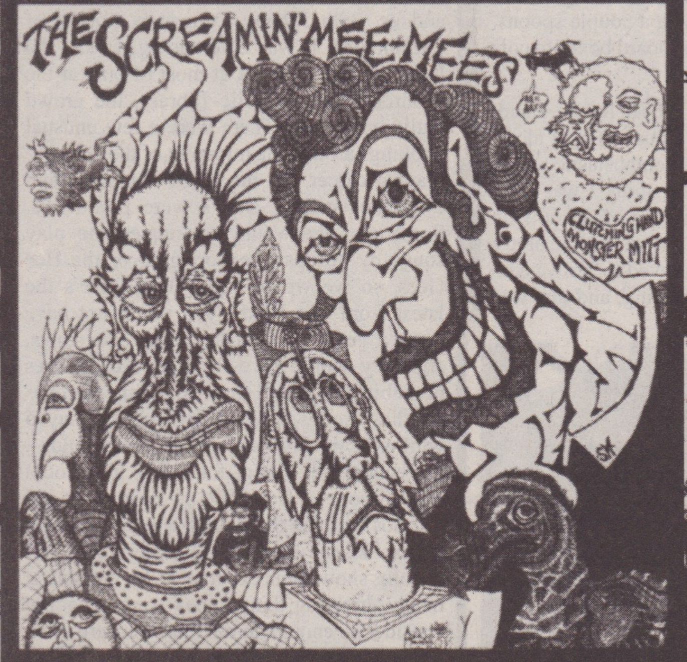
Eddie Flowers: The original Gizmos only did two live shows in 1977, and I was too sick to participate.

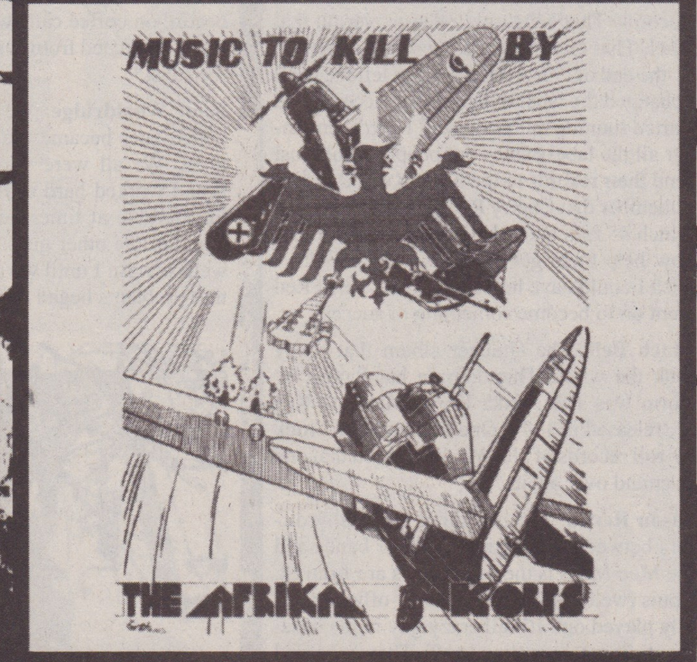
Ted Niemiec: The first official [Gizmos] show primarily consisted of MX-80 Sound and us, with Johnny Cougar as Master of Ceremonies. It was entertaining, to say the least. At that show, as at most of ours at the Monroe County Public Library, the crowd really went wild. There were a few unusual bookings around the midpoint of the Gizmos' playing career, but the music was great and even the smallest shows were productive. Sometimes we would get requests to play songs by groups like Foreigner or the Bee Gees, so we would say, "Okay, here's the latest from that band—you might not have heard it yet," and play one of our own songs, and they would love it! The record stores probably had a hard time satisfying searches for those songs. The other bands we played with were mostly local groups that wouldn't be recognized, except for a few like Count Joe Viglione at Cantone's in Boston. As the Gizmos evolved there were later shows with bands like the Ramones. People would frequently show their excitement by enthusiastically throwing things; they were generally considerate enough to miss us. We were often brought back for multiple encores; on one of our live tapes you can hear a typical prod of encouragement to play more: "Where the fuck are they?" I recently discovered a few such tapes from Bloomington, which I was able to transfer digitally before they disintegrated. I think enough songs could be recovered to fill a Live in Bloomington CD, including a few rare tunes that were never released.

Phil Hundley: Gizmos shows, when I was with the band, were all great fun. Here in the Midwest, punk, or what have you, was still virtually unknown, so most crowds didn't know what to make of us. There were almost always a number of "band guys" in the audience—Ted Nugent-types who would sneer at us disdainfully, but most of the audiences wanted to have a good time and would get into the spirit of things. The Gizmos were not a snotty or aggressive type of band—really always more of a garage band than "punk" band in the common parlance. We didn't spit on anybody or break bottles or even swear very much.

My favorite show in Indiana was at a "teen club" of some sort in Clinton, IN, where only four people showed up. Three of them were whoever the hell the local Ted Nugent band was and they left very quickly, so the other guy got invited up on stage and became a back-up singer for the night. Lots of fun, silly stuff like that. A couple of times the owner of the bar would find out I was only 16 and make me sit in the dressing room between sets all night, but almost no one ever noticed or asked.

Scott Wooldridge: I didn't actually see much of the "scene" while I was in Bloomington. I was still underage and did not go to clubs. I saw the Panics perform at a party or two, and also saw the Zero Boys perform at an outdoor festival. I did hang out a lot at Gulcher Records, Bob R's tiny record store, where I found a lot of good stuff and benefitted from





Bob's knowledge of music. Another thing that added to my education was working for the university radio station, WIUS, and that also opened my eyes to things that were going on musically, both nationally and locally.

I just gravitated to Bob's record store because it seemed more cutting edge. Bob seemed like a strange guy and a little reserved at first, but once he saw someone was really interested in music, he was a great resource and person to talk to. He became my mentor, in a way. As things developed, I found out he was putting together a sampler album of Indiana new wave bands, and I gave him a tape of some stuff that I had recorded with what became the Post Raisin Band. (I'm still so proud of that name). He liked it enough to include it in the project, and I immediately assumed we were on the road to stardom. What can I say, I was young.

Bob also introduced me to a few people in the scene, like the Panics. I met Yara Cluver (sp?) who played bass for them at the time. She ended up in New York, along with the Gizmos (Dale Lawrence), and later Bob, and we (the band and I) went out to visit Bob and those folks and check out New York a couple times

Phil Hundley: With the Gizmos, I was a high school kid and while the other guys were all college students and all of three-to-five years older than I was (except Shadow Meyers, who was married and closer to 30 or so), it was a wider gap than three-to-five years seems like it should have been. Part of it was that living 50 miles away and driving down two-to-three times a week for practices and shows didn't give much chance for socializing, either. I was working and going to high school at the time, too, so I didn't hang out much with them. I got along best with guitarist Steve Fiekes, who was a very sweet, gentle soul who left the band around the same time I did. Was not close with anyone in the band, though, and especially not Dale or Billy Nightshade, who really were happy to dispense with the rest of us—nothing personal so much as they clearly wanted to the band to go in a different direction and were interested in a much more serious direction than the rest of us seemed to fit.

Actually, though, starting to take it seriously is why I quit the Gizmos anyway. I knew that I was useless to the band, particularly as it was evolving. I think Dale is a wonderful singer and songwriter and I love and admire his music to this day. I am also a big fan of Tim Carroll's music and it is a crime that neither of them are well-known outside of little cult followings. If your article can bring some attention to either of them, it will be a very good thing.

I also knew that I wanted to do something more than bang on a tambourine and jump up and down, so leaving made sense for me, too.

Ken Kaiser: Only four members of that "army of rhythm guitarists" would play live. We were the ones that could make it over to my basement to practice. Our first show we opened up for some of Boston's best bands. I don't remember everyone on the bill but one of my all-time favorites played, Thundertrain. People went ape shit! We were amazingly tight and in tune and everything else that was good. That whole show was released on Gulcher, unedited. That's how good it was. It went downhill after that but it was always a crazy fun time. Everyone who ever saw the Afrika Korps remembers it. I think we inspired a lot of people to start their own bands. They saw us and thought, "if they can do it, so can I!"

Dale Lawrence: The gradual corporatization of everyday life had subtly rendered the path from picking up a guitar to making records a deliberate mystery, an out-of-reach secret, a nostalgic pipedream. Punk changed all that, suddenly offering would-be rockers the simplest of strategies—just do it.*

Rich Stim: People were attentive. Kind of like they are in Europe. That was a short lived phenomenon. Once we moved to San Francisco, we realized everybody else in the world kind of hated us. We played at a punk club and people hated us, wanted to kill us.

Phil Hundley: I was always very peripheral on the Bloomington/Indy scene. Red Glance only played live a couple of times. It was very hard to get gigs in Indy unless you played (mostly) covers and we were never part of the "punk" scene. We were much more into bands like Television and the Buzzcocks than the Clash or Dead Boys, etc. No leather jackets; no dyed hair, some 6-to-8 minute songs, etc., and that along with the fact that none of us were much into hanging out limited us tremendously, though if we'd have been together longer, we likely would have made a lot more head way.

For me, [things were] completely insular, even when it was clear that there were bands all over the U.S. I was reading lots of fanzines and sent off my $3 for all kinds of odd 45s and cassettes, but I cannot say that I ever felt part of anything. It was too hard to get places to play and to get anyone to come see us. Of course, as I said, we weren't together all that long and weren't very good at getting ourselves out there at that, so we didn't give the world a whole lot of a chance.

Scott Wooldridge: We got kicked out of a church once for trying to play our stuff at an all-ages coffee shop type venue. Our guitar player had just been in an auto accident that afternoon and had been very slightly injured. He showed up for the soundcheck with blood on his shirt. We launch into one of songs and the church's minister comes storming into the room and insists that we leave. I think they were expecting something more in line with Amy Grant. We later did a tour with a band from New York that Bob had put out on Hoboken Records, The Social Climbers. No hilarious anecdotes from that tour, but it did build our appetite for seeing the Midwest, one seedy bar at a time...

John Barge: On July 12th [1980], it was the official debut of The Panics! It was yet another free street dance to support an organization called "Bloomington Against the Draft," and while it was just twelve songs, we mugged for the cameras and felt good about helping out a cause that directly concerned us soon-to-be registration-age teenagers.

Next we played at another street dance, on August 19th, for WQAX, an Indiana University radio station that would soon be kicked off the campus and eventually cease to exist. It was at this show that their mascot, a giant papier-mâché duck head, was snatched off the speaker columns and smashed to pieces by friends of ours, and maybe, just maybe, a member of the Panics, greatly upsetting the gentle staff members of WQAX. This all resulted in the local underground newspaper printing letters both denouncing and supporting us, a fact which I found to be scarcely believable.*

Phil Hundley: Red Glance played a couple of no longer extant bars and a fun live outdoor show sponsored by a group of pre-med students who were celebrating taking the MCAT earlier in the day. Red Glance always went over pretty well, actually. In fact, I think that while the audience for underground, or punk, or new wave, or what-have-you, music in Indy was pretty small. It was also enthusiastic and gave the bands a pretty warm welcome. There just weren't enough of them then to sustain much of a scene—though they did maintain a couple of clothes shops…

Most of the places for original-material bands to play in Indy around that time (early 80s) were short-lived places. Someone would open a bar, it would last four or five months, then close down and another one would open, so on. Often times it was the same people opening place after place.

John Barge: Later Spike [Finger, the Panics' first drummer], Eric Esad, and I decided to form The Panics II, and we luckily hooked up with a six-foot-tall, blonde-haired college student incongruously named Johnny Carson, who had the added benefit of owning virtually all the equipment (guitar, bass, drums, amps, microphones, and PA system) we would need to be a band. Just as soon as we agreed to play with him, we instantly had a gig opening for Indianapolis punk legends The Zero Boys, on November 22nd. Not having a set ready but not wanting to turn down a golden opportunity to play, we called ourselves The Pigwings and strung together a series of jokes (lip-synching to prerecorded music, using toy instruments, wearing a frog costume, coughing up fake blood) and a few actual songs to get through the night. It was a big success, at least from our point of view, but I'm afraid the more hardcore types thought they were being made fun of.*

Ken Kaiser: I remember seeing the Cramps open up for the Ramones at CBGBs in March of 1977. The Ramones were great but I didn't "get" the Cramps. Their music was relatively slow and it didn't seem like they could play their instruments at all. I think they had just formed a few months ago. I love the Cramps now.

Part of the fun of seeing a punk band was to criticize how lousy they played or sang or how stupid their songs were or how ugly the band members were. It was like seeing a cheesy, super low-budget movie. It's better because the special effects are so bad.

The Afrika Korps went to see X-Ray Spex at CBGBs in 1977. We went backstage to meet Poly Styrene and the band. She was warm and friendly. All the punks were friendly back then. When Donal Buckley walked by her, Poly Styrene mussed his buzz cut and asked him, "Are you in a band?" Donal answered, "No ma'am, I'm in the Marines."

In the US the punks still had long hair in 1977. Mohawks, piercings and tattoos came later. In 1977 the term "punk" included a whole range of types of people: losers, geeks, freaks, nerds, drunks, straight edge, druggies, old, young, super clean, disgusting filthy, etc. You just had to be anything and call yourself a punk and you were a punk.

Billy Nightshade: The last Gizmo drummer, my old girlfriend, Lynn Ervin, used to babysit for Johnny Ramone's kids and later played with Boston's Bristols. We lived with her mom in the Lower East Side, on the third and top floor of an apartment building next to the whorehouse where De Niro shot off Keitel's fingers in Taxi Driver. It was still a whorehouse, and I always thought that was pretty cool, that it had somehow survived through all that.

Actually, it was the other guy who got the fingers blown off, not Keitel. Excuse me, Harvey.

Bob Richert: In 1980 the punk/new wave scene wasn't really happening on any sort of regular, widespread basis yet in Indiana. The Gizmos had some friends who had moved to Hoboken, New Jersey who encouraged them to relocate there too, and the idea that you needed to move to New York or Los Angeles to "make it" was still very much extant.

Dale Lawrence: When I moved back to Indiana in 1983, the change was pretty stunning. Everywhere you looked on campus, kids sported pink hair and buzzcuts. New wave dominated the local scene. We probably should have seen it coming, since a sizable percentage of the Gizmos' original fans had been high schoolers (including the Panics). But I don't think any of us have spent much time regretting the experience that came with moving to New York.*

Thundertrain

Bob Richert: In May 1981, Gulcher's final four were released—the Red Snerts comp, Dancing Cigarettes EP, Jetsons maxi-single, and Social Climbers triple-EP, but the economy was in serious decline. I'd been in Bloomington for nearly eleven years, the Gizmos were gone, The Panics broke up. The New Punk Nation was imminent, but I was already burnt out, and was happy to move back east where I grew up and gradually wind down my involvement in the music business for the next two decades.

Gulcher was pretty much deactivated by September 1981.

I left Indiana in 1981, landing in Hoboken, New Jersey, and gradually drifted away from the indie label business. In 1994, I relocated to Orlando, and by the late-90s was receiving frequent inquiries about reissuing Gulcher's original catalog, but nothing really clicked. Then I retrieved a bunch of the original records and master tapes from the my mom's attic in Upstate New York, heard them again for the first time in nearly 20 years, got caught up in how fun and exciting everything sounded, and decided to revive the label myself.

Mach Bell: Twenty years later I plugged in my first computer and pretty soon I got an email from Bob Richert at Gulcher Records. Richert was inquiring to know who owned the rights to Thundertrain's Teenage Suicide LP. Bob and I began a correspondence that eventually led not only to the Gulcher cd reissue of Thundertrain's 1977 Teenage Suicide, but also to the first ever release of our 1979 Hell Tonite! live concert radio broadcast.

The meticulous work he has put into my projects is astounding, he rarely mentions that he always has several other releases on the Gulcher front burner at all times. Richert keeps cranking out these interesting albums, some of them seemingly having dismal, if any, commercial potential, but that doesn't appear to phase Mr. Richert at all. I guess he just loves rock'n'roll his own way.

Bob Richert: The key thing is that there was something special going on a quarter-century ago, comparable perhaps to the '60s for the hippies. I was lucky to experience both, though of course these phenomena almost immediately lose their initial magic and charm as the "trend" takes hold.

Cast:

John Barge: Panics, Walking Ruins

Mach Bell: Mach 5, Thundertrain

Bruce Cole: Screamin' Mee Mees

Eddie Flowers: Beyond Our Control fanzine, Gulcher Fanzine, Gizmos, Crawlspace

Phil Hundley: Gizmos, Red Glance

Ken Kaiser: Afrika Korps, The Korps, X-Ray Tango, Kleen Kut Records

Dale Lawrence: Gizmos

Ted Niemiec: Gizmos

Billy Nightshade (Daryl Frazier): Terminal Intensity, Gizmos

Jason Rerun: Scene Of The Crime radio show, KDHX, St. Louis

Bob Richert: Beyond Our Control fanzine; Founder, operator of Gulcher fanzine and label

Rich Stim: MX-80, Chinaboise

Scott Wooldridge: Post Raisin Band, Squares, Wooldridge Brothers

*from liner notes

Gulcher Records Compact Discs
Reissue Series Discography
(reverse chronological order)
www.gulcher.gemm.com

Lou Rone/Alone (Gulcher 429)

Fearless Leader/God Bless The Devil (428)

The Korps/Hello World! (427)

Chinaboise/The Greatest Story Ever Told (426)

The Gizmos/Rock & Roll Don't Come From New York (425)

Thundertrain/Hell Tonite! (424)

Red Glance/Swirls‘Away (423)

Screamin' Mee-Mees/Garbage Collage (422)

Angel Corpus Christi/The 80's (421)

Various Reindeer/Xmas Snertz: Have A Very Gulcher Christmas! (420)

Angel Corpus Christi/Accordion Pop, Vol. 1 (419)

Screamin' Mee-Mees/Live From The Basement 1975-1997 (418)

The Retreads/Highway To Helsinki (417)

Crawlspace/Law Where Prohibited By Void (416)

Angel Corpus Christi/Divine Healer (415)

Bill McCarter+Stalingrad Symphony/Secrets+Struggle (414)

Various Artists/Simply Good Taste--The Sounds Of Slippy Town (413)

Wooldridge Brothers/The Unreel Hits (412)

Thundertrain/Teenage Suicide (411)

The Dancing Cigarettes/1980-1981: The Gulcher Recordings (410)

The Afrika Korps/Live At Cantone's 1977 (409)

Walking Ruins/Fall Of The House Of Ruin (408)

MX-80 Sound/1977 Live At The Library 1978 (407)

The Gizmos/1978-1981: Never Mind The Gizmos Here's The Gizmos (406)

The Afrika Korps/Music To Kill By (405)

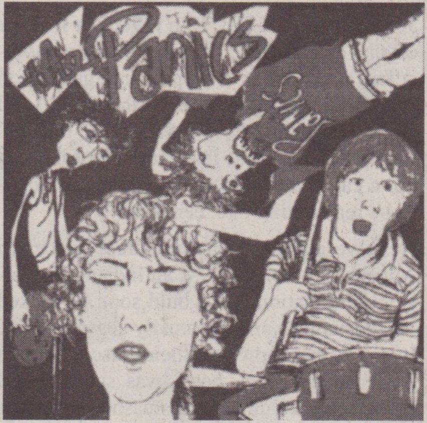
Various Hoosiers/Red Snerts--The Sound Of Gulcher (404)

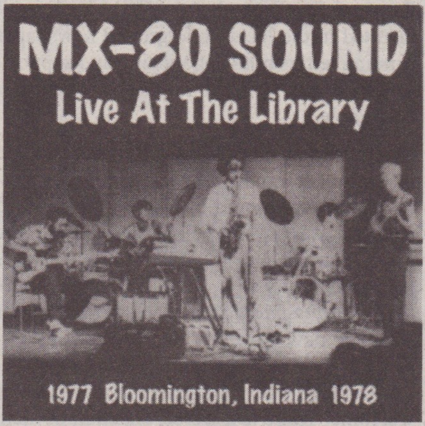
The Panics/1980-1981: I Wanna Kill My Mom!!! (403)

The Gizmos/The Midwest Can Be Allright--1981 NYC Demos CD-EP (501)

The Gizmos/1975-77: Demos & Rehearsals Double-CD (402)

The Gizmos/1976-77: The Studio Recordings (401)





Gizmo Kenne Highland

Mattilda

A writer, editor, activist, instigator, and virus in the system, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore) has been involved in some truly inspirational radical queer activism for well over a decade. As a much-needed antidote to the whitewashed, over-privileged face of mainstream San Francisco gay culture, Mattilda serves as both an example and encouragement for the rest of us. After I read an interview with her in the latest Scam zine, I thought, "Hey, MRR can do one too!" Read on to hear Mattilda talk about the violence of assimilation, trying not to feel hopeless all the time, and all those cute, homoerotic slamdancers in the pit at a hardcore show.

Introduction and interview by Golnar Nikpour, interview conducted on a warm Wednesday night in early summer 2005.

MRR: Why don't you start by introducing yourself and your work.

Mattilda: My name is Mattilda, also known as Matt Bernstein Sycamore. Most recently, I edited a book called *That's Revolting: Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation.* The ideas behind that book came out of twelve or thirteen years of doing radical queer organizing and not seeing the politics or the cultures of the either of those things represented in any sort of meaningful way whatsoever in mainstream gay culture. So my goal with that book was to create or represent a radical queer alternative to consumerism, the assimilationist agenda, and the patriotic fervor of mainstream gay culture. It's those themes that are central to most of the work that I've done, especially in terms of my activism and in terms of community building in my own life, trying to find a place or create a space where I don't feel hopeless all the time [*laughter*].

I also have a few other books. I have a novel called *Pulling Taffy*, and another anthology called *Tricks and Treats: Sex Workers Write About Their Clients.* That was my first book, published in 2000. I also have another recent anthology called *Dangerous Families: Queer Writing on Surviving.* All of my work really comes from personal experience and wanting to create a space for the margins. The margins being the margins of my own life and the margins of people remotely like me.

MRR: In terms of how you fit into San Francisco queer activism, I thought we could talk a little bit about Gay Shame. What is Gay Shame? How active are you in it? Is it something that is a central part of your life?

Mattilda: Well, Gay Shame has been really important to me over the last four or five years in San Francisco, in terms of creating some sort of home for radical queers who feel culturally homeless, and creating an oppositional, radical queer culture that holds gay people of privilege accountable for the violence that they enact. So when Castro *[historic gay neighborhood in San Francisco]* residents fight against a Queer Youth shelter, 'cause it might get in the way of "community property values," it's important to say, "You cannot be part of my community if your community values involve getting rid of homeless people to make the neighborhood safer for property development."

MRR: That speaks to an interesting point you made in the introduction of *That's Revolting*, that assimilation *is* violence, that it enacts violence on a large segment of the queer community. This is opposed to the prevailing rhetoric that assimilationist queers use, that if we don't fight for their agenda, things like gay-bashing or anti-queer violence will become a more prevalent part of our lives.

Mattilda: Yeah, I mean, assimilation essentially means getting rid of everyone who's on the margins. Get rid of the people of color, get rid of the homeless people, get rid of trans-queers, get rid of sex workers, get rid of drug dealers. You know, all the queers who built what queer culture *is.* It's like, "Let's get rid of all those people so we can have our cute little house in the suburbs, nice white picket fence, and adopted baby." The idea that assimilation makes people safer is completely a lie. It makes the people with the most privilege safer.

MRR: The people who were safest to begin with!

Mattilda: Exactly! And that is what Gay Shame is about—holding those people accountable, the people who would say "If I put a rainbow flag on my bar, and arrest homeless queers who are trying to get spare change outside, then I'm okay." And this is supposed to be community! Gay Shame is about exposing that idea of community as a lie, exposing the fact that it really only serves people with privilege. We try to talk about the way assimilation is really about policing borders, about deciding who belongs.

What's more, the idea that assimilation makes even the most assimilated people safer from things like gay-bashing isn't even true! I think the ideas these mainstream gay organizations have promoted—the idea that gay people are just really wealthy consumers who love the newest products and the nicest clothes, and figure out the trends before anyone else—actually increases homophobia and the violence that is enacted upon gay people. You have these mainstream gay organizations saying, "Here are these two lesbians who play golf at Druid Hills Golf Club in Atlanta, and, it's fifty thousand dollars a year to join, and they have to pay twice, 'cause they're not married,"—I mean, these are the spokesmodels, people like Rosie O'Donnell, or David Geffen—and straight people who are clueless look at them, they're like, "Why would I want those people to have any rights? They clearly seem to have a lot of privilege." And if, instead they showed someone who said "I'm a tranny, I got kicked out of my house, I'm trying to create a safe space for myself to exist, on any level at all," a lot more of the supposedly bigoted, mainstream straight people might be, like, "Oh! *Now* I get it, that makes sense, I understand that that person is just trying to live." Assimilation erases people who are trying to create something other than the dominant culture of endless war and corporate profiteering, and the culture of buy-this-buy-that and everything is going to be okay.

MRR: To kind of play devil's advocate for a second, how much of your ideology, the Gay Shame rhetoric, and the stuff that you're involved with, comes from being in a city that—for all of it's obvious problems—is more accepting of queer identity than possibly any other place in the world? I mean, how radical can a queer be somewhere where they genuinely worry every time they step outside of their home? There is still a difference between living in San Francisco or New York and *not.* So, what are the ways to bridge those gaps, to build connections with people who maybe aren't in the position to be as outspoken or out in everyday life?

Mattilda: I just went on a tour across the country for two months and went to all different kinds of places—from universities to independent bookstores, to community centers, to infoshops—and I think hearing about San Francisco always shocks people. Because San Francisco is the dreamland, it's the queer mecca, where people go to have a safe space to express their gender, sexual, and social identities in ways that they didn't wherever they grew up. So to me, San Francisco is also where the violence of assimilation is most palpable. There's class war on the streets of San Francisco. When I talk to people, I can see people have tears in their eyes when I tell them Castro residents fought against a Queer Youth Shelter, because it might get in the way of community property values. People are like, "I can't believe it!" I think that the lesson is clear here in San Francisco, of the tension and erasure of assimilation. San Francisco is a central space for marginal queer culture—you know, like SM, sex work, street sex, trans, dyke culture—all of these are very central to San Francisco, and all of those cultures are steadily being erased, or made more private.

The bridge, in talking about a radical queer politic, is in talking about our real needs. Needs like housing and healthcare, and access to citizenship—all these things they talk about in the gay marriage movement as privileges—these things should be universally accessible. That's really the bridge to everyone, to talk about these basic things, things like, we shouldn't have to pay rent in some exorbitant way wherever we live—we live in a country that's rich enough to pay everyone's rent! Or that you shouldn't have to get married to get healthcare, anyone—straight, gay, whoever—should have healthcare. It should just be there for us all. Or citizenship—you shouldn't have to marry your gay lover to stay in the country, because citizenship shouldn't be something decided on by a violent, imperialist state. That's really the bridge for me. It is going back to talking about basic needs. Unfortunately, that's become very radical. It really shouldn't be! *[laughter]*

MRR: It's incredible how talking about these fundamen-

tal things gets you labeled an extremist. Everyone should have their basic necessities covered. There's absolutely no reason for it to be otherwise. But that's kind of what capitalist culture teaches us, that we're all struggling for that piece of the pie, that by the very definition of capitalism, someone *has* to get left out. It seems to me that that's what assimilationist, mainstream gay culture is about—reinforcing the idea that someone is gonna get left out, and it might as well not be them, you know?

Mattilda: You could look at the fight for universal healthcare, and ten or fifteen years ago, that was almost a mainstream gay issue. People were coming out of seeing their friends die of AIDS, and they were saying, "Everyone should have healthcare! I don't want my friend to die without healthcare." Very basic. And people now say, "Universal healthcare, that's not gonna happen, we're just gonna have to get this gay marriage thing so that a few privileged people can *maybe* have access to some crappy healthcare that their employer makes them pay for." And if all the money and effort and energy that's been spent on gay marriage were instead spent of fighting for something like universal healthcare, we'd be some much closer to having something meaningful. Instead, it's about military and marriage. The most horrifying institutions! Like, "Please! Let us in! All we want to do is go over to Iraq and be able to hold hands on the battlefield!"

MRR: I wonder how you felt after the last election. What mainstream culture was telling us before the election was that America was "gayer than ever." You turned on TV, and there was *Queer Eye*, or Jennifer Beals making out with some girl. So the message, supposedly, was that American culture is more accepting than ever of queer identities—that we learned that gay people are just like everyone else! Then flash-forward to the election, where, uniformly, state after state passed anti-gay measures, Bush was re-elected, etc. And people were shocked! Like, "I can't believe it!" As though it didn't occur to them that there was still homophobia. I wonder what that felt like for you. Did the election feel like a loss? Or like an "I told you so?" Both?

Mattilda: I was actually on my book tour; one month was before the election, and one month was after. I was in DC on election day *[laughter]*. I didn't plan it that way; that was just how it ended up. One thing that was really interesting for me was that before the election, people were very interested in sort of challenging me. "But what about the election? Don't we have to fight for Kerry?" And I would come back with, well, actually, when there's no choice, then the only choice is not to vote. And people would gasp! And, after the election, instead, people were asking, "Do you think this whole issue of gay marriage was just a fake issue for ruling class politicians to fight over while everything really stays in their hands?" Well, that's more my language, but, people were asking those kinds of questions. I was like, "Yes, exactly."

It was interesting to see that people were much more politicized after the election. At least, in this limited tour that I went on. The thing for me that the election really proves is the way in which mainstream gay assimilationists with a lot of power are really on the side of the Christian right. Because they really foster each other's rhetoric. Like, you look at a TV program and you have this foaming at the mouth Christian fundamentalist, and they're like, "Gay marriage is the end of Western Civilization." And then you have these gay assimilationists maybe dressed a little bit like the Christian fundamentalists, they might have cute little white button downs and khakis and...

MRR: Well, they're "just the same" you know... *[laughter]*

Mattilda: Exactly! They're trying to prove that they're just like the Christian fundamentalists. They are never articulating anything like "I'm queer and I'm not for marriage." Or, "I'm queer and I'm against the war." Or any basic queer politic that goes beyond this certain limited battleground. They're not fighting for anything real. They're fighting over whether or not gay people who have a lot of privilege are able to influence George Bush too, like the Christian fundamentalists. And the Christian fundamentalists are like, "No. no, we won't let you into the office." And they gay people are like "Please, please, please let me in!" I think the results of that approach can be really seen in the election. That's what that sort of conversation serves. It only serves the Christian right. Gay people are busy saying, "We're just like you, we have the same values." I mean, they even say shit like that, that we have the same values as the Christian right! It's shocking, that kind of rhetoric. And we can clearly see that hasn't helped eliminate homophobia, for example, or bashings, or our status inside or outside of electoral politics.

I think that if, instead of these gay people saying "We're just like you, we want the same thing you want," they said, "Well actually, we're all these different kinds of people and we are trying build a different kind of sexual and cultural space—and here is who we really are," I think maybe people would be just a little bit more likely to change their minds on some level.

MRR: And when you're talking about actual, tangible issues, there's always the chance that you're going to present something in a way people haven't heard before. But just using the same language—you're never going to beat them at that game. The Christian fundamentalists and the gay assimilationists are each other's bogeymen. But they are probably shaking hands behind closed doors, you know?

Mattilda: Exactly!

MRR: Keeping each other in business.

Mattilda: Yeah, they totally fund each other's organizations! *[laughter]*

MRR: And if anything, in terms of actually wanting to build some sort of community, a queer community that can be powerful, the gay mainstream assimilationist culture is closing its doors on people who actually want things to be different. "We don't want people of color, we don't want the poor, we don't want homeless queers, we don't want trannies," and it's like, well, that's who you *are*, that's your strength. Those are the people that you could build something around. Those are your numbers. It doesn't even make sense. It's completely illogical on top of being the most self-hating bullshit.

Mattilda: I remember, on the beginning of my book tour, I did this event in Eugene, at the University of Oregon, and all these people were saying, "We don't feel that if we went to the group that was running against the amendment there that they would even let us come in the door." These were young, politicized queers, most of whom didn't really look that weird. And they're all like, "No, they're not gonna let me in, because I'm too trans, or I have too many piercings, or I'm not mainstream enough for them." That's really scary! Also, at another reading I did in Portland, Oregon not long after, the people from that group—I can't remember exactly what they were called—came to my reading, and asked if they could speak at the reading. I said OK, and they spoke and everyone was just ignoring them, like, "Oh no, these white people, what are they doing here." I think it's very much because of that. Because they have to decide who's white enough for the campaign. "Are you going to speak to middle America?"

MRR: OK, let's talk about your recent book a bit. *That's Revolting*, I have to say, was a very enjoyable read for me. It was cool because it puts together a lot of different voices and people who have different focuses but shows how all of the different focuses—trans issues, issues surrounding race or class—fit together. How difficult was the book to compile? You already touched on some of your ideas of *why* you wanted to compile the book. Did your ideas about its makeup change a lot over the course of putting it together? How did you select the essays, etc?

Mattilda: The way I always go about putting together my anthologies is to start with an open call for submissions.

It's always important to have the call distributed as widely as possible, so that whoever wants to can send me something. So, I distributed that call on my previous book tour, posted it on bulletin boards allover the country, sent it to people I knew, sent it to queer community centers, posted it online on different websites that seemed relevant, and really harassed people who I thought would write something that would be interesting. My original focus—and I think it's still a very clear focus from the book—was centered around direct action. I feel that radical queer direct action has so quickly disappeared. I could be talking about some direct action that had been really formative for me five years ago with a group of friends who are in similar places to where I was five years ago, and none of them will have any idea what I'm talking about. And, so that was really crucial for me in compiling the book. Also, talking about issues of race and class and gender, and the way they all intertwine and cross over, and talking about centering a radical queer politic around fighting racism, classism, transphobia, ablism, ageism, etc. Fighting against police brutality and endless war and globalization. All of these things are queer issues. It shouldn't be, "I'm queer and I also am against the war." It's like, no, actually, there's no reason to be queer unless you're against the war! That should be *part* of being queer.

A lot of the pieces were super personal essays about people's lives. It was really important to me to have this element. There are definitely pieces that don't agree with one another, and there even are pieces that I consider somewhat inconsistent, but nonetheless, they are all articulating ideas that I think are really important. Another thing that was really critical for me was not to present some monolithic idea of what it means to be radical and queer, or anti-assimilationist and queer in order to replace this monolithic idea of what it means to be gay. So I wanted pieces that talked about when radical queer organizing is racist, or classist.

In terms of who ended up being in the book, a lot of the pieces just came from the Oakland call, and a lot of the pieces were also people who I harassed. Interestingly, for all of these books, I've harassed people to be in it, this was the—because I've been involved in sort of radical queer organizing for a long time, and most of the people who are in my life, in some way or another, have been involved in radical queer organizing—a lot of people ended up wanting to contribute, especially at the last minute, or a few months after the deadline. *[laughter]* "Hi Mattilda, do you think I can still send something in?"

MRR: Yeah, I think I have a sense of that with *Maximum*, the day after the deadline *[laughter]*.
Mattilda: I *still* have people who are like "I wish I sent you something," and I'm like, that's nice. *[laughter]*

MRR: OK, so you're doing this interview for *Maximumrocknroll*, which means we have to talk about punk. *[laughter]* You're doing an *MRR* interview and I read an interview with you in the most recent *Scam* zine—both of which are decidedly punk zines—which made me wonder how connected you feel to the punk scene, or how supportive it has been. Maybe it's not something you think about, maybe it seems like more one-off things, that Erick wanted to interview you, or I did...
Mattilda: I'll give you a little bit of a long answer. It's interesting because, I grew up in DC, and my musical and cultural tastes in high school were what DC had to offer for punk, which was straight edge hardcore. I was really into Fugazi then, but I was never really allowed all the way into the punk scene there. I went to shows. It was actually me and my friend Ellen, and I was the flaming fag and she was Asian. And we would stand in the back and we would dance, and it was very clubby and sort of goth, and we would have our little space and everybody would be slamming in the front. We weren't into that, because we had already survived violence. Some people who have survived violence do find it interesting to be very physical, but us, we were like, "Keep that away."
I think my aesthetic is punkish. People I've been around have always been people who live on the fringes somewhat by choice, and you know, do things that could be easily considered as punk, or identify as punk. And now, fifteen years after my initial exposure to punk, I think the kind of work I'm doing is very interesting to punks. I mean, I think it's still threatening to some of the same people, the same sort of straight boys who are clueless and...

MRR: ...and yet so homoerotic...
Mattilda: Exactly! It's so hot. That's what I thought like then too! There has always been a lot of gender deviance and sexual deviance within punk cultures, but that doesn't mean that it's always been celebrated...

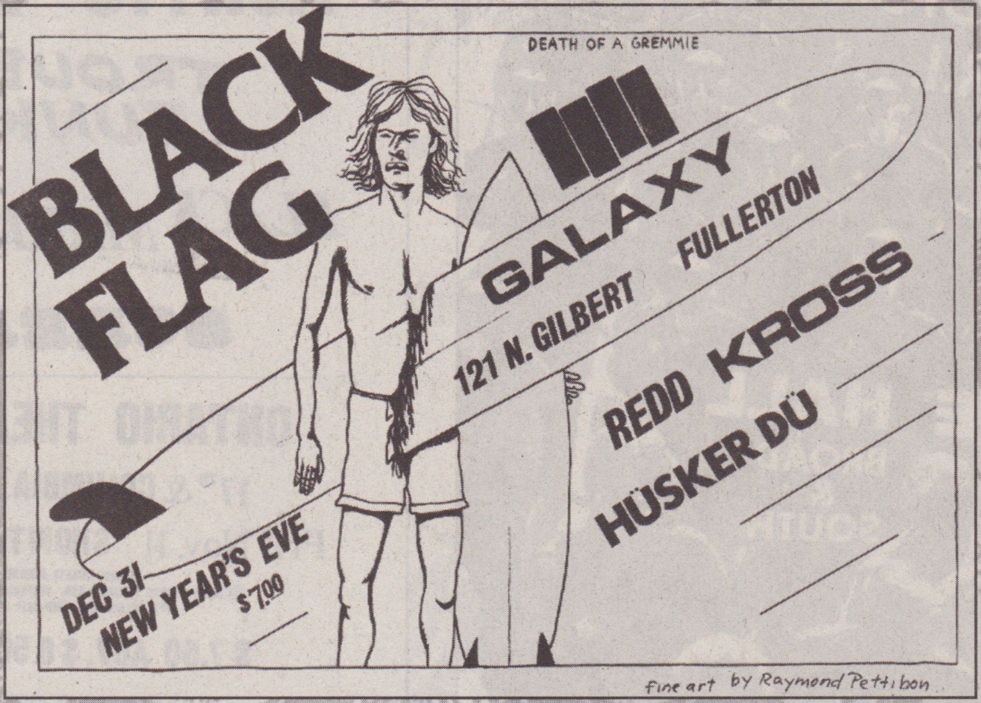
I do think, however, that there is a deeper politic that suffuses punk and DIY cultures. Specifically, the idea of challenging the mainstream and building something outside of it. That is clearly very much what I'm doing, and it makes sense that punks would be interested in that sort of critique and culture building.

A funny thing is that people who I would not consider punk-identified at all have always asked me— especially in Boston for some reason, in like '95—have always come up to me and asked, "Are you a punk?" And I was always like, what are these people even asking? Punk? Sure, I guess. And later, of course, I learned that the word "punk," coming from cultures that are not punk, especially working class people of color, means faggot. I had no idea! If I had known that they were asking me if I was a faggot, I would have been like, "Of course I'm a faggot, you fucking moron!" But they were asking me if I was punk, and I was like, "Hmmm, I'm not sure..." *[laughter]*

MRR: Yeah, it's funny, *Maximum* has done two queer punk issues, one like ten or fifteen years ago, and one two or three years ago, and the cover of the most recent one has dictionary definitions of "queer" and of "punk" from OED or somewhere, and then the last definition for each is "a young homosexual."
Mattilda: Exactly.

[Starting next month, look for a regular column from Mattilda in the pages of Maximumrocknroll.]

Flyer art has long been one of the most striking visual aspects of punk rock. As visceral as the music itself, punk flyers embody the DIY ethic and aesthetic of our scene. Like with bands, there are those flyers that have become part of punk's collective memory (with artists like Pushead and Raymond Pettibon becoming household names), and those that were torn up and forgotten—both totally punk! Here is the first of hopefully many features on punk flyers—some of these are pretty fuckin' cool, and one of them features Kurtis Blow?! Enjoy!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GALAXY
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REDD KROSS
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NEW YEAR'S EVE
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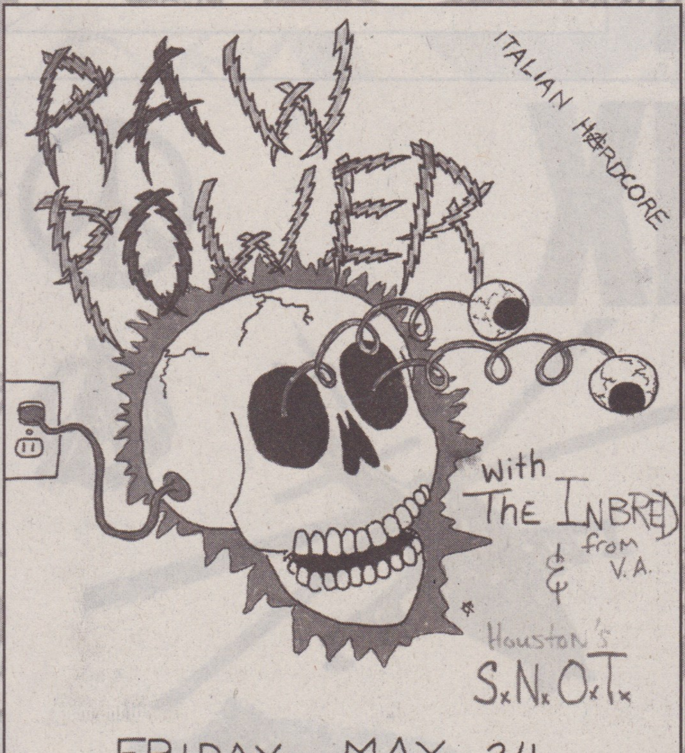
fine art by Raymond Pettibon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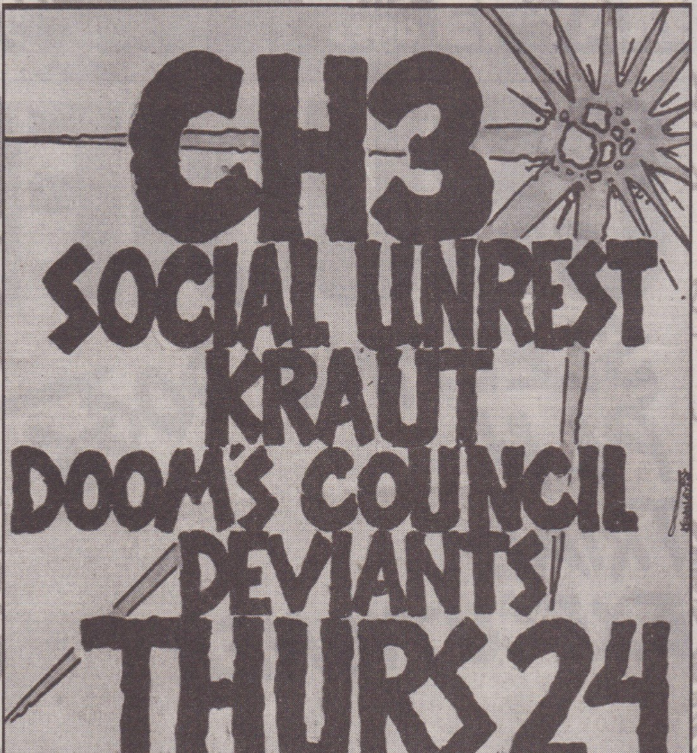
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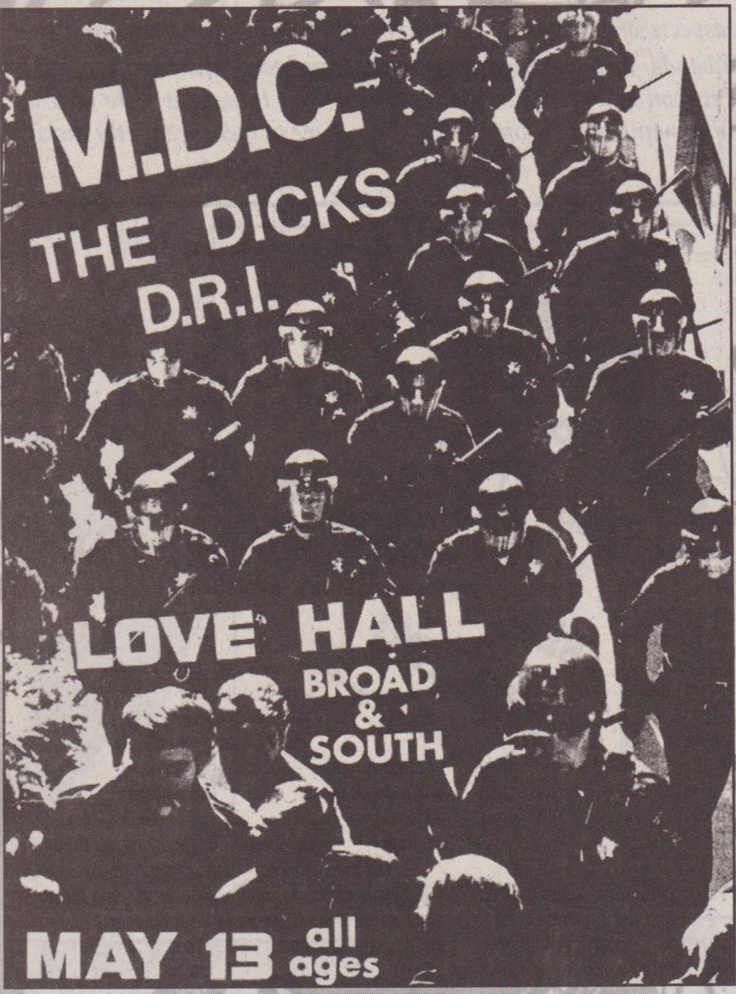

M.D.C.
THE DICKS
D.R.I.

LOVE HALL
BROAD
&
SOUTH

MAY 13 all ages

D.C. FUNK-PUNK SPECTACULAR II

KURTIS BLOW

TROUBLE FUNK

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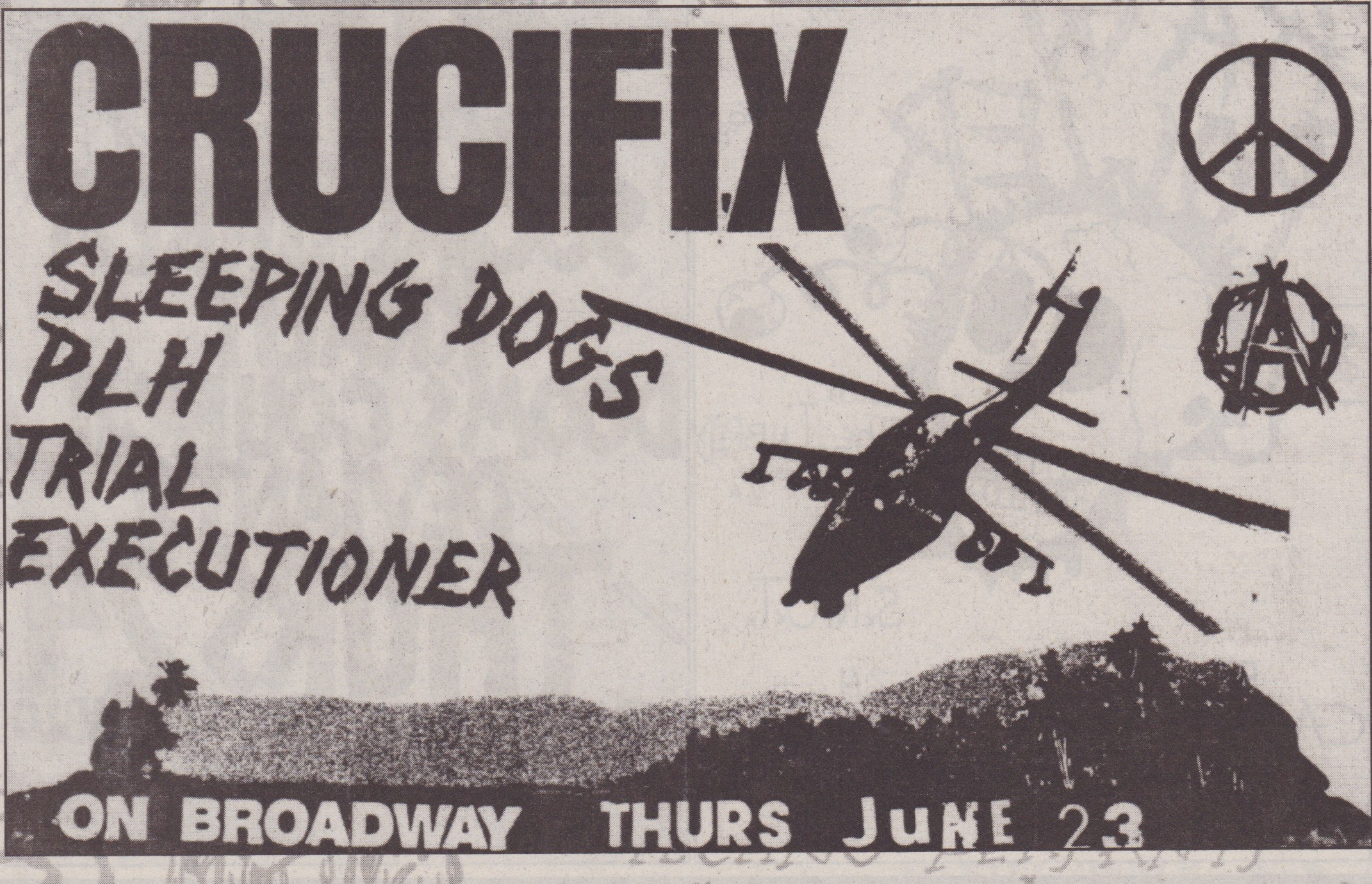
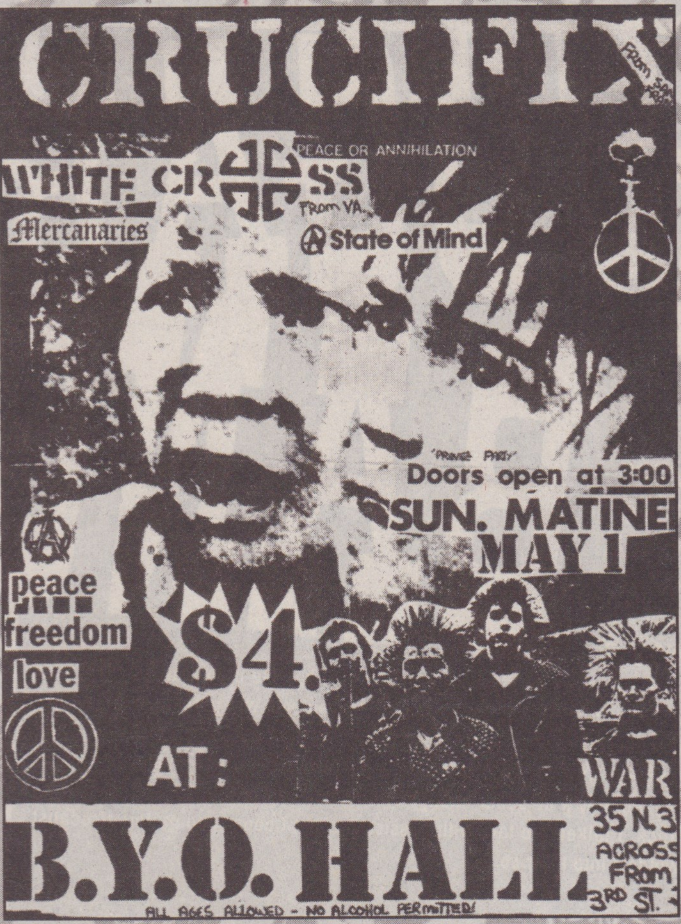


CRUCIFIX

SLEEPING DOGS
PLH
TRIAL
EXECUTIONER

ON BROADWAY THURS JUNE 23

AMERICAN LEGION HALL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peace
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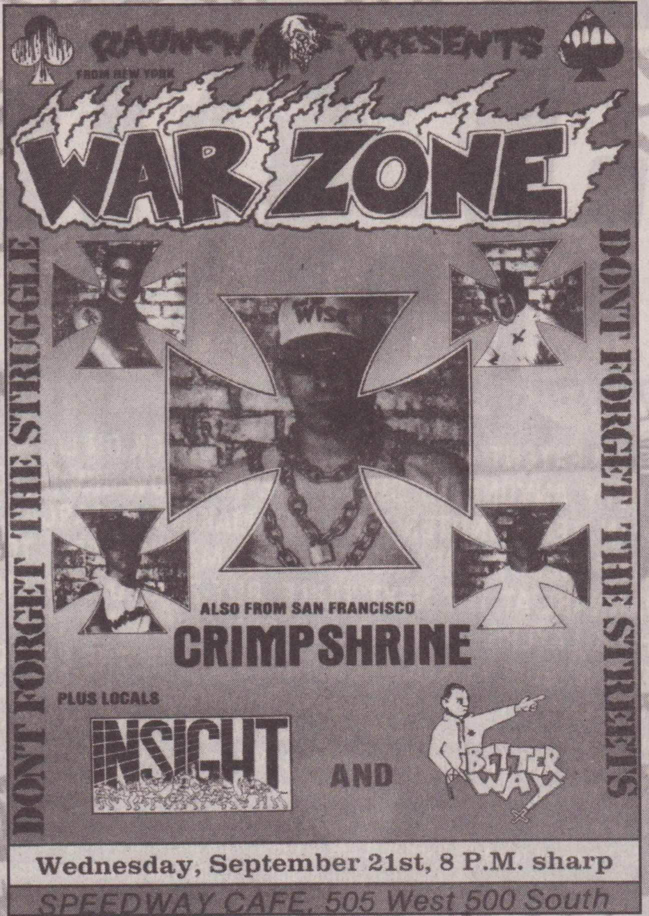
35 N. 3
ACROSS FROM 3RD ST.
ALL AGES ALLOWED - NO ALCOHOL PERMITTED!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WAR ZONE
DONT FORGET THE STRUGGLE
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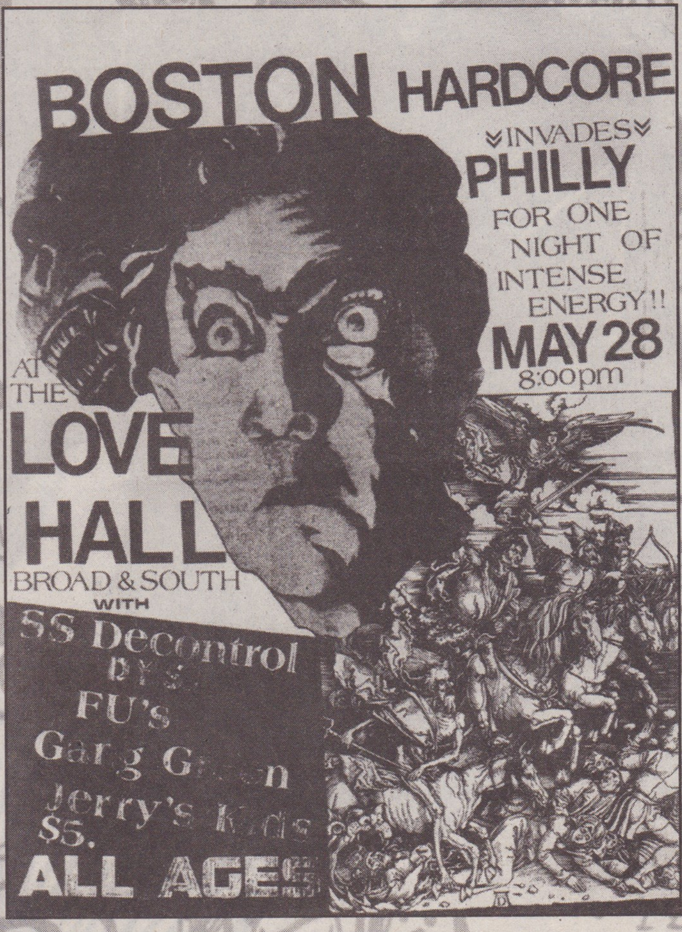
BOSTON HARDCORE
INVADES
PHILLY
FOR ONE NIGHT OF INTENSE ENERGY!!
MAY 28
8:00pm
AT THE
LOVE HALL
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FU's
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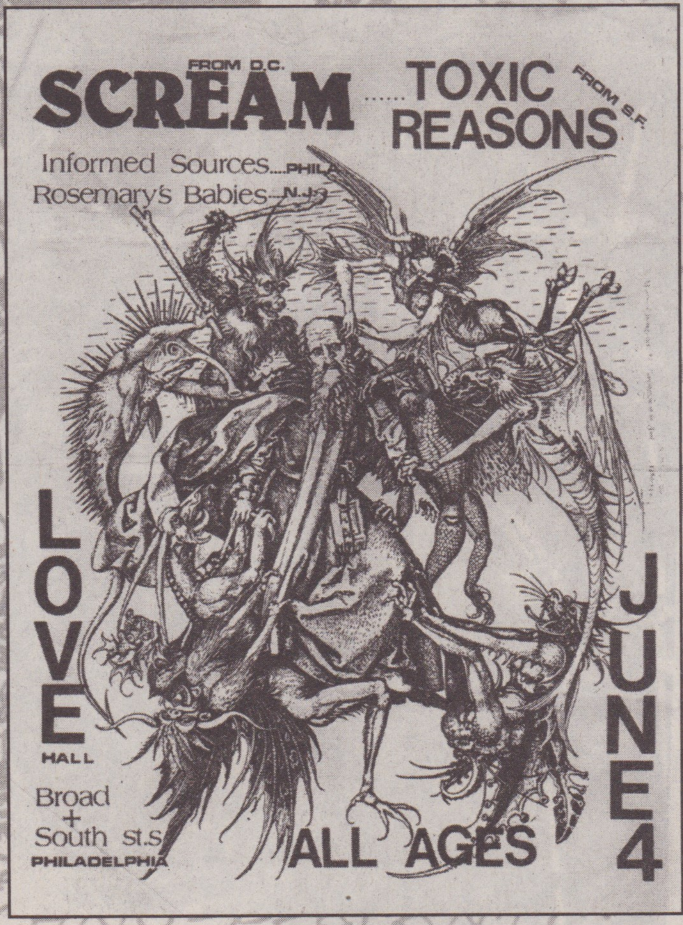
Jerry's Kids
$5.
ALL AGES


FROM D.C.
SCREAM
TOXIC REASONS
FROM S.F.
Informed Sources....PHILA
Rosemary's Babies....N.J.
LOVE
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Broad + South st.s
PHILADELPHIA
ALL AGES
JUNE 4

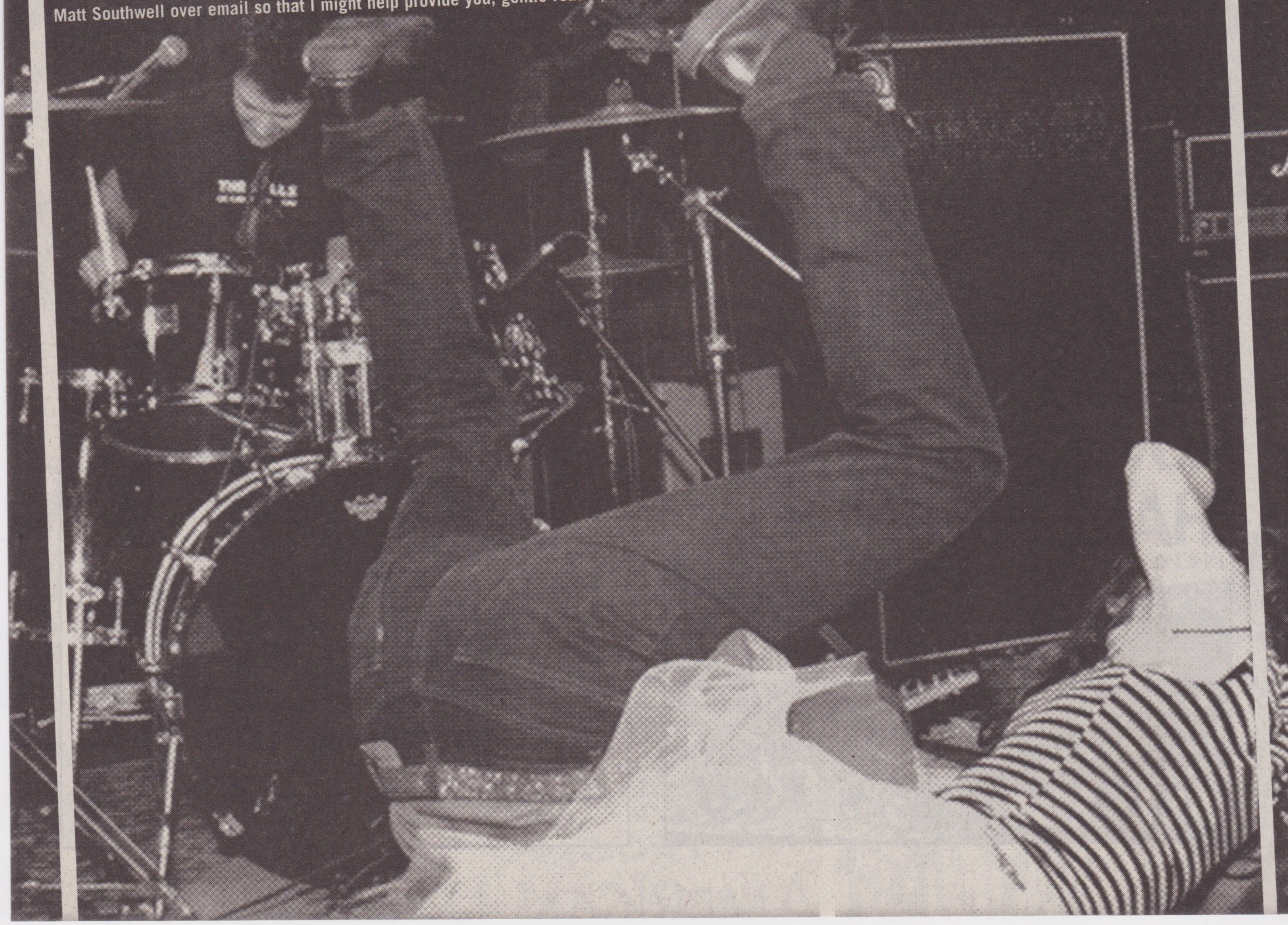
BANG SUGAR BANG

INTERVIEW BY JEFF PENALTY

TO AN EXTENT, PEOPLE ARE RIGHT TO PICK ON LA. AFTER ALL, I DEFY ANYONE TO SIT AT THE RAINBOW ROOM FOR MORE THAN TEN MINUTES WITHOUT MAKING A SARCASTIC COMMENT ABOUT THE METHODS OF MAYHEM-ERA TOMMY LEE WANNABE AT THE NEXT TABLE. BUT BURIED UNDERNEATH THE THICK LAYERS OF SMOG AND CYNICISM, THE TRUE SPIRIT OF ROCK N' ROLL IS STILL POGO-ING AWAY IN THE CITY OF ANGELS.

If you put a copy of Bang Sugar Bang's latest full-length, Thwack Thwack Go Crazy, into your CD player, you will most likely be driven to play air guitar, laugh your ass off, and say to yourself (or even out loud), "holy crap! that's what rock n' roll is supposed to sound like!" Also, you will probably have a craving for beer. And when they're not spending their time writing new music (which they do at an enviable pace), playing shows (which they do several times a week on average), touring, or holding down day jobs, Bang Sugar Bang also maintains Kiss or Kill, a Tuesday night rock club Where Everybody Knows Your Name. (And if they don't know it yet, just show up two or three weeks in a row and they'll be sober enough remember it eventually.)

So I present to you a band that doesn't just walk the walk, but also rocks the rock. I talked the talk with bassist/vocalist Cooper and guitarist/vocalist Matt Southwell over email so that I might help provide you, gentle reader, with a window into their souls.



MRR: Give me one word that uniquely sums up your band's history, current status, sound, and attitude.

Cooper: Street.

Matt: Beer.

MRR: If you were to hand someone who'd never heard your band a copy of your latest album, what would you say to prepare them for the listening experience?

Cooper: I'd say, "Grab a cold one and hang on!"

Matt: "Hope you like it, if you hate it give it to someone you think might like it, and if they hate it, it makes a great drink coaster. Unfortunately, it does not repel mosquitoes."

MRR: If you had a helper monkey, which band-related task would you want it to do in order to help you the most?

Cooper: A helper monkey! Wow. Actually Pawley [drums] is my helper monkey. But he's a sucky monkey! He's supposed to flyer the city before every show. But he seems to have a hard time getting the job done. So if I could have another helper monkey in addition to Pawley I'd hope he'd flyer and do internet promotion for all our shows. That would be awesome.

Matt: I'd want my helper monkey to haul the gear and find some beer. I think I speak for every musician when I say that hauling your gear down icy steps or in the rain sucks! How come all the best gear is the heaviest?

MRR: What's more important: looks or a sense of humor?

Cooper: Sense of humor hands down!

Matt: Seeing this question made me laugh; I guess it would be sense of humor.

MRR: What's tastier: Jack In The Box or Del Taco?

Cooper: Do I even have to answer that? Del Taco of course! Jack in the Box has fingernails in their burgers!

MRR: If you had the money, would you buy one of those special mattresses they sell on TV; the ones made with NASA material that don't let wine spill or something?

Cooper: I don't have TV so I haven't seen the ad for the mattress you're talking about. But it sounds pretty cool. If I had the money I'd probably buy it. Especially if it hides wine stains! That could come in handy.

Matt: Yes, I'll buy anything made by NASA. I support the space program. Save the Hubble telescope! I'm a total space nerd. I know the exact location of the Mars rovers at all times.

MRR: What's your take on the Los Angeles music scene?

Cooper: It's an exciting time to be a musician here. It feels like something is really happening. There's an electricity in the air. When we began, these promoters were charging $15 and lumping us on bills with bands that weren't like us at all. We'd play sandwiched between a Christian death metal band and the next Arlo Guthrie! After paying the cover, paying to park, and buying a beer, our fans had already spent $30. That's part of the reason we started booking our own night. It's called Kiss or Kill and it happens every Tuesday at the Echo in L.A. We keep the cover low, $3, have drink specials all night long and make sure all the bands are right stylistically. The only way to get booked is to show up and support the scene. It's become a collective of sorts. All the bands have taken over duties to make the club run. No one makes any money off the club. It all goes back into a pot to pay for club costs, a compilation CD, etc. Music should be about music, not money! Now there are lots of free or cheap shows all over the city. And you see bands piggybacking on one another, building their fan base together.

Matt: It's in a transitional place, which is always healthy. There are a lot of new sounds coming out of here. It's almost like anything goes. I like the diversity. There are still plenty of bands trying to give record labels what they think the labels want, but there's just as many bands doing their own thing and I like that.

MRR: Your sound is often described as "X meets the Jam." If X actually met the Jam in a dark alley, who would end up with whose wallets?

Cooper: Oooh. That's a tough one…God, I don't know. Okay, I have to say X and here's why: I'm convinced Billy Zoom may very well be an alien. His guitar playing is inhumanly good. And have you ever seen him play? The look on his face while he's playing makes him look like someone from another planet. So, I'm convinced if X and the Jam had a brawl, Billy would summon his buddies from the planet that he comes from and his otherworldly friends would come down and pull some crazy alien attack shit on the Jam, and the Jam would lose their wallets.

Matt: Gonna have to go against Cooper on this one. Although John Doe would be a good fighter, the Jam are three London street-toughs and I think they'd come out on top because I don't think DJ and Billy would want to fight. So it'd be three on one. Although if Exene's been drinking she could be trouble. Yeah, in the end I'm gonna have to go with the Jam.

MRR: Who is your biggest fan?

Matt: My mom; or maybe my sisters. I'm very fortunate to come from a family that always supported my playing.

Cooper: Matt's mom hands down. She travels all over the country to come see us play on tour. She's the coolest 65 year-old lady you'll ever meet. I remember when the last White Stripes album came out. She called us up insisting we go buy it right away because "it's a really good record." She's unreal!

MRR: Who do you wish were your biggest fan?

Cooper: I'm happy with Matt's mom. But, it would be cool if David Bowie were our biggest fan. That would be really cool.

Matt: That's tough. Chris Farley. He'd be fun to have down in the pit. But, he's dead so I guess it doesn't matter.

MRR: If your band were actually The Three Stooges, which stooge would each member be?

Cooper: I'd be Larry for sure. Matt would be Moe and Pawley would definitely be Curly.

MRR: Who would enjoy your latest album more: Jesus or Satan?

Cooper: This question reminds me of this card that Pawley picked up in a bathroom in Tennessee somewhere. It's a church's business card with a pair of praying hands on it. It says, "Give Jesus a try. If you don't like him, it's all right. Satan will always take you back!" We've got the card taped to the dash of our tour van. Every time I see it I have to laugh. So I guess Satan would like our album more, since he's super down with embracing Jesus' leftovers. And all of us are definitely Jesus' leftovers. Although I think Jesus would probably dig our record, too.

Matt: Depends on if there's beer in heaven.

MRR: What's your favorite porn movie?

Cooper: Dinner Party.

Matt: The Chameleon.

MRR: If there is a heaven, what would you like to hear God say when you get there?

Cooper: "Let there be rock!"

Matt: "Joe Strummer and your dad are waiting in the pub. They already bought you a drink. Oh, and we don't have last call here."

Okay, now I know that last answer was really poignant and touching and I hate to take away from it…but does anyone else find it interesting that they had such readily available and confident answers for the porn movie question…?

Anyway, check out www.bangsugarbang.com and www.kissorkillclub.com for more info about these crazy rock n' roll types and their crazy rock n' roll club. And if you find yourself in the vicinity of Los Angeles, do not be alarmed: it's not an earthquake, it's just the heart of rock n' roll pounding away as hard as ever.

BANG SUGAR BANG
BSB

FORWARD TO DEATH

When I saw Caustic Christ this past January I had no idea who was opening for them. Forward To Death happened to be one of those bands. Up 'til that point, i don't think I've ever circle-pitted that much for one band. I saw them again at Chicagofest, which was only a week & a half beforeI saw them five days in a row for their short California tour.I had the pleasure of interviewing them before the last show on this short tour. Interview by Kisston Gorgeous

Andy Scarpulla : Vocals
Drew Levinson: Guitar
Brian Gorsegner: Drums
Evan Kiel: Bass

MRR: Would you like to give a brief history of how Forward to Death came together? Was it really by accident like you mentioned in *The Hourglass* EP?
Drew: It was kind of just luck. There were instruments in my basement from other bands that practiced there. Me, Brian, Andy just got together and started jamming I guess, 'cause we hung out at my house anyway. And ate pizza and watched Bill Murray movies. We all picked up instruments that we had never played before in other bands or hadn't played in a really long time. And we just decided to write a couple songs.

MRR: So do you want to mention the previous bands you've all been in?
Andy: I was in Tear It Up. I'm still in a band called A New Enemy. And way back when I used to be in a band called Three Against One.

MRR: Which you told me about yesterday. [note: They had only played two out-of-state shows.]
Drew: I was in The Survivors with Bri [who's] over there. And GI Shmoe.
Andy: I forgot about GI Shmoe, the old classic.
Evan: Oh I've been in…let me give you the countdown; Nose Bleeds, Youth Crew, The Opera, I Will Kill You, Killer of Gore. What else? There's more. Most of them never had more than a practice but I'm still going to list them anyway…Ah, whatever. That's it.
Brian: I was in Full House and Survivors with Drew. And I'm currently in a band called Snake Bite with one of the dudes from Full House.

MRR: What was that tape I picked up yesterday [from the merch table]? Who's in that?
Andy: Oh yeah, I forgot about that. Brian and I are now in a band called Splitting Headache. We just started.

MRR: When people mention Forward to Death as ex-Tear It Up do you feel awkward about that label like it's something of the past, or does it feel good to be remembered in that way?
Andy: Hmm, good question. I don't mind that people use that to identify who we are. 'Cause if people thought that Tear It Up or The Survivors made good music it might make them more inclined to check out Forward to Death. But I don't think that musically we sound that much like either of those bands where it would be right to compare us. Not that it's wrong to compare us to them 'cause it's obviously going to happen no matter what we want. People are always going to say, "Oh it sounds better or worse than this." But I just don't think that it's necessarily accurate to say that we sound like either of those bands.

MRR: I'm just wondering, 'cause a lot of flyers go out there with bands that are ex-this band or that band.
Andy: Yeah, I guess after a while we'd like to find our own identity. But I understand its purpose to make kids aware of who we are.
Brian: I have something I could add to that. We played Chicagofest a couple weeks ago and afterwards I read some reviews some kid wrote and he said, "Oh, ex-Tear It Up? I was expecting something so much more like that! They suck. They're nothing like Tear It Up at all." And I think it's just funny. I mean, I do the same thing too. I'll be like, "Oh, it's got ex-members of this band. And I really like this band a lot. I'll definitely check them out." But I think you have to go into it not expecting to hear the second-coming of whatever band the members came out of, especially if it's one fifth of that "ex" band. It's not like, "three dudes *and* Andy from Tear It Up!" Especially since Andy doesn't even do [in Forward to Death] what he did in Tear It Up. So you can be like, "Oh. Tear It Up? I liked them." But all the rest of us have our own…something. We all add to this, to the music.

MRR: Do you notice an East Coast/West Coast difference in the kids, the scene, the shows?
Andy: Definitely. There's definitely a difference. I guess hardcore/punk kids are the same everywhere. One of the big differences you notice is how they dance. I don't think that's necessarily an East Coast/West Coast difference. It's just that all over the country everyone dances different. But it's totally cool.
Brian: Also, the inner wrist stamp. Three out of five nights on this tour.
Andy: Oh yeah.
Brian: I've never seen the inner wrist stamp on the east coast.
Andy: Good call. It's usually the back of the hand. I'm used to the back of the hand stamp.

MRR: Who does the lyric-writing?
Drew: We all do.
Andy: Yeah, all of us. Lyrically nobody in this band usually comes to practice with a full complete song. Not like, "Here's a song that I have." I know when I write lyrics it's nice if someone else can touch on the subject that I'm trying to get across. And maybe they can do a better job. A lot of the times when I'm trying to write a song what I'll do is email the lyrics to the other guys in the band and be like, "Hey, this is what I have, although I have no word here and I think this line totally sucks. Can you guys help me out?" And a lot of the times Drew will give me a great line that I obviously couldn't think of. When one guy does everything in the band or tries writing everything alone, it's limiting to the rest of the band. Obviously four heads work better than one. Working alone it's like, "Oooh, I'm the only one who can touch these songs."
[interviewers note: Evan takes a bathroom break and I get told a great #2 incident that happened between Evan and Brian after a Forward to Death show in Minneapolis and before heading to the Triple Rock. "Back and forth three fucking times."]

MRR: Some might say hardcore/punk music is "angry music." Do you find that to be true at all?
Andy: Yes.

MRR: I mean do you get your anger out on in your music? And with the new songs that are on *Death Therapy*?
Andy: Definitely. I think that's basically what one of the main things that this band is for. You know, it's a release. Being able to get up there and yell or jump around or play your guitar or whatever. I think it has a lot to do with getting out aggressions. Although maybe we're not always singing about extremely angry things. It's just a way of expressing yourself and a way of getting out some of that aggression.

MRR: Can you get revenge through song writing?
Andy: I've never thought of that. I guess so, though I've never really looked at it that way until now. That can be a way of looking at it.
Brian: I don't know if [it's like] revenge. The kind of shows we like to play and the kind of bands we like to play with aren't really the violent kind of bands. We're really against fighting at shows. I guess in some people's scenario when they want revenge on somebody, fucking beating the shit out of them seems like the right thing to do. I guess we like to write about it and vent about it through our music and our lyrics and when we are playing. I think it's a more positive way to react to the bullshit that's going on.

MRR: How many tours have Forward to Death done now?
Andy: We did one full US tour that was over a month. We did a trip down to Florida and back to play This Is For You Fest, which is in Daytona. We've played that fest twice. We've done a couple Midwest trips going as far west as

Minneapolis. And we're currently on a fly-out California tour. We've actually been arguing whether it's a tour or not 'cause everybody's got their own opinion on how many days a tour has to be or how many miles away one show is from the next to be considered a tour. So I guess you can say we've been on about four tours. Some shorter than others.

MRR: What's the best part of touring?
Andy: I think being able to see different people, cities, states, countries. I just like getting away. It's a good break from seeing the same people at work everyday or the same people at your home everyday. I love seeing new places and things I've never seen before and traveling and experiencing all different stuff. Different food.
[note: Brian starts to answer right when Evan gets back from his bathroom break.]
Drew: Hop on in.
Evan: Someone's smoking weed out here.
Drew: Nice.
Evan: Sorry.
Brian: I think we've all made a lot of really good friends from being on tour whether it's been from being in this band or past bands. And right now we've been in California all week and I feel like every place we've gone there's been at least two or three people that we don't get to see 'cause they live 3000 miles away. There are friends we never would've made if we weren't in a touring band and didn't get a chance to see things and meet new people. Hopefully in ten years, if we're still doing bands, we'll go out and those same people will still be hanging around. It'll always be nice to see familiar faces.
Drew: I think the best part about being on tour is basically getting to travel around the country for free. The only thing you have to spend money on is food. And you don't have to worry about much more than getting to the next show and playing. That's like the only responsibility you have. And that's pretty cool.

MRR: Have there been any bands you've been incredibly grateful to have played with?
Andy: Kill Your Idols! Haha…yeah.

MRR: I bet.
Brian: Kill Your Idols took us on this current California tour. They really look after us, more than any other band, I'd say. They put us on tons of shows. And they're just the most sincere dudes ever. They're old dudes that still check out young bands, and were cool enough to check us out. I guess they took a liking to us 'cause we've become really good friends. And thanks to them we're in California right now and not sitting at home or at fucking work.
Andy: Another really cool band that we've played with recently is a band called Direct Control from…uh, North Carolina?
Evan: Richmond.
Andy: Richmond, yeah. But, wow, they're really awesome. I really love going on tour and coming across some cool band you didn't know too much about. That's a pretty cool thing about touring. Finding a cool interesting band you never would have heard of before going out on tour.

MRR: OK, so what are your plans after you get home from this tour?
Andy: Uh, nothing…haha. We're probably going to write music. I guess we haven't really written any new songs in a while. Our LP [*Death Therapy*] was done being written…when did we record?
Drew: October.
Andy: Yeah, first week of October. See, we haven't written a single new song since October. I don't know exactly what we're going to be writing for yet. But…
Brian: Something new.
Andy: Something new. Something good.
Brian: This is like the end of a touring-and-playing-shows-thing. Basically our schedule since last summer has been to write for the full length and take off time from playing shows so we had time to write. Then, record the full-length, start playing a couple more shows. The record came out in January and since December we've basically been on tour. Full US tour in December. We came home for a little bit and worked to get some more money to go back out. Then went out for another two weeks. So this is kind of like the end of a long stretch of the writing-recording-touring-thing. We'll take it easy for a little bit. And like Andy said, start writing some new stuff.

MRR: And you said that you email lyrics to each other? Does that mean you all live close to each other or pretty far apart?
Andy: Brian and Evan live really close to each other. And me and Drew live close to each other. A lot of times, too, when we're writing songs we'll all get together and be like, "Aww, I have this cool riff!" We refer to it as [laughing] having a…pow-wow. Basically we all get together, have some pizza, watch a movie, and go over ideas for new songs. It's a hanging out practice. "Here's this riff I wrote. What do you think?" "Oh it's cool. Maybe I have something that could go after that." It's kind of an interesting and fun song-writing process. We hang out. We're all close enough to hang out quite a bit.

MRR: Those are my only questions. Anything else you'd like to add?
Evan: Ummm. I didn't say anything so let me think of something good to say.

MRR: How was your bathroom break?
Evan: Oh, it was great. No one bothered me.
Brian: I told the Minneapolis story.
Evan: …I don't know. Listen to the Ergs(!).
Andy: Into the Ergs.
Brian: The Ergs(!) are also a great new band from New Jersey you should check out.
[everyone laughing]
Andy: We fully endorse them. They're one of the few bands that everybody in Forward to Death likes.
Evan: Yeah, seriously.
Andy: That's E-R-G-S. Exclamation point (!).
[everyone laughing]
Andy: Thank you very much for the interview.

MRR: Very cool.
Evan: Up the punks!

THE SPECTACLE

The Spectacle is my favorite band in the world. My band/record label mate had met a few of them some years ago while touring Europe. They were fifteen or sixteen year old kids then. A few years later, our band was touring Europe again and we played a few shows with them. My aforementioned bandmate kept in contact with the band and when they finally released a record in 2003, some copies of it soon showed up in our PO box. We put it on my turntable and were blown away. These young kids from the Arctic Circle had released, on their own label, four heartbreakingly brutal and passionate songs that renewed our faith in punk rock. In the following year and half they made an even more impressive full-length and we did a US tour together. Getting to know these kids as individuals and watching them play every night were some of the best experiences of my life. While I was visiting them for a month in their hometown of Bodø, Norway, we sat down and did this interview. Although The Spectacle is a six-piece (for real: drums, bass, vocals and three guitars!), Jørgen couldn't make it and Torbjørn had to leave pretty early on. The other four had a lot of interesting stuff to say, though. We had a lot of fun doing this interview and I hope you enjoy reading it. Interview by Stef.

MRR: Normal bullshit: Would each of you please state your name, age and the instrument you play in the band?

Kjetil: My name is Kjetil and I play the drums and I'm 20 years old.

Andreas: I'm Andreas, I'm 24, and I sing in the band.

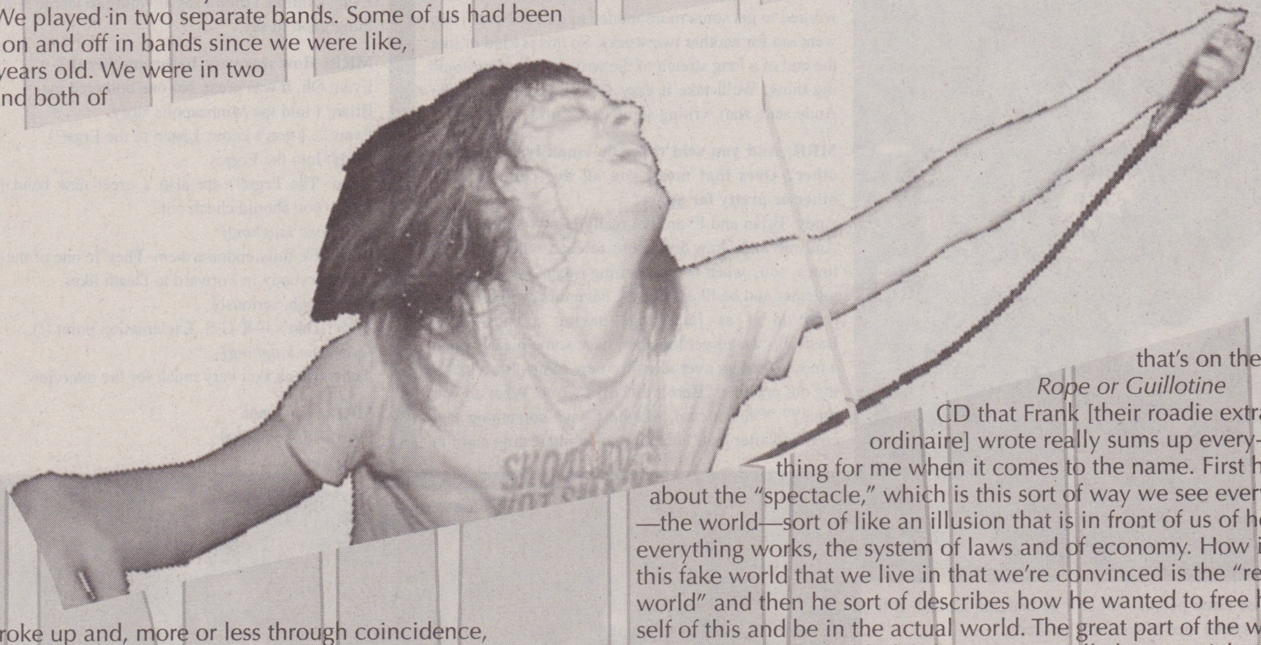
Endre: My name is Endre, I try to play guitar and I'm 21.

Martin: Martin, play the bass, and I'm 20.

Torbjørn: Torbjørn, I play the guitar, also, and I'm 21.

MRR: Talk a bit about how you became a band.

Endre: We played in two separate bands. Some of us had been playing on and off in bands since we were like, twelve years old. We were in two bands and both of those broke up and, more or less through coincidence, we formed this band.



MRR: What does your band name mean and why did you choose it?

Andreas: We basically took it from the book *The Society of the Spectacle*, but I'm not really a big fan of the book. I guess it's pretty pretentious. In the beginning, it was just taking something cool. I think I like the band name much more now than I have ever before, because I can relate more and more to it, but in the beginning it didn't really mean that much to me when it came to the politics of it. But I think I can relate to it more and more, both onstage and offstage.

MRR: And what are the politics?

Adreas: The basic "spectacle," I guess, if you take it from the book's meaning, what the Situationists said, is like taking things out of context and putting them into a new context to make some new meaning from it. I guess I don't think it relates that much to the band and I don't know how I relate to it, but we're a spectacle when we play. I like the idea, for example, of taking a poem and take two lines out of things that are the basis for the book is that you can take parts of something that does not mean anything and make it into something new that means something to you.

Martin: I think the article that's on the *Rope or Guillotine* CD that Frank [their roadie extraordinaire] wrote really sums up everything for me when it comes to the name. First he talks about the "spectacle," which is this sort of way we see everything —the world—sort of like an illusion that is in front of us of how everything works, the system of laws and of economy. How it's like this fake world that we live in that we're convinced is the "real world" and then he sort of describes how he wanted to free himself of this and be in the actual world. The great part of the whole article, is that he concludes that no one really has any right to claim to live in the real spectacle, the "real" world, to have "this is true" and "this is not true," and so that is really what we're doing —we're creating our own spectacle, a better version, a better illusion. If you can't have the real thing, why not create a good place to live instead of a bad place to live that's an illusion?

MRR: Y'all seem to be somewhat isolated here in northern Norway, and compared to other places I've been, Bodø seems to be a pretty tiny city. How did y'all come to know about punk/HC? Is there much history of punk/HC in Bodø? If so, talk a bit about it.

Endre: I actually got to know punk and hardcore through Andreas, I guess, a lot, or more so through his brother and the friends that he had. Punk and skateboarding was really connected for a while in Bodø. The skateboard scene was really political in a way and very much like a punk scene. It had a lot of the good stuff that often goes on in a punk scene and the do-it-yourself spirit. Punk

music has a history in Bodø. Both rock music in general and punk rock especially have existed in Bodø since like the late 70s or the beginning of the 80s. So there's a lot of grown up people now that definitely keep up with our band and people that have been involved with punk and music in Bodø since like the early 80s.

Andreas: Bodø was really famous for its punk scene in the beginning of the 80s, because a couple of the bands that started out here made a name for themselves in some way. I think they had a squatted house here as well that they had shows in,. It seems to go in certain waves, where there are people that do really great things. It's a good feeling that I have that feeling in Bodø now—that there are great things happening.

MRR: How did y'all become aware of anarchist/activist ideas?

Endre: I think I did a lot of research on it myself. Actually, literature from—for instance—CrimethInc. or other collectives or organizations in the anarchist community of today helped me a lot. I became interested in politics, like socialism and communism, fairly early in school, so it was sort of a natural progression for me to come into anarchist and activist ideas.

Kjetil: For me personally, I think it was through becoming a vegetarian and becoming aware of politics around animal liberation. Reading a lot of literature around that made me see natural relations to other sort of politics and get in touch with activists and literature written by activists.

Andreas: I think that some of the ideas we have in the band don't basically relate to any literature. It's the way we've been doing things for a long time and it just fits right. Like the do-it-yourself spirit—there's never been any question about doing things any other way.

MRR: Especially in a small town.

Andreas: Because the roots are really deep for how to do certain things and how things work. I don't think we read all of our politics in books or just copied other peoples' thoughts. I think that the connection we have had is based a lot on conversations with people we have met and being inspired by other people.

MRR: Assuming the similarities are obvious (kids, shows, records for sale, touring and local bands), talk about any differences you've noticed between the Norwegian/European and the American punk/HC communities.

Andreas: Youth clubs.

Kjetil: Yeah, governmental funding—there is a lot of that in Norway.

MRR: How does that work?

Endre: It works very easily. You basically have to be formally organized in some way and the municipality has its own bureaucracy that works with education, culture, and kids. Basically anybody can apply to them to have money for a project or a band. Some of us are involved with an organization that put up shows and booking and we get quite a lot of money for that.

MRR: Does that money come from taxes?

Andreas: Yes, I think so. The punk communities get it because there's so much activity. It seems that a lot of the money goes to bigger bands that don't really need it. It's actually sometimes crippling to us, because there are not a lot of house shows—people always put on shows in either youth clubs or show spaces. Things are more professional in Norway than in other countries, and generally in Scandinavian Europe compared to America, because there's so much funding.

Endre: The distance is a big difference between Norway and a lot of places in the US, where the cities are really close and a touring band can play and play a lot in a smaller area. Here, if you want to go north of Trondheim, you have to drive eleven hours to get up here to Bodø.

Andreas: What I really like about the American punk scene is that people organize themselves through houses and there's no governmental funding and it's more DIY in a way.

MRR: Growing up in a place that is as undeniably beautiful as Norway, in which the population of the entire country is less than that of a handful of individual American cities, was it shocking or difficult to experience American sprawl? What are some retrospective thoughts about your trip to the States, aside from the venues and shows?

Kjetil: Commercials, like billboards and advertisements.

Andreas: I've been thinking about one thing when we drive between shows in America: it seems like we are driving through one neighborhood and to another neighborhood. We drive on the highway and it seems like we haven't moved at all. I think it seems like everything is the same and it's such a big country. It seems like something is lost. Everything is like a copy of another copy again and again when it comes to houses and how cities are built. Nothing is different.

Kjetil: Mass-produced.

Andreas: Everything seems really preconstructed in America but it's so hard to talk about America because it's such a big country. You always end up making a generalization on the entire country based on a couple of driveways you have been in.

MRR: I read in another interview with you guys that, because the music scene in Bodø is small, a lot of shows combine bands and audiences from different genres within the city. Have there ever been any problems with this? Any funny stories? Talk a bit about your thoughts on the Undying/The Spectacle/Requiem show in Richmond, VA (US)? This was a show in which bands from different genres within the punk/HC scene played together in a somewhat rough city and a series of fights broke out until the music had to stop for the night.

Andreas: It seems like you don't have to be into hardcore or punk in Bodø to go to a hardcore punk concert.

Endre: There are not really straight hardcore punk shows. It's more like a grassroots music scene that everyone that wants to can participate in. In a way, talking about a punk or hardcore scene in Bodø seems kind of strange, at least when your talking about music. Which is a good thing.

Andreas: I'm so happy that there seems to be a political root even

THE SPECTACLE

if you don't listen to hardcore music . It seems like there's some sort of political, DIY spirit in everyone. What I really hope for is that you don't really have to be a punk or hardcore person to have those political aspects in your life.

MRR: So you're basically saying that bunches of different people coming to shows in Bodø is actually a positive, community-building tool?

Endre: For the most part, totally, yeah.

Andreas: It's cool because, after a while, the people that aren't into politics but have been playing music in Bodø for many years, like older people, start to take interest in us just because we have been here so long. It's just good to have communication with forty and fifty-year-olds that have been into music for a long time and they've a whole different background than we do. It's really great to see that you can actually communicate between scenes inside a small scene.

Kjetil: I wouldn't prefer to create a community where everybody listened to the same music or wore the same haircut. I think it's very important to be able to recognize the differences that you have and be able to have peace within that community.

Martin: I think it really sort of generates a lot greater acceptance between different scenes. In Bodø, there's a big metal scene as well—it's part of the punk scene. I remember when we were in the US some of the Americans we were travelling with were really worried one of the nights where there were only metal bands aside from us that played, that we might get beaten up or something. Here, there's a big acceptance between the different kinds of music. You can have one band just playing pop music and the next band plays hardcore and you see that the first band is standing in front of the stage.

Kjetil: At that show in the US, there was a big difference between hardcore and metal.

Andreas: Or even hardcore and punk. Hardcore and punk are the same in Norway!

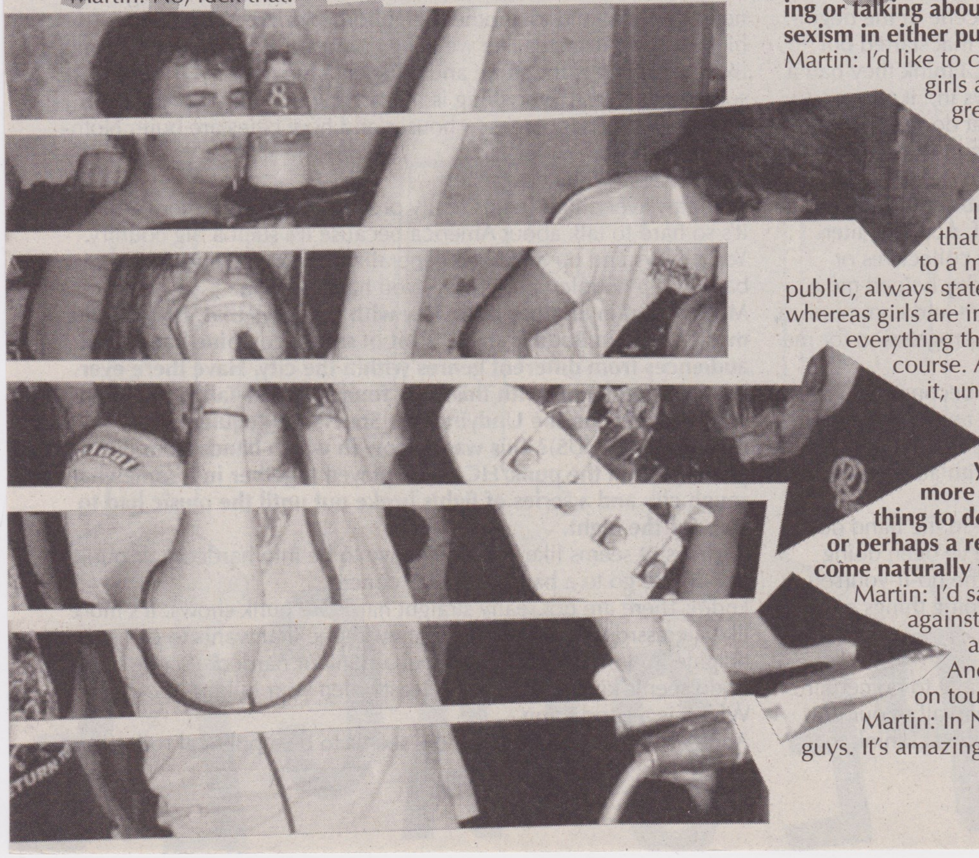
MRR: How do y'all feel about being on a specifically anarchist record label (CrimethInc.) that cares more about direct action and anarchist outreach than it does about music and promotion?

Kjetil: Great.

Andreas: Really great.

MRR: So, you wouldn't prefer to be on a larger label that really focused on, say, putting out ads all the time to really sell your record?

Martin: No, fuck that.



Andreas: It's so strange because there had never been any discussion, like we have never sent out any promo demos. We have been really into the bands on CrimethInc. and we really like how CrimethInc. works and if they didn't want to help us, then we'd just have to do it ourselves.

Kjetil: I guess if you compare CrimethInc. as a label to other punk labels you'd see more interest for the music actually. They've released the Sandman record, for instance, which is this singer-songwriter dude, and I don't see that coming from like a general hardcore label, so I feel very comfortable with everything about CrimethInc.

Andreas: And it seems more based on friendship than any other label. It seems really like a good way of doing things.

MRR: Judging by how your band and its projects function, your lyrical content, and how you seem to live your personal lives, it seems fair enough that I call The Spectacle an anarchist/ activist band, whether or not you each individually would choose that label. What does anarchism/activism/DIY mean to each of you in how you function in your everyday lives? What do you hope people will get out of your lyrics, texts and between-song dialogue at shows?

Endre: Being an anarchist, at least in my head, makes up the kind of glasses that I see the world through, so it affects everything in my life, from diet and trying to avoid using a car to maybe stealing stuff instead of paying, not that I claim to do that a lot. Basically, it affects everything in my life: how I see the world, how I do specific things, how I think.

MRR: Just the fact that the four of you (Endre, Andreas, Kjetil, and Martin) live together—that has to have had something to do with the fact that you guys formed such a bond together in the band that you decided that you would want to live together and share expenses. Are there other ways that what you've learned from punk has spilled into the rest of your lives?

Andreas: I think punk rock really saved my life, to be honest, because I would see myself as a totally different person if I didn't actually know about punk. I'm so inspired by even the closest friends of mine. And it's strange because we never fight inside the band. It seems like we work pretty well together and I think we are definitely getting better at communicating with each other and just working as a unit.

MRR: There are six boys in your band. I could ask you why that is, but I already know the answer: male musicians are much easier to find because boys are encouraged to play music while girls are not. Is this something that any of you have spent much time thinking or talking about? What are some things you are doing to fight sexism in either punk/HC or your local community?

Martin: I'd like to correct a bit of that. I think in a bigger degree girls are taught to play classical music to a higher degree than boys, in Norway. A lot of girls play piano, violin, and flute and those kinds of instruments.

Endre: Not a lot of girls get into rock or the whole playing-in-a-band thing or performing. I think that is a big difference in Norway. It's not that girls are not taught to play music, but boys are to a much higher degree encouraged to perform, be public, always state opinions, and always be proud of yourself, whereas girls are in a way taught to be much more careful with everything that they have to contribute, which sucks, of course. And I don't feel that I'm doing very much about it, unfortunately, other than to always be as open for girls as boys.

MRR: My experience on tour with y'all is that you're very affectionate with each other, much more than average straight men. Does it have anything to do with Norwegian culture or parental influence or perhaps a rebellion against such things, or does it just come naturally from spending a lot of time together?

Martin: I'd say definitely the last two for me at least. It's so against Norwegian culture to be able to be affectionate at all almost.

Andreas: And it's a good way to sort out your mind on tour actually.

Martin: In Norway, guys are not supposed to touch other guys. It's amazing how freaked out some people got at school when a friend and me were just having fun pretending to make-out. It has to do with rebelling against our own boundaries as well, for me. It's for me. I want to be affectionate with other people regardless of what gender they are.

MRR: In an interview I read with you guys in a Norwegian fanzine (that was written in English), Endre stated that he thought the zine should be in Norsk instead of English, yet all of The Spectacle's lyrics so far have been in English. It's obvious that bands often sing in English instead of their native tongue because it is the language that is most accessible to the largest amount of people worldwide. How much do you feel this has to do with American imperialism? Are there any negative effects you've experienced from singing in English instead of in Norsk?

Endre: Well, first of all, it has a lot to do with American imperialism. It has a lot to do with TV and the place that TV has in modern days. In Norway, a lot of the stuff that is on TV is American. There's so much coming from America and you get so much English all around that is has to influence you. So, yes, it has a lot to do with American imperialism. I'm not sure if I personally feel that we've had any negative effects from singing in English instead of Norwegian.

Andreas: I think the negative effect that comes to my mind is that it sometimes doesn't feel that honest to me. Being the singer, it sometimes feels hard to relate to the English words. When you speak Norwegian, it feels like you're telling the truth, but when you speak in English it seems like you're just using words that you've been taught in school.

Endre: As fucked up as it may be, I actually feel it the complete other way around.

Martin: I really think that because we sing in English it's a lot easier to ignore what the lyrics really mean.

Andreas: That's a fucking problem.

Martin: Yeah. If we had spoken in Norwegian there's no way that Norwegian people could ignore what the words actually meant. Now it's more like, it could just be anything, it could just be a poem, and it could mean anything. If we would say some of the things that we say in English in Norwegian, like directly translated it, it would be...

Andreas: It would be crushing.

MRR: What inspirations do you bring to the band that are drawn from within the local or international punk/HC community?

Andreas: I think we got a lot of inspiration from both our European and American tours. I think there are two main inspirations that I brought home and they were: The Reclaim the Streets thing that would never have happened in Bodø if it wasn't for the inspiration we got in America. We knew about the idea but we had to see it in real life to bring it home, I guess. And then it's how collective works and how squats are working in Europe and that's a big inspiration, I think.

Kjetil: Catharsis, Newborn, Undying. Those are the bands that mean something to me.

MRR: What inspirations do you bring to the band that are drawn from outside the punk/HC community?

Endre: The biggest inspiration for me can be life experience, which can take place within or without of the punk hardcore community. There are a lot of trees around here, like outside the house we're sitting in now and on the hills and in the autumn they all change color. I always find that tremendously inspiring to see all those beautiful colors on a nice autumn day and the same thing in the winter. Its bright all summer here, and when the winter and autumn comes and it starts to get dark again and you suddenly see the stars again and I remember that they exist again, because I had almost forgotten during the summer when its bright all night. I find that experience inspiring every year.

Andreas: And the feeling you get during the summer in Bodø when you're out skateboarding or you're just hanging out or making food outside. The feeling when it's five in the morning and its still bright. It feels like you're living in a movie sometimes, in a way. You're never tired and you can just go on and on and it's just beautiful.

Martin: I remember a lot of the summer, having been at friends' places and just walking home, "OK, it's 4 am and it looks like it's four in the afternoon." But the sky, instead of being light blue everywhere, is like a light pink in with the blue everywhere twirling in with each other and I just want to walk forever, even though I'm walking on pavement. The feeling is so amazing.

Andreas: And the feeling where there is nobody in the streets. You're alone walking from the city or walking home on Reinslettvien [the street they live on]. It's so wonderful.

Kjetil: It's so silent. That's another thing.

Andreas: It's cool, 'cause when you experience those nights during the summer, you wouldn't like to be anywhere else in the world.

MRR: During the winter you have the Northern lights, though.

Endre: Very inspiring, yeah.

Martin: But back to the question. Music: no one in our group has more inspiration from the punk hardcore music scene than from outside. Everybody listens to all kinds of music and we love it. We love everything that feels good to listen to that can inspire us and that we draw emotions from and that we can take things from anywhere and just create something.

MRR: Any closing comments or other topics you'd like to talk about?

Kjetil: Love.

Andreas: Like a true rock star, "love and peace."

Kjetil: No, not like a cliché, but like real love.

Contact The Spectacle at:
Kirkeveien 5 / N-8009 Bodø / Norway
ihatethespectacle@yahoo.no
The Spectacle 10" available from
www.smartpatrolrecords.com
The Spectacle Rope or Guillotine CD available from
crimethinc.com

Reason Of Insanity

Uncompromising honesty. Those are two words I would use to describe the following interview. It is not uncommon in the hardcore scene for bands to censor their true opinions in order to achieve those ever-so-meaningful and ever-so-important scene points. Occasionally, however, you get a band that doesn't care about these things. They say what is on their minds because they honestly don't give a fuck about earning scene points, because to them being part of a scene is not important. What is important to these people is being true to themselves and, most importantly, true to the music. Reason of Insanity obviously doesn't give a fuck about what others think and anyone who decides to read this interview will most likely agree with me. You may not agree with some of the things said in this interview, but you cannot deny that they are being completely honest when answering the questions I presented them. Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you Reason of Insanity in all their ugly, angry, and brutally uncompromising honesty.

Interview 4/25/05 by Beau Beasley.

MRR: When and where did Reason of Insanity start?

Howie: I'd have to say it started when Josh moved from Texas and started living with Daniel at Grand Ave. in Lafayette, Louisiana. That was in the summer of 1999, and they sent me a cassette in the mail that was Ben, Josh, and Daniel jamming. We didn't really have a name yet, and they called me on the phone and said, "Hey, we want you to sing."

Josh: On Halloween night of that year, Howie finally moved to Lafayette (from New Orleans), and we had a fucking party and got shit-faced. That's when Reason of Insanity was finally together.

Howie: I showed up with bells and whistles, man! And totally nude!

MRR: Where did you get the name?

Howie: We were watching TV, and someone got off by reason of insanity: they murdered someone and had to go to a mental institution.

Josh: It was on Court TV. It just sounded cool…whatever.

MRR: So what records do you have out, and what records do you have coming out?

Josh: What we have out is the Bread and Water split on Burrito, the Otophobia split on Burrito, the Sick Abuse split on Eminent Domain—but that's out of print—and the LP on Psycho Wolf records. That's it so far.

Howie: Plus, we have a split with Journey, the old classic rock band.

Josh: Yeah, we're doing Journey covers and they're doing Reason of Insanity covers. It's going to be on Swami records (laughter).

MRR: So what's coming out?

Josh: There's going to be a split with Race Against Time on Burrito records, and a split with Bad Eating Habits.

Howie: Also, a live CD with unreleased tracks recorded live in Richmond, Virginia when we were on tour with Rattus.

Josh: That live set has our friend Brandon playing drums for us on that tour.

Howie: We've got this set recorded at Josh Dobb's Danger Room that will be on the CD.

MRR: You guys recently went on tour with Rattus. How was that? Any highlights?

Josh: Yeah, they kick ass!

Howie: The entire time was Ten High whiskey.

Josh: The whole thing was a highlight, but the best show was probably in Providence, Rhode Island.

MRR: Why was that?

Josh: There was a great turn out, the kids went nuts, and Rattus ripped it up. Every show was great and everyone we met was fucking awesome. Yeah, the whole thing was the highlight.

MRR: What did you think of the Rattus guys?

Josh: They were really, really cool, down to earth, awesome, funny dudes. They acted just like us. Even though they're legends, they didn't act any different than we did.

Howie: My favorite moments were Justin running us off the road and trying to kill us.

Josh: Justin fell asleep behind the wheel because we had only gotten fifteen minutes of sleep the night before, literally.

Howie: Actually I have another favorite: the high-speed chase through Baltimore. I'm talking high speed, like maybe 80 mph, with Bob Suren fucking opening his door and trying to run people off the road. And also, Vote Vasko attacking Josh for his 40-ounce, and later finishing a beer by throwing it at some people around a campfire, yelling, "Fucking hippies!"

MRR: What do you think of the current D-beat explosion going on in places like Austin, TX, etc. ?

Josh: Yeah, Howie, how do you feel about these kids who weren't listening to shit or doing shit and didn't give a shit about Discharge or anything as little as five or six years ago? Now it's all the rage, now that their power-violence and grindcore isn't cool anymore.

Howie: They can all go to hell. I think they can eat shit and die. But honestly, you have to start somewhere, and I'm glad that kids are getting into shit, but don't cop the fucking attitude like you've been into it forever.

MRR: Recently Municipal Waste signed to Earache Records, what do you think about that?

Josh: I just hope they don't go on MTV and start some kind of wave of…

Howie: —a thrash movement! (laughter)

Josh: I don't want some wave of trendies talking about thrash. Cause yeah, Municipal Waste is cool. Tony and Ryan are cool. Andy can suck a dick for fucking over our good friend Dave, and I don't know their new drummer or bassist. Tony and Ryan are good guys, so let's just hope they don't end up on MTV.

MRR: And you, Howie?

Howie: It's probably what they were aiming for, and I'm glad things are working out their way. Likewise, I hope it doesn't start some kind of poser-ass thrash movement, but I think we are already seeing something like that happening anyway.

MRR: What are some of your favorite current bands?

Howie: Current bands? Strung Up, I think they are really good.

Josh: Annihilation Time, Direct Control, Career Suicide, The Pallbearers from New Orleans.

Howie: Of course Race Against Time, I supported and loved them from the beginning, and I think they're still great.

Josh: Caustic Christ.

Howie: Bad Eating Habits, The Runnamucks, and totally Annihilation Time, hands down.

Josh: Yeah, all them motherfuckers.

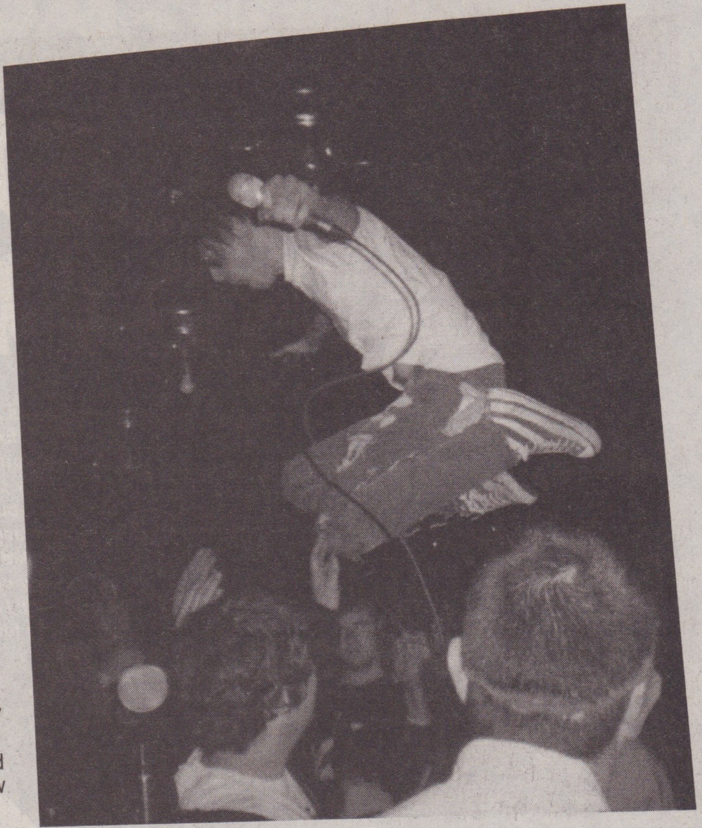
MRR: Moving on, what do you think about PC-types labeling Reason of Insanity as a right-wing redneck band?

Howie: Who?

MRR: PC, "politically correct…"

Howie: Oh, if that's what they think, I think that they're full of shit. Why would they say something like that?

Josh: They don't know shit. It's because they hear lyrics like "whore" and "suck a dick," and they're too fucking ninny-nanny to take a fucking view from outside of their own PC mind-set. Fuck 'em. Let them think what they want; I don't give a fuck.



Howie: How does that constitute right-wing anyway? What does that have to do with the right wing? Right wing is like….

Josh: If you're not sucking hippie cock, I guess you're a right-wing asshole.

Howie: We smoke a lot of pot, but it doesn't make us hippies.

Josh: Yeah, we smoke pot but we don't suck hippie cock.

MRR: You guys have a song called Web of Lies about computer technology, but recently you got a Myspace account. What's that about?

Josh: I'll field that one. I wrote the music for "Web of Lies," and Howie wrote the lyrics. The Myspace thing is something I did, so I guess we can't play that song anymore.

Howie: No, we can still play it.

Josh: We have to try to keep up with current technology.

Howie: I'm living in the Stone Age.

NA
NEGATIVE APPROAC

Josh: People don't want to use the phone anymore, so we have to try to keep up with the "computer world."

MRR: There are some stories going around about Howie and a certain recording artist from Alabama on a certain record label. What's that all about?

Howie: Are you serious, do you want to get into that one?

Josh: (loud laughter)

MRR: Do you want to get into that one, Josh?

Josh: Howie, that's your department.

Howie: I think he knows who he is, and I think if he ever enters the state of Louisiana ever again and I find out, I'll put a bullet in his goddamn face.

Josh: Wow! Well there you go.

MRR: Enough said, so what is the deal with this whole GCHC thing going on right now?

Josh: That's us!

MRR: What does it stand for?

Josh: Gulf Coast Hardcore. Real hardcore, like ourselves and the other bands and kids we hang out and party with from Texas to Florida, with a few exceptions. It's our bros, our homies, our group of bands and friends. GCHC separates us from every other scene around the world. That's who we are.

Howie: I think it's a beautiful thing; it gives kids in these southern states something to support and be proud about. We deal with a lot of ignorant racist assholes from every creed, color, and race, so it gives a good support line.

Josh: Even those who don't claim the GCHC thing, like Bob Suren for example, is a part of it in my eyes.

Howie: You don't have to spout the words to be one of the bros, man. If you're good friends, you're good friends.

Josh: The Hardy brothers and the crew from that North Carolina/Virginia area are honorary GCHC, and Lonnie Davis from Missouri.

Howie: We love the kids. The kids in Brandon, Florida have always showed us a good time and the kids in fucking Houston. They are always blowing shit way out of the fucking water! We love that. Right now in Louisiana we have minimal support; it isn't worth the time.

MRR: Eewww!! Gross!!!!

Josh: Sorry, I'm grossing Beau out by eating chicken bone marrow.

Howie: Chew, chew, chew.

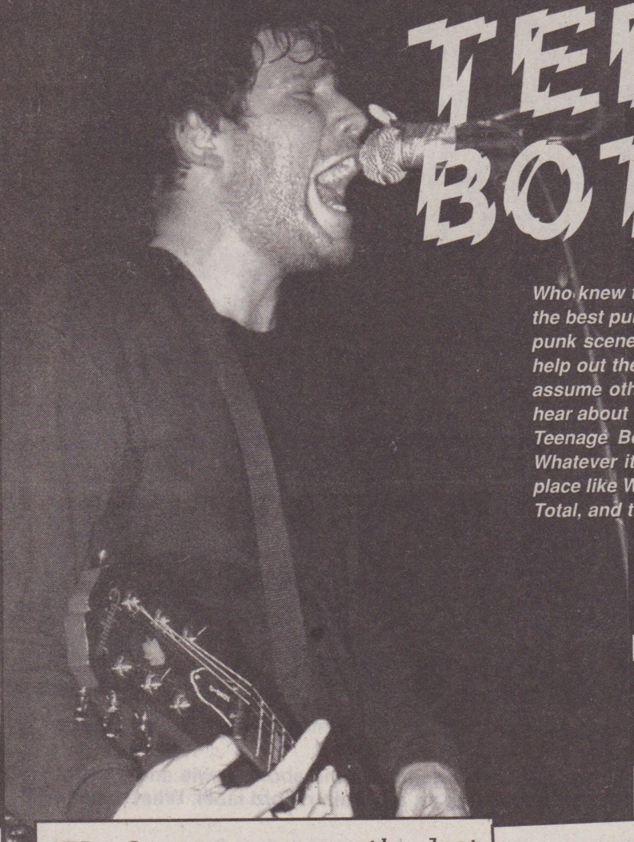
MRR: Any last words?

Josh: Buy our records or pose forever. At least tape them, but don't bootleg the LP; I have to sell those to put out the Gulf Coast Massacre compilation.

Howie: Tape it for other kids, pass it around, even though most people don't own tapes anymore.

Josh: Thanks for the interview, Beau.

Howie: Thanks to all the kids everywhere who have supported us, who make us smile and put up with our shit!



TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET

Who knew there was a punk scene in Wyoming? Well, there is, and Teenage Bottlerocket is not only the best punk band from the Cowboy State since the Lillingtons, they're also one of the big reasons a punk scene exists out there at all. The members book local clubs, promote and work at shows, and help out their fellow punk bands in the underground hotbed that is Laramie, Wyoming. Silly of me to assume otherwise, but Laramie actually has a pretty tightly-knit and vibrant scene, which is nice to hear about when places like New York and LA can only produce "fashion-core" bands. People refer to Teenage Bottlerocket as "pop punk," "Ramones-core," "Weasel-core," or "Leather Jacket Punk." Whatever it is, they certainly owe nothing to the rampant trends. It kind of makes you grateful for a place like Wyoming. I had a chance to talk with Ray and Kody about their home state, their new record Total, and their big tour with the Groovie Ghoulies this summer. Interview by Gen X

MRR: So you guys are the last decent band around playing Ramones-y pop punk. It's sorta like the new Star Wars, where all the Jedis went into exile or got killed off, and Teenage Bottlerocket is the only band left that knows how to use the force. Okay, bad analogy…but is it a good thing or a bad thing that your scene has died out?

Kody: Both. There was a time when the pop punk scene was completely flooded with all these shitty bands. I think because of that it was really hard for people to take the genre seriously. There were some good bands out there, but it was too hard to find them when you had to sift through all the garbage. Now that it's died down, it's a lot easier to recognize good bands; they stick out now. It's just too bad that there aren't more of them.

MRR: If Teenage Bottlerocket was a comic book superhero/villain, who would it be and why?

Kody: I don't read comics, so I don't know. Maybe the Punisher. He sounds cool, what does he do?

Ray: I would say that we're like Superman. Clark Kent is such a dork when he's not being Superman. Off the stage we are just regular joes that get little-to-no attention. Laramie is such a hippie town, no one gives a fuck about your music, unless of course you sound like Widespread Pantleg. It's when we plug in our instruments and pick up our drum sticks that our red cape flies in the wind and the hippie scumbag villains get burned by the rocket.

MRR: Laramie is a town known best for a pretty heinous hate crime: the murder of Matthew Shepard. Has that ever affected you guys personally?

Ray: I knew Matthew Shepard because he had a crush on my roommate Alex. Matt would come into Taco Johns—that's where Alex and I worked—to try and hook up with my roommate. We didn't give out numbers at Taco Johns, we took down names and shouted them out when the orders were up, and you'd have to ask a bunch of rednecks what their names were. Matthew was always polite and tells me his name was Matt, unlike the redneck retards that would give you a name like Esmerelda. That was about the extent of our relationship. I went to high school with the dipshits that murdered him. I heard that they had killed someone and that the victim was gay, and I didn't know what to think of it at first. Then I saw Matt's picture in the paper. I cried my eyes out. I also knew that we were forever going to be labeled as homophobic close-minded hicks from Laramie.

MRR: Do you have any idea who the first punk band from Laramie was?

Ray: This old drunk at the Buckhorn Bar in Laramie named David—he wears an empty gun holster and a black trench coat, by the way—always tells me about these dudes from 1980 called the Dirty Dogs. Supposedly one of the Dogs ended up playing guitar in the Black Hearts. David tells me they had a 7" featuring a song entitled "Sorority Girl." I can't find a copy of it anywhere.

MRR: Was there an early band that was responsible for inspiring others in Wyoming, or did you look to other places for influential bands?

Kody: Other places. I didn't know of any other bands from Wyoming when I started playing tunes.

Ray: Green Day and Screeching Weasel were the big reasons why my brother Brandon and I started playing music. The University of Wyoming publishes a magazine called Frontier, and they had an issue I was in the ninth grade that featured three bands on One Legged Pup Records. The magazine came with a flexi that had each of the bands on it. Jeff and Steph ran the label at that point, and I remember when Brandon and I were invited over *to Jeff and Steph's house. I had a feeling inside me, like we had made it big or something. None of the bands on One Legged Pup were punk but we gave them the utmost respect. A band called Some Kind of Cream opened up for Screeching Weasel and the Queers in Ft. Collins. I think Phile 13 opened up for Green Day in Ft. Collins in 1993. Brandon and I had million questions for the One Legged Pup dudes concerning Green Day and Screeching Weasel, but none of those bands really liked punk rock. Some Kind of Cream was like, "The kids hated us at that Screeching Weasel show!"*

MRR: So your new record, Total, has been out for a little while and lots of folks are talking about it online, on message boards, etc. It was the top seller on Interpunk for a month and the response seems to have been really positive. The strangest thing I've observed is that people are under the impression that you guys are rich rock stars now that you've sold a couple thousand CDs. Sounds weird…what do you guys think about that stuff?

Kody: I love being rich! [Laughter]

Ray: I get pissed off at the dipshits on those message boards. They act like their opinion is worth a shit, but I've heard their shitty bands—that always cheers me up. We are not rich rock stars. We all have rent to pay and the band isn't paying it. Kody works at a grocery store, Joel works as a waiter at a vegetarian restaurant, Brandon is in school, and I am gonna be working on an oil well off the coast of Brazil this summer. The money we do make with the band usually gets put in the gas tank, pays for T-shirts, whatever.

MRR: What was it like recording at the Blasting Room and getting to work with Bill Stevenson?

Ray: The Blasting Room kicks ass, it's an hour from Laramie and we got great sounds from that studio. When we were recording there, they ran out of water and we had to drive up the street to some mini-mart to take a shit. They have beds that they let you crash on, which is nice, but the first night we stayed there Bill forgot to turn the heat on and we froze. Everyone got a cold. There are no windows either…I'm not trying to make the Blasting Room out to be Hell's half acre! [laughter] The reason we recorded there is because the sound is great and everyone is so nice to us, not because Bill was in Black Flag or whatever.

MRR: What are your five favorite pop punk records?

Ray: I would have to say Ramones Leave Home, Screeching Weasel My Brain Hurts, Lillingtons Death By Television, Green Day Dookie, Teenage Bottlerocket Total.

Kody: Well, excluding the Ramones, because that's a given. I'm gonna go with Screeching Weasel Anthem For A New Tomorrow, Screeching Weasel My Brain Hurts, The Queers Love Songs For The Retarded, The Riverdales Storm The Streets, and Green Day Dookie. That is a tough question…

MRR: You've toured parts of the country before, but this summer you're going on your first proper US tour with the Groovie Ghoulies. Things seem to be moving along really fast for you guys—are you pretty excited that a little band from Wyoming is off to such a promising start and on such a cool tour?

Kody: Yeah, we're really excited. There's never a dull moment when we all get together.

Ray: I can't wait; this tour with the Ghoulies is the light at the end of the tunnel. We're like little kids in a candy shop when we're on tour. Being from Wyoming, we don't get to go to punk shows every night. We drive down to Denver when we want to see a band that we love like, say, Pegboy. We feel very privileged to go on this tour and we take none of it for granted. It's so awesome to go to different cities around the world and rock out with your best friends. I wouldn't trade it for anything.

MRR: So Kody used to be in the Lillingtons, another fine Wyoming punk band that made quite a name for themselves. Has that affected Teenage Bottlerocket at all? I'm sure it's turned a lot of people on to the new band, but people might have different expectations…

Ray: Kody has had a real positive effect on the band—he has a great sense of humor and keeps the morale high. He also writes great songs.

Kody: I think people who follow pop punk and know the Lillingtons are going to know Teenage Bottlerocket and like it.

MRR: Are there any other bands from Wyoming we should look out for? Other than Chris LeDoux, of course…

Kody: Nope, just Chris LeDoux! (Laughs)

Ray: With the exception of Looker, Rad Bradleys, and Sack, all the bands in Wyoming suck! They can all go fuck themselves (Laughs). You know, I never got a chance to see Chris LeDoux. He's the real deal by the way, chewed Copenhagen, rode bulls and shit. May he rest in peace.

Teenage Bottlerocket is currently on tour with the Groovie Ghoulies in support of their debut full length, Total. Get to know them at www.teenagebottlerocket.com.

CHUMBAWAMBA

COME ON BABY, LET'S DO THE REVOLUTION

The Story Of Chumbawamba

By Lance Hahn

Probably the most well-known and commercially successful band to emerge from the UK anarcho scene is Chumbawamba. Controversial on both sides of the political coin, it must be said that the band never bowed to convention or even peer pressure. When signing to a major label was about the most uncool thing a bunch of anarchos could do, they did it, landing a surprise hit in the omnipresent (at least for a year) "Tubthumping." Say what you want about them, Chumbawamba is a unique entity in a scene of thinly veiled conformity.

Alice: "I still believe that an artist has a responsibility to speak out and make art that changes people's perception of the world. That's what we were trying to do, that is what we are still trying to do. There's too much vacuous entertainment."

As a non-Londoner, the fashion side of punk rock was less of an intrigue. Instead, the lip service that many punk bands were paying to both DIY and the band of outsiders appealed to the truly alienated and freak powered.

Alice: "Everybody has a different story. I was drawn towards punk without understanding it; I was a bit of a wild kid and had a hard time with my family. Punk's outsider aura dragged me towards it and I loved being able to reinvent who I was through clothes, what I listened to and where I went. For me, as a working class white girl, it opened all these doors, which led away from a straight life.

"There was a moment in the late seventies when it seemed as if, if you were a punk, you were in a band. Didn't matter whether you could play or not, there was just this huge unleashing of creativity and whether you were brilliant or crap seemed almost irrelevant, the important thing was just to experiment.

"You have to bear in mind that Pop Idol culture was a world away. None of us were looking for a career; we just wanted to create things with our friends."

The remaining punks after the end of the first generation split and exponentially grew in separate tribes. Anarcho punk was a utilitarian manifestation of the ideas only proposed by the first wave. Crass spoke to this in plain terms.

Alice: "In 1981/1982, every town in Britain had kids with Crass on the back of their jackets. They sold huge amounts of records without radio play and spawned a fanzine industry just from people wanting to interview them—they wouldn't do interviews with the straight media. For a while we sounded like them, but their biggest influence on us was that we were inspired by the idea of communal living. We squatted a house in Leeds (that I ended up living in for 18 years) and set about having communal money.

"We couldn't be Crass though because we were too much a product of the working class Northern towns we came from. We wanted to change the world but we couldn't keep to that puritan ethic of denial; our politics were as much about shunning poverty as they were bohemian."

While paving their own road via the particulars of Northern life, the group never lost sight of the importance of Crass.

Alice: "Crass was the reason that everybody got interested in anarcho punk. It was the whole package; the sound, the sleeves, the artwork, the Nuremberg rally black, white and red theatre of gigs—and the fact that they were all good-looking helped. When I first picked up a record sleeve it blew me away, just thought it was so weird. I was working as a hospital porter and here was a split 12" that talked about revolution! I didn't need understand it but I wanted to. I remember accidentally listening to a record at the wrong speed and being terrified because it was so spooky. Music rarely shocks me like that anymore.

I was already looking for ways to escape my life and had got on a bus to Manchester to try and find a bookshop so I could find out what feminism was. I really didn't know, but I had an idea it was for me. Anarchism got me the same way. I had probably heard the word bandied around as a threat and it attracted me to it—like drugs and sex; half the time you are only vaguely aware of them, your parents warn you about them and off you go in search of them. Still, Crass were the ones who gave anarchism a form, made it attractive and sexy."

The first version of the group took form through the demise of other area bands. Initially the group was a loose federation of friends from local pubs and gigs.

Alice, "At one point everybody in Chumbawamba hailed from a Northern town beginning with B: Burnley, Barnsley and Billingham. Boff, Dan, Midge, Lou, and I were all from Burnley, a town that was ripe for punk. It was all industrial desolation, smack, and incest, so there were a lot of disaffected kids waiting for something to happen. Punk was it.

"Chumbawamba started in 1981 after Chimp Eats Banana finished. Initially there was just Boff, Dan, Midge, and Dunst, but by 1982, Lou and me had also entered the picture. Lou could sing, and even though I couldn't, I had enough ideas to bring something to the mix."

From the start there was a theatrical nature to the band as well as a sly sense of humor, which can either be related to psycho-geography, or the generally nutty nature of some of the band members.

Alice: "Boff had been a big Bonzo Dog band fan and he probably encouraged us to use theatrics and comedy. It was a neat way of covering up our musical deficiencies but it also made for a 'show.' Rock and roll has always used theatrics and it seemed really natural to ham it up.

"The early gigs were really interesting. We seemed to pick up an audience early on, and we did ten years of just playing benefits. There were a lot of squat gigs and performances in strange venues; since we charged nothing we could turn up and play more or less anywhere but we couldn't sustain that. We reached a point where some of the band were doing jobs they hated to carry on playing for free. Shit work is too alienating to keep that up. In the early nineties we decided to charge for gigs and try and earn a living from being in a band."

More so than most bands, Chumbawamba became heavy into the cassette scene, which was the punk representation of correspondence art. Soon, beautiful and crudely recorded demo tapes were popping up everywhere, each with a different purpose and message. Many demo tapes were released through their own tape label, Sky And Trees Records, with names like *Be Happy Despite It All* and *Another Year Of The Same Old Shit*. But a great live tape titled *History Luddite* was released via London's 96 Tapes.

Sky And Trees would also be a vehicle for related bands like Passion Killers, Antidote, and an animal rights compilation called *The Animals Packet*.

Alice: "I have no idea how many demo tapes. I just remember countless hours of recording tapes on little ghetto blasters and stuffing envelopes. We were on everybody and her auntie's benefit tape; we agreed to almost everything, and a lot of it was DIY labels."

Of these early recordings, one made its way down to London and into the hands of Crass. The result would be their first vinyl release on the highly influential *Bullshit Detector Vol. 2* compilation.

Alice: "Boff sent a track to Crass after the first *Bullshit Detector* and they just put it on the next one. That was in 1982 and that is how we met Harry. The Passion Killers were just basically him and Mave and they had a track on the same *Detector*. He wrote to us and a year later he moved in. Lou and Boff had to go and convince his parents we weren't luring him into a crack den, because he was only fifteen."

Boff: "We sent a cassette to Crass with a 20-minute-long song, a conceptual and cyclical mess about growing older and analyzing punk ideals and what happens to them when you get older, that sort of thing. And they chopped out a little bit of it and stuck it on the album. It was me and Dan and Midge in a tiny cellar with egg boxes on the walls and a landlord called Mr Comeinlads."

"Three Years Later" was an eerie track propelled by the perfect harmonies that would become a staple of their sound. The unusual song fit perfectly with the experimental variety of the second *Bullshit Detector* comp. Lyrically it's a mid-life question about daily life.

One, two, three years later
Complacency sets in
He patiently sits in
Watching the telly

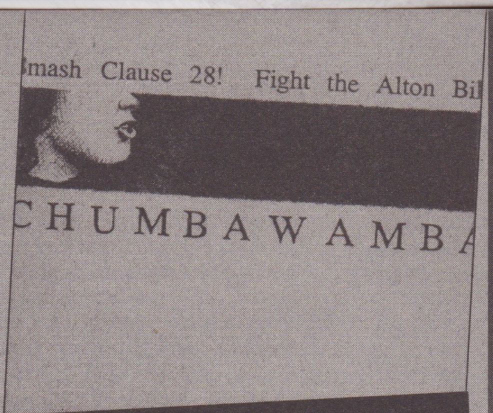
The addition of Harry would at the same time give the band the feeling of a clan as well as a rollicking party of friends.

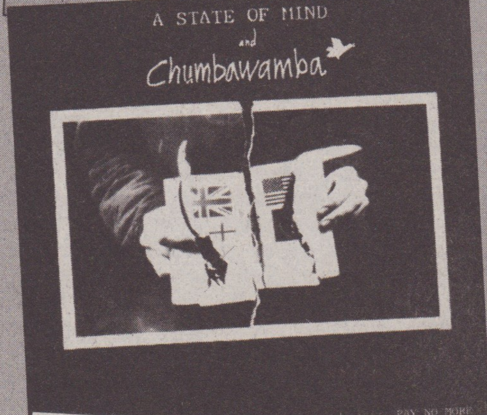
Alice: "Then we met Harry through writing to the Passion Killers, because they were on *Bullshit Detector*, and he was incorporated into the band, as was Mave later on. I used to think that anybody whom we really liked, who had a spark about them, just got added on, but I know that's not true. People used to always be trying to live with us or join the band but we were a gang you couldn't join. On the surface we seemed really open but we were a closed shop. By the time Mave left and Jude joined, we were choosing band members on musical ability as well as personality and politics. By that point we were a working unit looking to fill in gaps. When we formed it was all happy coincidence, though other band members think it was fate. We are a really weird band—we're not all musical, we still work as a collective, and we actually like each other 23 years down the line.

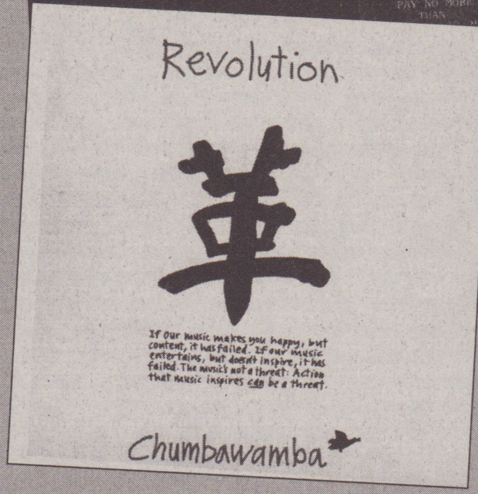
"We're still a gang. We know each other's strengths and weaknesses, we're cruel and heartless but we also look after each other and put up with more than most people would."

The group's next project was an anarchist prank in the spirit of Crass's assault on bridal culture. Both offended and amused by the yob-ish lad-ism of Oi, the group felt a scathing attack might be beneath them. Rather, sardonic spoof was in order. On the *Sounds*-sponsored compilation *Back On The Streets*, the song "I'm Thick" by a group called Skin Disease appeared.

Alice: "The music paper *Sounds* was promoting skinhead bands under an Oi! banner. The journalist doing it, Garry Bushell, was associated with racist skinhead groups, and the whole thing was stupid and dangerous. We formed a fake Skinhead band and sent a demo to the journalist. The result was us on an Oi compilation singing 'I'm Thick' (64 times)."







Revolution
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If our music makes you happy, but content, it has failed. If our music entertains, but doesn't inspire, it has failed. The music's not a threat: Action that music inspires can be a threat.
Chumbawamba

Without the benefit of a likeminded record label in their area, the band formed Agit-Prop. The label's launch would be the brilliant *Revolution* 7". Combining the beautiful artistic style of the second *Flux* 7" with the melodic yet ferocious punk the band had perfected, the record remains one of the best in the genre.

Starting off with Danbert's opening chant, "Adversity" roars forth. The power of the songwriting would be confirmed a few years later with Dutch anarchists The Ex covering the song on *Too Many Cowboys*.

Thirty years of the same old shit
Of music, money, hit after hit
Smiles, lies, sales, walls
That's thirty years of rock and roll.

Alice: "Crass were an inspiration, but so was the idea that music should be more than entertainment. We took the punk ethos very seriously, we wanted to push ideas, by that point we were extremely politically active and so it seemed natural to make our first single a statement of intent. It was a good start and I still stand by it."

On the closing track, "Liberation," the group's use of singing in rounds first appears, and would be another trademark of the Chumbawamba writing style. Layering various different melodies over an almost dub-like rhythm, the strength of the group's vocals allowed them to try more ambitious arrangements.

But we're kept apart by philosophies
And moral stances and policies
We'll be stuck in our own little ghettoes forever
Until we start to work together.

With a reputation as a great live band and the strength of the debut single, the band were now even more in a position to do some good. In 1984, the Miners' Strike began. As was the case with most of the anarcho bands, Chumbawamba were heavily involved in supporting the workers. Local benefit concerts was one of the few times the band would play in their hometown of Leeds, putting them up with what might seem like odd bedfellows likely because of a lack of appropriate working bands at the time.

Alice: "We didn't play with a lot of Leeds bands early on because we were gigging all over the country. During the Miners' Strike we played with the Wedding Present a few times; later on The Mekons became our friends, but there wasn't really a Leeds scene by the mid eighties."

To benefit the Miners' Solidarity Fund, *Dig This*, a compilation album featuring the Mekons, Poison Girls, The Ex, Omega Tribe and more, was released. Chumbawamba contributed the two exclusive tracks, "The Police Have Been Wonderful" and the melancholy "Fitzwilliam."

Twelve months of bribery, twelve months of lies
Cops in the village to truncheon your bride
Scabs down the back roads to break up the strike
Come out of your houses - There's a war on outside.

Alice: "We were heavily involved in that strike, manning picket lines and standing outside supermarkets with collecting tins—if I remember rightly I was spat on by an old man. We were part of a Miners' Support group that kept a soup kitchen running at Frickley during the strike."

It was during this time that Danbert was able to work on his own music. His first release was an ambitious concept album titled *The Unfairy Tale*. Released on Sky And Trees, the group's old cassette label, the record is catchy in a sometimes balladeering way, with provisional vocals contributed by various other Chumbas. As would be the case in most of his solo recordings, the lyrics crossed from naive innocence to caustic barbs.

But we spread more disease than all of the insects
By carrying our shit then spreading it by contact
When we shit on people we are shit on in return
So we put out more shit we think we've nothing left to learn

Even with their growing popularity and their involvement in political activities, the band kept their grassroots approach. In the middle of all this, they managed to record the song "Kinnochio" for an obscure compilation tape called *Ideal Guest House*. Even that song was a lyrical foreshadowing of what would come with the next general election.

Eager for power and groveling for votes
You could measure his popularity by the increasing size of his nose
A dancing puppet grafted in wood
Controlled by strings operated from above

Simultaneously, a group of likeminded anarchists in San Francisco were traveling on a similar path. A State Of Mind was an unusual band for the time, rejecting the less tuneful thrash that dominated the American version of anarcho punk. As a result, they were in a situation where they had to release their own music. With that Mind Matter Records was born. A label that would be the only home for the band and would also eventually release music from Think Tank and Christ On Parade, they decided to do a split label release with Chumbawamba and Agit Prop.

We Are The World? is a beautifully packaged 7" with some of both bands' strongest material. The EP was the first home to "Invasion" with its perfect blend of furious punk and earnestly sweet harmonies.

Born in the shadow of the USA
Taught the fundamental bullshit everyday
Force-fed on a diet of Great British lies
Media distortions censor our minds

The equally perfect "Isolation" hits similar areas, ending with the vocal rounds the band found so effective.

Ireland, El Salvador, battles to win
But the real revolution starts within
Keeping the space between us all
All of our differences deep and wide
Are the differences that we build inside

Alice: "Robbie from A State of Mind wrote to us and he came over to visit. They seemed to be on the same track as us, so it just evolved that we'd do something together. Alison, who was in A State of Mind, moved to London to work for Southern Records and worked her ass off distributing and popularizing a lot of the indie bands of the late eighties, early nineties. She was cool then and she still is."

By the end of 1986, the band had put together their breakthrough debut album, *Pictures Of Starving Children Sell Records*. Rather than rerecording any of the many songs they had been playing for the previous few years, they quickly refocused and came up with a concept record in response the pomposity that was Live Aid. With the exception of industrial humorists Culturcide, Chumbawamba were the only band to brave the unpopular position of calling Sir Geldof and his merry group of ignoramuses on their ego-serving venture.

Alice: "They said we were heartless bastards, but time has vindicated us. We said that real change was needed rather than just charity, and that's accepted wisdom now."

The album was a scathing condemnation of how charity served to whitewash the gluttony of the West and how consumerism and corporate greed were the cause of the famine. No real dialog about cause and effect ever arose from Live Aid. The record was the loudest document on the hypocrisy of corporate sponsorship of an event aimed at helping starving Africans.

I'm the Boss of the company
And I've got hunger working for me
Listen and you'll begin to understand
I built my profits on stolen land
It's the economics of supply and demand
And I make the demands around here
And the company director spins the globe
Looks into on atlas of the world
A supermarket lifestyle for as all
A thousand nations under company control
Coca-Cola got machines in every land
No one got the teeth to bite the hand

Stole their labor, their culture, and their lives
To create a Coca-Cola paradise
Swallowing their soft drinks and their lies

Elsewhere on the record the band looked at rioting in South Africa, Unilever, and the short-lived people's victory in Nicaragua. While criticized by many anarchists as being Marxist-Leninist, Chumbawamba embraced the Sandinistas and their victory.

Words to describe Nicaragua of old
Cash crops and hunger and US control
Coffee and sugar on company land
Made to supply what the boss would demand
Then one July morning in seventy-nine
Nicaragua decided to leave it behind
And the people are learning to take back their lives
As the country will change, Sandinista survives

Alice: "We're not anybody's property and don't tow anybody's party line. We always took the line (I think its Jean Genet's) that we would support freedom fighters in their struggles against oppressive states until they won, at which point you have to watch them because they usually then become the oppressor."

Musically, this record was a huge leap in sophistication. Broader, non-European influences began to appear. A wider variety of instrumentation and arrangement was also happening for the first time.

Alice: "We are always trying to break away from limitations. For years we have been limited by the Chumbawamba formula—we can't change personnel every time we make a record, so we make an effort to think about what we are doing and push ourselves."

Despite singing the praises of the Sandinista revolution, the band still had the anarchist streak causing them as much notoriety with the left as with the Live Aid liberals. In response to the so-called socialist Red Wedge tour, the group released "Rich Pop Stars Make Good Socialists" via the Catalogue magazine.

Boff: "We blagged our way onto a northern-English-based distribution company called Red Rhino, who were part of a group of independent distributors called 'The Cartel.' The Catalogue was their magazine. Very indie, very cool, and happening. When Red Rhino had the chance to put a flexi on the cover, they asked us. The Mekons are on it too, aren't they? 'Rich Pop Stars' was a reaction against Red Wedge, a Labour Party initiative which threw pop stars like Paul Weller and co. onto provincial stages with Labour politicians giving speeches. Harry sings lead vocal, possibly for the first and last time."

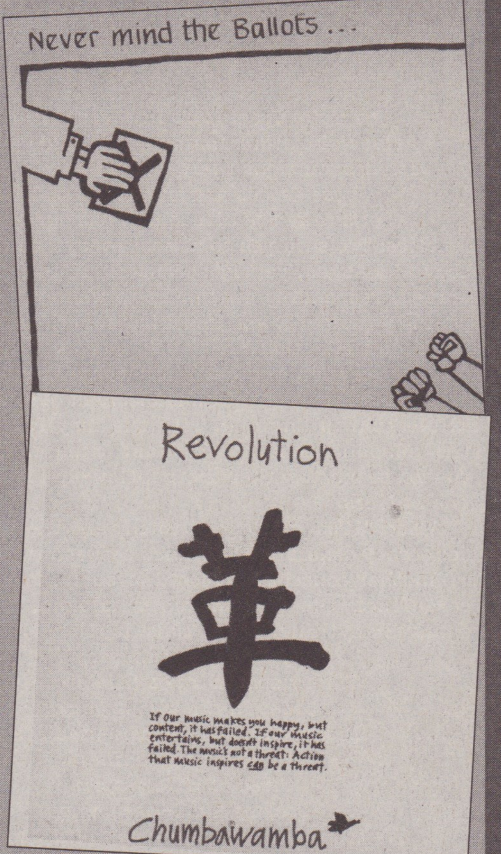
Pop stars to lead us to the promised land
Same rich bastards in command
All responsibility out of our hands
Just work for their party and cheer for their bands

With touring becoming more and more the regimen, Chumbawamba was able to look outside of England to find kinship. One of the strongest bonds was with aforementioned Dutch anarchists in The Ex.

Alice: "We opened a squat in Leeds and The Ex played it, but we got to know them properly when they asked us to tour in '86. We still have a lot of respect for them as a band and as people, and yes, we're still friends."

With the improvisational instincts of the Ex and the open-armed camaraderie of Chumbawamba, it was inevitable that the two groups find a musical middle ground on which to collaborate. The result was Antidote, a collaborative band that released the *Destroy Fascism* 7" on Looney Tunes, a hardcore label.

Don't respect your choice of opinion
If your choice is a racist system
'Freedom of speech'—it's a worthless cause
As long as freedom is defined by laws
We support all forms of resistance
Against this racist system.


Never mind the Ballots ...
Revolution
革
If our music makes you happy, but content, it has failed. If our music entertains, but doesn't inspire, it has failed. The music's not a threat: Action that music inspires can be a threat.
Chumbawamba

In the meantime, Chumbawamba were fiercely busy with their own recordings, sorting out tracks for a number of compilations. "Knit Your Own Balaclava" first appeared at this time on the animal rights compilation *Mindless Slaughter* on Anhrefn Records. Disposing of any poetics, the song is in fact information for would-be saboteurs on how to construct a mask.

Twelve stitches in sixteen rows
Two inches overpacking on number ten needles
Cast one hundred twenty one stitches
And knit one, purl one, repeat to the end
Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one
Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one

Hammy, of the Instigators and Civilized Society? formed Peaceville Records during this time. His first release was the compilation *A Vile Peace*, featuring the Chumbawamba track "Younger Moralists."

This way or that way or this way or that way
Bang on the dustbin lids here come the Brits
An empire of vampires we're sitting in our armchairs
Nothing has changed we're just younger moralists.

What would eventually evolve into the controversial mouthpiece for Hardline and home to Vegan Reich, No Master's Voice Records started as a Californian anarcho label. Their debut LP, *The ALF Is Watching*, featured the Chumba track "Tearing Up The Zoo."

In a world that keeps us passive and tame
Isolated we will never realize

How we're spectators in their paradise
Whilst we're stuck inside the ghetto we create
With distractions there to keep us all content
These fences are promises and lies
Let's take the blindfold from our eyes.

Alice: "We said yes to almost everything and anybody who asked, partly because it fitted the way we worked, responding instantly to whatever was happening politically and knocking something out. We're still a bit like that."

Busy as ever, the band felt compelled to make a bigger statement at the announcement of a new general election in England. With the Tory Party making the announcement at the last minute, the group rushed to put together their follow-up LP, *Nevermind The Ballots.*

Alice: "It's a critique of voting and the notion that democracy consists of a choice between two evils."

Another conceptual record of sorts, it echoed and re-defined the old anarchist slogan, "If voting changed anything, they'd make it illegal."

A toast to democracy
The prison guard of this society
Sides in the voting game
Disappear into the same machine
The same machine
Tired of mild reform
Sick of hand-me-downs
We topple all the theories to the ground
All real change
Must come from below
Our bosses must live in fear
Of the factory floor
And when they smile
And they ask for my support
I'll give them these words
And a bloody nose
You don't help your enemy
When you're at war

Despite the band's misgivings about the record and its rushed nature, the effect is still one of their most powerful statements. The urgency makes up for what some people see as filler on the second side. In fact, by being forced to create something in a short period of time with a limited structure, the band took the idea started in songs like "Invasion" and "Liberation" and followed it to its logical conclusion.

Alice: "The Tory party only gave two weeks' notice on the election because they wanted to rush it through, so we had two weeks to write, record, and get an album out. That's why there's one good side and one crap side—there wasn't enough time to write a whole album's worth of songs."

Taking on the whole notion of representative democracy was a longtime anarchist issue, though mostly ignored by the more simple anti-war, animal rights sloganeers of anarcho punk. While a more sophisticated issue to confront, it also would wind up being one of the most controversial, bringing up real scenarios that many so-called anarchos would have to face.

Not slowing down in terms of controversy, the band's next project was *Scab Aid.*

Alice: "We wrote it about the sinking of The Herald of Free Enterprise, which was a ferry that sank because someone forgot to close the bow doors. Many of the British tourists who died were traveling on cheap tickets supplied by the *Sun* newspaper—the worst right-wing tabloid. The *Sun* got pop stars it had hounded for drug problems and did a deal where they would stop hounding them for drugs if they recorded a benefit single. We responded with *Scab Aid.*"

This manufactured sympathy, drowning in hypocrisy
Smiles to clinch the deals to boost the sales
All the owners of the printing presses
And pop stars crying phony tears
Nothing bleeds like the hearts of the millionaires
For the charts and the state machine
Consumers of the world agree
Nothing sells like disaster, let it be.

Released without the Chumbawamba moniker, the band both avoided lawsuit and the possibility of being accused of equally capitalizing on the tragedy, not to mention making what some might have thought was a morose joke.

Somehow, with all this going on, Danbert managed to sort out his second solo record, this time a 7" EP on Mind Matter called *Bigger Than Jesus.* Another double, maybe triple entendre, the front cover was a simple black and white photo of his cock and balls. But the record was far from being a joke or gimmick. Taking on male sexuality and post-Freudian politics, the record was a breakthrough.

For the next seven years I kept a check of things down below
It didn't grow
Now look at me on the front of this record
Admittedly it's not erect
But even allowing for exaggeration there's no comparison with
This microphone, Sylvester Stallone
Electric guitars, sports cars
Errol Flynn, Jimmy Hill's chin
Stars and stripes and rubber pipes
F-111 bombers and The Contras
Post office tower penis power
Muscles and sweat cigarettes
Ronald Reagan's smile cruise missiles

The band was becoming an alternative media and news source. In response to very particular issues, the band released another static 7", "Smash Clause 28! / Fight The Alton Bill!"

Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can you tell me where you've been?
I've been down to London town to pay a visit to the Queen.
Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can you tell me what you saw?
I saw the Queen and all her courtiers cooking up new laws;
I saw the corridors of power, with closets wall-to-wall;
And I saw the truth, the truth, behind the Emperor's new Clause!

Alice: "The Alton Bill was anti-abortion and Clause 28 was anti-gay, and they were both laws designed to eradicate freedoms. There was a mass campaign to fight this clampdown and we released the split single as part of that."

The band took a brief break in the action in 1988 to look back at British anarcho traditions, resulting in the beautiful *English Rebel Songs 1831-1914* 10". Inadvertent or not, the record had a similar effect to that of Danbert's solo outings. By taking away the loud drums and guitars, the band showed off their ability to maintain delicate harmonies. The difficulties of hiding behind "loud, fast, rules" punk mentality in fact worked to the band's benefit.

Alice: "It was partly because we saw punk's protest as rooted in folk music and partly to well and truly confound the conservatives who said that punk was a sound. We sourced old rebel songs from 1381 onwards and recorded them a cappella. We have always had a

CHUMBAWAMBA

vein of folk running through us, and now the acoustic band sings a lot of rebel songs."

A collection of genuine folk tales, the record covered Winstanley's Diggers to the Chartist Land Colony.

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests stand up now stand up now
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests stand up now
For tyrants they are both, even flat against their oath
To grant us they are loathe free meat and drink and cloth
Stand up now diggers all

This beautiful record was followed by possibly the oddest release in the group's history. Leaving no taboos of the left unmolested, the Sportchestra was developed to create a 101-song record about organized sports.

Boff: "One of those ideas where you sit round in a pub and think of something weird and the next day decide you'll do it. Basically someone made an album with 100 songs on it, and we decided to make one with 101. And then make it a concept album, about sport, since we thought it was one subject that the 'radical left' or 'the movement' or whatever seemed loathe to touch. For something so influential and all-pervading this seemed a big omission, so we set about writing 101 songs about sport—negative and positive—and invited friends and musicians, etc., to play and sing on the album."

While the relationships the specific songs had to sports was at times abstract, certainly the entire premise of the record was unusual, with some songs almost post-modern haiku.

When racing fast it's easy enough
To make a wrong decision
Just be sure that when you crash
You're on television
You're on television
You're on television
You're on television

1989 was another year without a Chumbawamba album. Of the few bits of music heard from the band, "Knit Your Own Balaclava," was re-released on *The Liberator* compilation LP. The only new material was a quartet of songs about a working class mother turned revolutionary released on the *Pox On The Poll Tax* compilation.

I've got this dream home
I'm queuing up for
In freshly dug brown earth
One thing I can swear
Before I get there
I'll kill the taxman first

Danbert was probably the most public member at the time. Releasing his last solo single, *Why Are We Still In Ireland?*, he embarked on a defining tour of the UK with Thatcher On Acid and Political Asylum.

But the downtime for the band was more akin to scientists in the lab. Their next LP would be a bigger departure from the punk aesthetic, exploring new ideas via the ecstasy of technology. The poly-sexuality of the band was also taking shape and would inform some part of the political nature of the group.

Alice: "Derek Jarman said that morality is like the sea, ever-changing. We felt it was important to challenge the notions of morality and control wherever they rear their heads—still do."

While this may have further distanced them from the ever-growing social conservativism of the dying anarcho scene, it put them at the forefront of the next generation. A new generation of anarchos who felt as much kinship to the outsider status of sexual outlaws as they did with mainstream politics was being born. It was as easy a time as any for the band to make a drastic aesthetic change.

Alice: "We made a conscious effort to change the way we sounded because we'd stopped listening to carbon copy bands. Rave culture was beginning to kick off and we were going out dancing and were influenced by what we were listening too. Punk was becoming increasingly conservative with its own set of rules; punk had allowed us to escape our parents but it was in danger of imposing its own restrictions."

The resulting album was *Slap.* A brilliant step forward or the first step towards selling out, it has quite a revisionist history. But for sure, this pivotal record marked a new era for the band. With visions of Chinese students in front of tanks, the Baader-Meinhof party crew and even a bizarre Elvis, the record is pop art anarchism and still hard when it needs to be as is the case of "Rappaport's Testament: I Never Gave Up" or "That's How Grateful We Are."

And if I meet Hitler in the other place
I'll spit this precious soup in his face
And all my accounts will be settled,
you see.
'Cause Hitler never ever
got the better of me

The band continued past the anarcho punk scene and was one of the few to find success creatively and financially outside of it. After a time, the band decided they didn't have the business acumen to run a label and moved to One Little Indian, the home of the Sugarcubes and Bjork, founded by Flux of Pink Indians bassist Derek Birkett. In one of their most controversial moves, written about ad nauseam in the fanzine world, the group made the leap to a major label, in many ways seen as contradictory to their earlier work. With controversy (and subsequent mind-numbing hit song) behind them, the band speaks more candidly about what happened with the label and what the money was spent on.

Alice, "I think people who are stuck in a punk ghetto and who have never been part of the anti-globalization movement might still disapprove though. At the time we said we'd try it and see what happened. As it turned out the timing was great for the movement. We sold loads of records at a time when the anti-globalization movement needed funding. EMI and Universal paid our wages for a while and we passed sizable sums on to revolutionary activities.

"You can have anything you want if you're selling records but it's problematic as soon as you're not. We'd been on enough labels to know how it worked and were prepared."

Now in uncharted territory, Chumbawamba can do what they want. Without a major label and without inertia, the band is now in a state of free will.

Boff: "We love music, love waking up in the morning realizing we still sing for a living, love the opportunity to talk about what's going on in the world. Love having a small voice in pop culture, love seeing places and talking to people. Love recording, love just being in a room singing harmony with someone else. Love writing and reading and learning about the machinations of capital and resistance, love making little packages of ideas and sending them out into the world."

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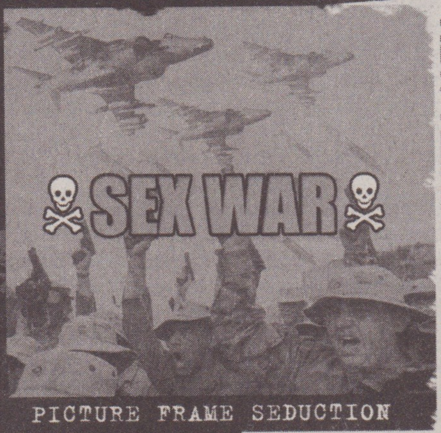

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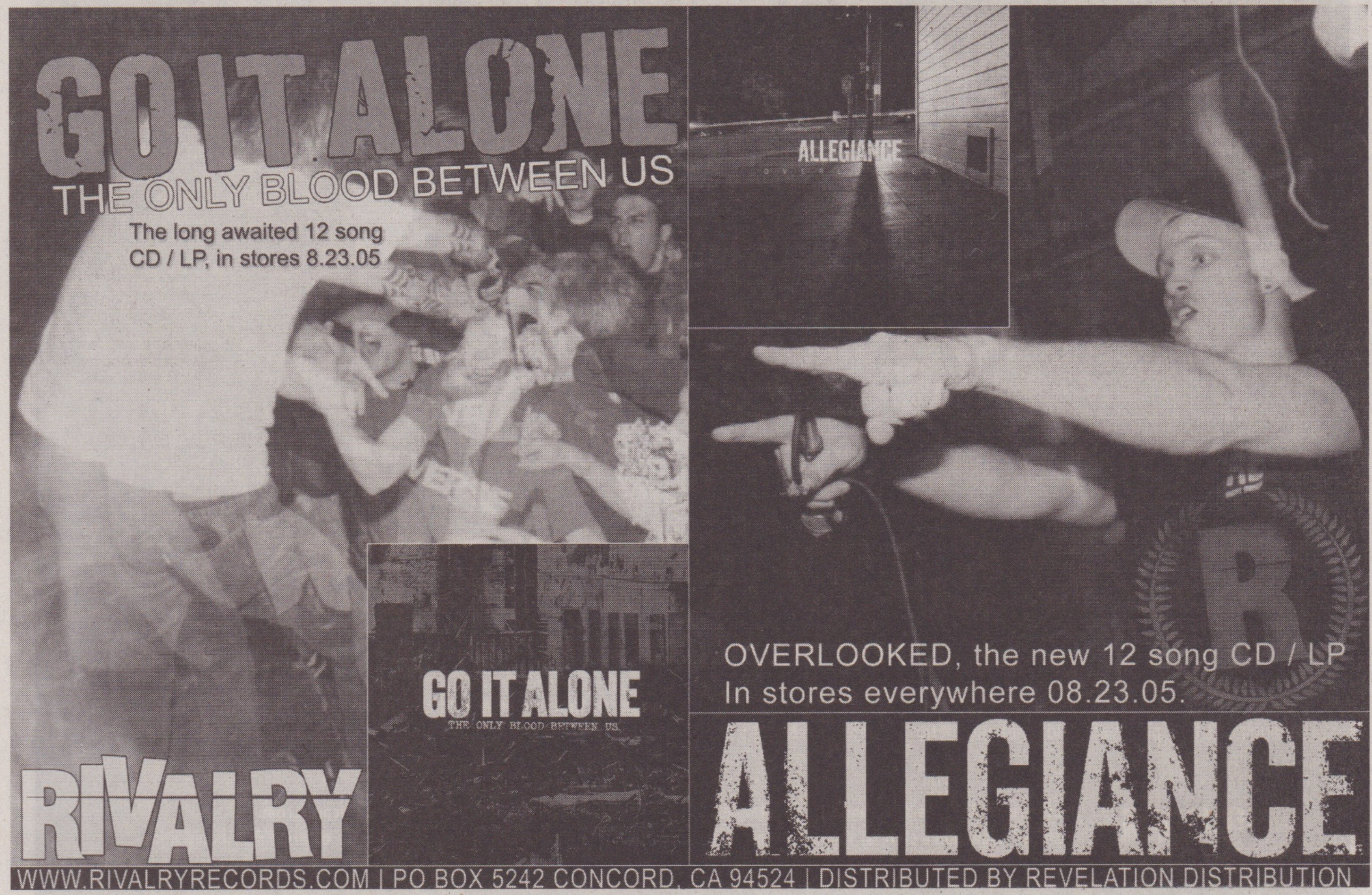

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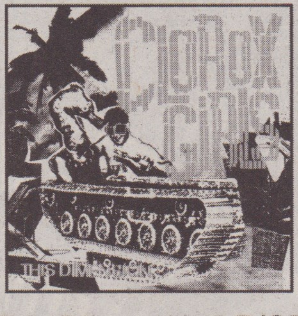

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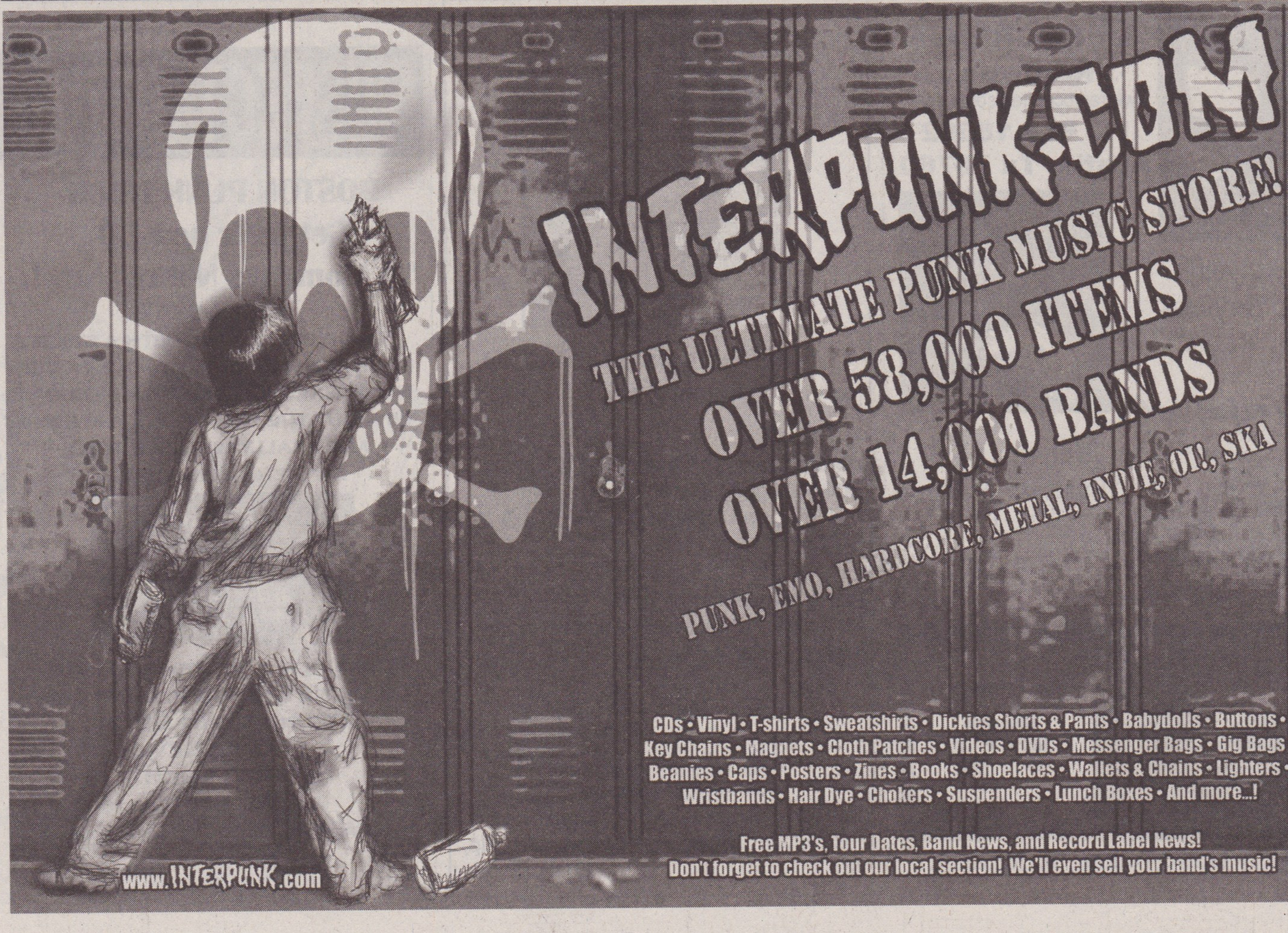

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Despite my own obsession with the minutia of punk history, more and more I believe the recounting of this history is impossible. The nature of punk itself, I think, works against the traditions of historiography. Because punk begins from the premise that anyone can "do it yourself;" and so many have, punk is enormous. It would be impossible to be comprehensive; one upcoming materialist history, in the form of a discography of punk up to 12/31/79, is supposed to run to eight volumes. Even after one has chosen a specific area of focus, the diffuse, accidental, and non-hierarchical nature of punk makes it difficult to construct a narrative, with the reader's expectations of protagonists and antagonists. In short, there are too many protagonists and even more antagonists. The editorial choice to focus on one band, for example, even if it is the most obscure and inconsequential band, elevates it to a certain status which punk has attempted to destroy. Thus, a photo book or a website such as *Kill From the Heart,* which seeks to give a rhizomatic, non-narrative history of punk, seems like a great way to tell our history. Yet this method has its own faults because there *are* actors and there *is* a beginning, middle, and end—a narrative—to every aspect of punk history. So I can't help but want to read more books about it. But puh-leeze, no more books about The Clash or The Sex Pistols!

This book, *Going Underground,* will be compared to its recent predecessor, the lamentable *American Hardcore* by Steven Blush. In that comparison, *Going Underground* wins by a landslide. Though I crave a history of hardcore, in English, which doesn't exclude the rest of the world, I am grateful that, at last, there is a general history written by someone who understands and loves hardcore punk and who writes not for fame or recognition or to settle old scores. Hurchalla does fall into the pit of attempting to validate hardcore bands by noting which mainstream bands their members went on to, but he isn't entirely dismissive of the hardcore scene that still exists today (he even advertised for this self-published book in MRR!). He does, however, make reference to The Warped Tour, as if that bullshit has anything to do with the inheritors of the traditions of Black Flag and Negative Approach. Still, it becomes clear while reading the book that this is the author's story, as opposed to an attempt at a broad history, though it does cover a lot of ground.

Going Underground includes many anecdotes culled from zines (both old and new) as well as the author's own stories, so it has a similar feel to recent oral histories, but Hurchalla's insight and choice of quotes elevates this book. There are a few recurring themes in the book, which occasionally would have benefited from more explicit analysis. One of the most interesting aspects of the book is Hurchalla's argument that hardcore's rugged individualism and the entrepreneurship that resulted from mainstream disdain for hardcore were parallel to the ideals of Reaganism. Of course, saying that "For diametrically opposite reasons, we were children of Reagan just as much as his mindless believers were" doesn't explain the similarities of hc scenes in Europe or South America. Nevertheless, I wish some other latent themes, which are revealed anecdotally, were subject to this kind of analytical description, such as: the intensity of a band inspiring other bands to attempt to be even more intense; the violence in hardcore due to its infiltration by a more mainstream crowd (Hurchalla does, quite humbly, note that he was one of the violent slam dancers who didn't understand hc when he first went to shows); the way a small community and network allowed news and gossip to travel quickly and lead to rivalries and fights. Of course, all these themes and more are present for the reader to examine, and Hurchalla is not silent on them, but perhaps the greatest flaw of this large book is its organization. He has vaguely organized the book around the bands and scenes he encountered in his own life (including a short detour to Australia in the late '80s). Some re-organization according to theme, in my opinion, would aid the reader. It's possible that Hurchalla already believes the book is organized this way, because stages of his life are defined by the development of his ideas, but it seemed chaotic to me.

The chapters on Chicago and New York are among the best. Both these scenes produced brilliant bands as everyone knows, and there are a lot of conflicting stories about what happened. Hurchalla presents both sides, or at least acknowledges both sides in many disputes, and I got a much better understanding of the stakes of the disagreements between, for example, Effigies and Articles of Faith, than is available from primary sources alone. The chapter on the Big Boys and The Dicks is also fantastic: the hilarious description of Gary Floyd and the drunken dregs who comprised The Dicks demonstrates what "hardcore punk" meant before it was only a type of music. In general, Hurchalla focuses on scenes in which he participated: Florida, Philadelphia, and various Midwest and other East Coast locales. Other than a page about The Wipers, the Pacific Northwest scenes are totally ignored. Of course I can't fault the author for never having gone to Portland or Seattle in the early '80s, but these scenes seem oddly undocumented in many books about early punk and hc despite the mainstream belief that the second coming of punk began there.

In the end, this book probably will not cause strong emotional responses, positive or negative, because it doesn't say anything very controversial. That's OK. It's a solid contribution to the still-growing historiography of hardcore. Its DIY approach is admirable and fits the subject. And, thankfully, unlike *American Hardcore*, it was virtually free of typos (except in the spelling of *my* name in a citation!).

I often say that I think some of the finest people one can meet in the world are punks, and Hurchalla seems like one of these great people because his writing is so genuine, honest, faithful to his subject matter, and enthusiastic. I wish he would come to a show today, with a band like Limp Wrist or Tragedy playing, to see how amazing the hardcore scene of today is, because as fun as it might be to read about the old days, what we are doing today and where we're headed in the future is what really matters.

—Stuart Schrader

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From the start, *Afflicted Powers* sets itself out as an attack. An attack on imperialistic regimes and the preconceived notions surrounding them, from the American "Government" to the Islamic vanguard. The book pulls no punches; in regard to Political Islam they can be just as cold as when talking about the American regime. This is one of the main aspects of the book that makes it an enjoyable read: that it informs upon, but also dissects, the political history of Islam as well as the United States. Both are reviewed with a careful, distanced air, although Political Islam is treated with a much more neutral tone than America (maybe because it has been the victim of many Western crimes and America has frequently been the perpetrator). The book attacks some very fundamental notions in regards to global politics and the reasons for why so much violence is occurring throughout the world in such dogmatic forms.

The body of the manifesto/analysis was written by four members of the loose-knit, Bay Area situated group Retort, although at the start they state that many more people contributed to the information contained within. In the introduction, the group warns that the language may seem odd at times since every part written by a member was reviewed with scrutiny by the others. The effect this had is mainly a shift from philosophical and lateral thinking to bulleted, informative analysis. At first the language did shake me, seeming over-complicated at times and slightly holier-than-thou in it's name dropping and assumptions regarding the readers level of knowledge ("As so often lately the 21st century seems an amalgamation of the 16th and 19th"). But as the book progresses, theorists and historical facts are reiterated and expanded upon, making them more comfortable in your mind, two examples of theorists being Guy Debord, who is frequently referenced in the first third of the book, and Sayyid Qutb, who is credited with providing the inspiration for a lot of revolutionary Islam. Their explanations, when recounting historical facts (which they reluctantly consent to doing, realizing that this can easily bore readers), take a form of fluidity that links the facts together in an almost story-like way, even if the language can be unnecessarily dense at times. The book is actually quite odd in that sense, in that the sentiment/tone can seem so human while the language seems mechanical.

In regards to their treatment of facts, the information is given in fast summaries of certain situations. They don't pretend to be revealing anything that hasn't already been documented ("We tire of detectives solving crimes the criminals never bothered to conceal"). In three of the book's chapters, one regarding the conception of oil as the reason for the occupation of Iraq, another analyzing the situation in Israel and how it affects America by association and the last documenting the history of Political Islam and the reasons for it's current manifestations, historical facts covering a broad time-span are needed to back up the assessments. Retort avoid trapping themselves in obscure references through the use of what I previously described as name-dropping, briefly mentioning names and texts from which they gained inspiration, expanding only when truly necessary. This at first seemed to be a kind of snotty elitism but in reality it is an effort to escape being bogged down by extensive foot-notes and old analyses and ideas. Retort say that they want to offer a modern analysis of modernity, so avoiding extensive referencing is an obvious help. This is not to say that the book doesn't give credit where credit's due. The textual name-dropping and bibliography in the back of the book offer confirmation and further reading material and their analysis and use of fact are interesting enough to encourage people to check out some of the referenced text. The list of texts from which Retort developed its ideas also seems to be quite broad, from neo-liberal to "Leftist" to philosophical to radical (Islamic).

The actual analysis offered by the book is both expected and evolved. At one point its states that the main areas of analysis are based around "spectacle, capital and...war," which pretty much sums up the main themes. The chapter regarding the causes and consequences of September 11 is inspired in its exploration of the attacks as being strategic with propaganda and weakening the enemy mentally as a reason, rather than for tactical advantage. Their thoughts on the American government's mindset seem to cut deep, showing the weakness in its strength and describing a paranoid, greedy empire that could be from either two thousand years ago or some apocalyptic sci-fi film. A lot of what they say makes sense in a "Right, right, I know what you mean" kind of way, being obvious associations that you never bothered to think about, like how a weak minded citizenship is both a help and a hindrance to state control because they'll ignore evil deeds but they'll also ignore a call to arms.

Strengthening their analysis of the American Empire, though, is their counter-analysis of Political Islam. They're not talking about the Islamic faith, they're talking about political factions and how they apply the Qu'ran to their causes. Retort worry at one point that their analysis will be perceived as being Orientalist but in fact it is just realist. They seem to truly understand the idea of Islamists being of a completely different culture than our own, not offering any opinion when it comes to things like the inter-relation of church and state or gender issues, just a history of the trials and tribulations of Islam under both secular and religious leaders and how it seems to have affected the ideas of today's radical groups. They manage to put across the effect of dominating Western culture's effect on the politics of Islamic youth (which they say teaches them and inspires them to fight back) while showing that it's from an anti-imperialist perspective, not a purely religious one, but they also list and reference Islamic political writers studied by the Western college educated Islamists, showing how broad the area of study actually is.

Afflicted Powers really achieves its premise of lighting the fire under your brain's belly and getting you pissed off about the terrible things America has done but this is a pretty easy thing to do nowadays. What's good about the book is how lucid and insightful its analyses are, even if they do get a bit heavy with the fancy language and upturned noses. As a quote from Harold Pinter on the back cover says: "No stone is left unturned. The maggots are grotesque." As I said at the start of this review, this book sets itself out as an attack, but with crimes this blatant and disgraceful to analyze, it becomes more of a massacre.

—Craig Cox

ORLANDO'S
PUNK
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ART BOOK

Orlando's Punk Rock Flashback & Tattoo Art Book
128 Pages
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www.zcmrecords.com

To any tattoo fan (if there is such a thing) or punk obsessive, a great coffee table book is a real treat. Unfortunately this book falls far short. Unlike tattoo artist Grime's fantastic book *Two Year Autopsy* (which, unfortunately didn't make it into these hallowed pages) which weaved tattoos, graffiti, and artwork with the writer's own thoughts over a two year period, or *Fucked Up And Photocopied,* which centered on punk flyer art from a myriad of scenes, this book has no unifying theme other than the doodlings of some Swiss bloke.

Starting out doing fanzine art in the late 70s, then art for his own band (Volcan) in the early 80s, Orlando moved onto doing more art for punk zines, flyers, record covers, and T-shirts. In the early 90s Orlando started tattooing and it is this art that dominates this book. Orlando's style carries across from his punk flyer art into his tattooing with the emphasis on Rat Fink style cartoons and traditional roses and daggers. The tattoo art is mediocre at best and the flyer and record art is for a bunch of total no-marks I've never heard of such as Shaddox, Avalanche, and the Vorwarts (not that that would necessarily matter if the art were stunning). I'm not sure what would motivate anyone to print this book (which admittedly looks great), other than the artist for ego stroking or self-promotion. If you are familiar with the artist or the Swiss punk/tattoo scene then this maybe for you, otherwise I think there are much better art/tattoo/punk books to have lying on your coffee table.

—Tim Brooks

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN
BIGGER THAN EMI

They Could Have Been Bigger Than EMI: A Discography Of Now Defunct Independent Record Labels That Released Vinyl

Joachim Gaertner
282 Pages • 25 Euros
Joachim Gaertner
Heidestr. 129
60385 Frankfurt
GERMANY

If you are looking for some a gripping beach novel then please, read no further. If however, you are an obsessive music nerd or record collector then this book is most definitely for you. Comprised of nothing more than lists of records for 282 pages: no pictures, no drawings, no story, just black and white text. Joachim Gaertner (of *Trust* fanzine fame) has tried to achieve an ambitious goal in this first edition and has almost reached it. The book is pretty much what it says on the label; listings of defunct indie labels. The scope is broad, covering everything from punk, powerpop, noise, new wave, no-wave, industrial and beyond, although I believe for the most part all the labels are guitar driven, so no hip-hop or electronica as far as I can tell. The book runs alphabetically with the label heading followed by each release listed by catalogue number. It is fascinating to look up your favorite no mark indie label to see what catalogue numbers you are missing, and which records you need to hunt down. For example did you know that before the legendary *Hear Nothing See Nothing* LP by Discharge on Clay records there was a live LP by a band called Grace? Or that the release preceding the Lip Cream 7" on Hold Up records from Japan was the Janky flexi? No, nor did I. It is these and many more questions that get answered in Gaetner's commendably huge undertaking.

Now, with anything aimed at the obsessive there are bound to be criticisms and whilst these are all things that will improve with later editions of the book they definitely detract at times from this particular edition. Gaertner has done a tremendous job of tracking down the majority of independents from the large (Rough Trade, Chiswick etc) to the small and totally obscure (Schnazz records Austria, Skeleton records Japan etc) but there are a number of holes, most notably the one or two release bedroom labels, the single release band owned labels and the more obscure foreign labels (Eastern Europe, Japan etc). For the most part when I tried to think of any label or release it was there apart from a couple of obscure exceptions (Delerict, Neighbor Annoyer etc). The book also took the Carl Cordova straight edge nerd label test and passed with flying colors!

There are holes in many of the label discographies and for the most part it is unclear whether he did not have the information or the label did not actually release the catalogue number. Also, some listings have genres and dates whilst others do not. All of these criticisms are minor and I am sure they will be rectified in later editions, however it may have been worth waiting a little longer before printing this version to iron out some of these issues. The other criticism which I am sure will be thrown at this book is that there is no information about pressing numbers, sleeve differences, colored vinyl, etc., nor are there any pictures or information about the bands or the labels. I believe that to do that it would be far too huge an undertaking and would move away from what makes this book so interesting: the scope. There are other books, which are more detailed within a scene, for example the tremendous *Flex* book that would compliment a much less detailed but broader reference book such as this. Minor criticisms aside this book is an absolute must have for any collector out there and an admirable feat for the author. There is a note inside the book asking for help filling in the gaps, so all you record nerds out there pick this up and help the guy out!

—Tim Brooks

HHH, SPAIN

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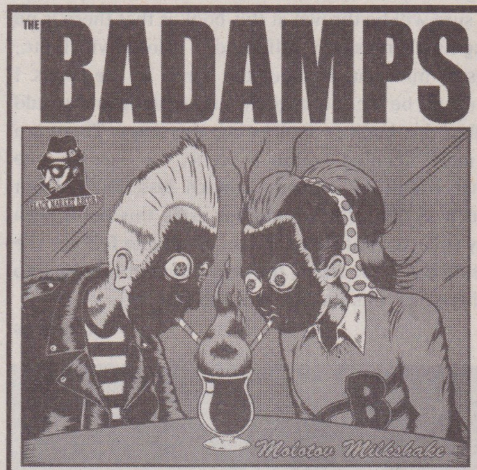
THE BADAMPS



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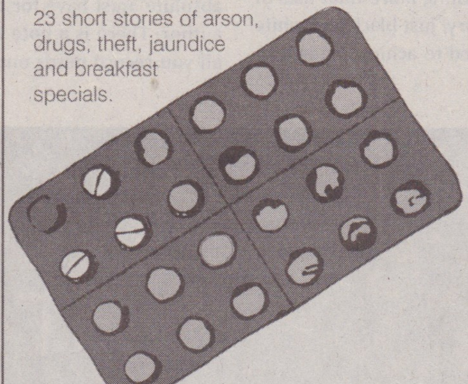

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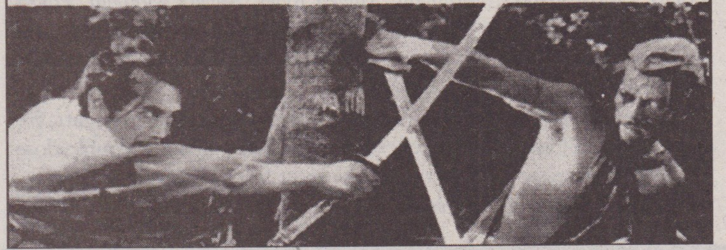

RIZE ABOVE

In 1965, the Watts riots made a black community go up in flames. In 1992, the Rodney King riots did about the same thing. With **Rize**, filmmaker David LaChapelle documents a new trend in a world populated by rival gangs and rocked by random violence.

The changes began, LaChapelle tells us, with Tommy Johnson (a.k.a. Tommy the Clown), a jovial guy given to moments of introspection. Johnson is a former drug dealer who decided to don a rainbow Afro and wear clown makeup, all while doing an insanely fast update of break dancing. Unaccountably, it caught on.

He dubbed this new dance form "clowning," and before long, dozens of teams took up Tommy the Clown's example, taking names like Just Clownin', Platinum Clowns, and True Clowns. More often than not, they'd wear some elaborate pattern of makeup (and more rarely, the full clown grease paint). There's even an episode of *South Park* dedicated to the phenomenon. At its most extreme, these urban clowns might look like a circus version of the droogies from **A Clockwork Orange** (or by extension, the Adicts' distinctive clown get-up). Nobody could take them *completely* seriously, and that was kind of the point.

LaChapelle prefaces his documentary by saying that no footage has been speeded up, and watching these kids (some as young as five or six) in these frenzied dances, you can see why. In fact, LaChapelle makes a special point to link clowning (and its related dance form, krumping) to African roots, highlighting the use of makeup and some remarkably similar moves. Sometimes the comparison works, but most of the time it's rather difficult to see the connection. There's something about Tommy Johnson's moves that are completely American.

Rize is a strange and remarkable document about kids who find that radical dance is their only positive outlet for pent-up energy and the frustration of a no-future life. While gangs might offer a sense of belonging to many inner city youths, there's a core of kids who rely in clowning and krumping to pull them together—and away from the danger of the streets (if that's possible).

Krumping is clowning's rougher, more urbanized offshoot, a style that moves so fast that some adherents claim that trends are born and discarded almost daily. It can be more contact-oriented, with some dancers spontaneously merging with their audience. Think of it as high-speed solo moshing, though I suppose even that comparison comes a bit short of accuracy. It's said that only by merging "in the midst of krumpness" that you build that sense of community and trust.

Although there's no overt rivalry between the two approaches, the reality becomes clearer during an event called "Battlezone." Put on in the cavernous Great Western Forum, it's essentially a dance-off between clowning and krumping, with the crowd as judge—with Tommy the Clown to arbitrate close calls, of course.

And the controversy doesn't end there. Even to this day, some krumpers claim that they originated the whole dance style. And so goes the competition. These styles of dance are so demanding and exhausting that it's doubtful their practitioners will ever resort to violence to stake their claim to primacy. In fact, **Rize** is so involved in physical action that the rare personal stories are a welcome breath of fresh air. **Rize** tells a fascinating story about a lifestyle that's so fast moving that it may be less than fresh even after the ink to this magazine dries.

By comparison, the subject matter for **Leap of Faith** seems positively old. Sex abuse in the Catholic Church is yesterday's news...but unfortunately, not for its victims. **Leap of Faith**, which was recently nominated for an Academy Award, not only relates the stories that have become familiar (a few truly hellish), but goes a few steps beyond into less well-charted territory.

Tony Comes is a thirty-four years old fireman in Toledo, Ohio. He dotes over his only daughter, and has a wife who's recently converted to the Catholic faith. He goes to mass every Sunday (and weekly therapy sessions with his wife). He also claims to have been abused by a serial child molester, Fr. Dennis Gray. But a twist threatens his faith in just about everything: Dennis Gray now lives six houses away. Every day he goes to work, Comes has to pass the former priest's front door. The whole thing is beginning to tear his life apart.

Filmmaker Kirby Dick gains rare access into the family's lives by lending the Comes' a portable video-cam; we listen in on everything from therapy sessions to the family's most private family moments.

When Tony Comes charges the former priest with molestation, we also gain access to Dennis Gray's troubling depositions. In between taking the Fifth Amendment, he admits—several times in succession—that in some situations sex with children is okay.

Aside from the proximity to a personal demon, what troubles Comes the most is that the Church itself. Far from issuing any kind of apology, or taking any action to make sure molestation never happens again, the archdiocese decides to aggressively contest the charges. Comes is brought to the brink when he discovers that the trusted priest who married the couple has himself been charged with sex abuse. Suddenly, Comes is an Irish-Catholic whose beliefs since childhood are in danger of being swept away, along with his family. He begins to grow a scruffy beard, and grows moody and distant.

Kirby Dick's accomplishment—and it's considerable—is to pour light into each interlocking element of the problem. Including the fact that, despite everything, Comes still somehow chooses to believe in a hierarchy that has failed him so aggressively and miserably. If anything, this documentary gives you real insight into the mind control that many believers willingly subject themselves to, and the ways they cope with a Church they resent—but are drawn to on the deepest levels.

Let's end on a lighter note. I can confidently say that there's never been a superhero quite like **Zebraman**.

It's 2010. Sho Aikawa (in his 100th film role) is a failed substitute middle school teacher who's disdained by his wife and students, can't control his teenage daughter, and whose son endures continual hazing at school. Making the situation even more pathetic, he has a combination-locked section in his room where he keeps his own homemade Zebraman costume—his childhood hero.

Dropped after only seven episodes, Zebraman was the weak-kneed competitor to the action hero Kikaider. (*Kikaider* is currently being syndicated in some cities, and it's well worth checking out.) Hardly a hero, Sho can barely leave the house wearing his costume without feeling intense embarrassment. He mostly hides behind garbage cans until he reaches the safety of his home again.

That changes when strange creatures start breeding in the city water system. When he's forced to fight a crab monster brandishing two pairs of scissors (a nemesis lifted directly from the *Kikaider* series), he discovers he may have more superhero skills than he thought.

Well, it turns out one of his students is also a closet *Zebraman* fan, and thanks to a few crucial upgrades to his costume, he ends up spending so much time fighting crime that by the time he's back in class, school's over.

The very top levels of the government are called to investigate this and other curious happenings. Naturally, with the vast resources of the Japanese government, they send only two men-in-black to solve everything.

Yes, this is yet another wild one from Miike Takashi, who seems to put out at least four films a year (at last count) and unapologetically revels in B-movie idioms. Although masterful with the yakuza crime drama, this is Miike's first foray into superhero-dom. The director's style is laid back and mordantly funny, so the film has a mood that may take some getting used to.

Fans of Japanese films will dig all the cool references to *Kikaider*, **Zorro**, **Ghostbusters**, *Ultraman*, *Kamen Rider*, *Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers*, and a clutch of obscurities you probably haven't seen and don't need to know about. You'll even find a few references to Miike's own **Visitor Q**.

Zebraman isn't the kind of movie you spend hours picking apart. Sit back, and don't ask too many questions. But don't miss this double-dose of extreme strangeness from one of the most fun directors around.

And make sure it's crab season.

DEATHREAT
AUSTIN, 2005

PHOTO BY BEN PARKER

RECORDS

Send 2 copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the *vinyl*) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA.** We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Send demo tapes and CD-R-only releases to Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

Reviewers: (TB) Tim Brooks, (MC) Mitch Cardwell, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (PC) Paul Curran, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (VH) Vince Horner, (CS) Chris Hubbard, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (RK) Ramsey Kanaan, (WK) Will Kinser, (WL) Will Weber Kneitel (formerly Will Risk), (EL) Elliott Lange, (RL) Ray Lujan, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (KS) Ken Sanderson, (MS) Martin Sorrondeguy, (SS) Steve Spinali, (BS) Brian Stern, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White.

4 BARREL GHOST – "Pack It Up!" CD

This here country punk (or as they claim, "cow punk") is pretty fuckin' rockin'. They're not quite up to par with ELMER, NINE POUND HAMMER, or the SUPERSUCKERS, but 4 BARREL GHOST has plenty of silly hillbilly themes and raw energy to take them where they wanna go. This is some good shit. (HM)

($12 ppd: Peter Salvati, 120 16th Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15203, www.fourbarrelghost.com)

5 CENT DEPOSIT – "Focus on the Negative" CD

Hmmm, a little too punk for the Warped Tour and probably a little too soft and slick for others. To play this style nowadays is to be a man without a country. Think SoCal early 90s with a decisive Midwest snottiness. Actually quite good. (JF)

(Radical, 77 Bleeker St., NY, NY 10012)

AÇÃO DIRETA – "Entre a Bênção e o Caos" LP

This Brazilian, political punk band's music is all over the map: moshy Japanese-style crust-core, straight-up thrash, CHUMBAWUMBA-esque folky stuff, do I even hear some NY *hawdcaw* in here? Side two opens with a beautiful, melodic, traditional-sounding instrumental piece and jumps into their most brutal, D-beat track, and yet it doesn't sound wrong. Weird, maybe, but not wrong. Their best song is the oddest man out: "Deuses, Dogmas e a Violênca" is an awesome, catchy, and surprisingly punk-sounding track with bongo drums, tambourines, and acoustic guitars. The lyrics, as well as the vocals, are full of doom, gloom, and anger, just the way we like it. Their drummer kicks ass and really holds this album together. Totally worth checking out. (PC)

(DPG, c/o Arne B., Postfach 910121, 30421 Hannover, GERMANY, www.acaodireta.cjb.net)

ACTION SWINGERS – CD

I can ken a rising misty-eyed attitude towards the heavy sounds of the late 80s and early 90s, a sort of keening in the air for the likes of HAMMERHEAD, CROWS, CHOKEBORE, etc. Guys, *guys*, stop. New York's ACTION SWINGERS were so much better than those bands, take it from someone who stood through everyone from HELMET to HOLE to TAR, the SWINGERS are the real early 90s rock 'n' roll that you are looking to rediscover. This thing was on the Wrong Label to begin with; now through the Process of Miraculous Sellout-Stain Removal it has been introduced into a State of Grace. Hoarse, fuck-you vox on top of a hard-charging band that sounds like a more pissed-off GREEN RIVER is far more palatable in 2005 then the riffhammer prog-slog of…I don't wanna speculate no more. (RW)

(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

THE ACCUSED – "Oh Martha" CD

Well hot fucking damn, it is a new ACCUSED release! I honestly thought I would never see them record again. So how is it, you ask? Well, in all honesty it was surprisingly strong and better than I was expecting. This is exactly the metallic thrash and punk that you would expect to hear from them. It isn't quite as good as the earlier stuff on *Return of Martha Splatterhead* and it isn't as bad as some of the Nastymix era stuff. Blaine's growling vocal chords are in fine form, which I expected considering some of the more recent FARTZ recordings. The artwork is as cheesy as ever, with multiple artists contributing to the CD cover. They are hitting the West Coast soon for a brief tour with MUNICIPAL WASTE and I am really looking forward to seeing them. (This is saying a lot, because I avoid 99.9% of the reunion shows that come through the Bay Area.) (RC)

(www.splatterock.com)

AFGHANISTAN YE-YE'S / THE REHAMASTERS – split EP

AFGHANISTAN YE-YE'S play straightforward, fast punk; nothing new, decent enough, not one song stands out in any way. Nothing some practice and slight effort wouldn't fix, but why bother? The REHAMASTERS' first song "Ted Nuggets" is so bad it's unfathomable, in fact there's no reasonable explanation for its existence. At this point, I'm thinking this may be the most painful listen I've ever had to make. By the second song "Fractal" the REHAMASTERS transform from pretentious crapdom, to cookie monster crustcore. It's terrible, but better, and I try to give them my attention, then it's back to the earlier formula of unlistenable, self-indulgent art garbage. Fuck it, I give up. (BS)

(Jordi Sabatés Amatuer, Rambla MJ Torrents 147, 08430 La Roca Del Vallés, Barcelona, SPAIN)

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COWPUNK

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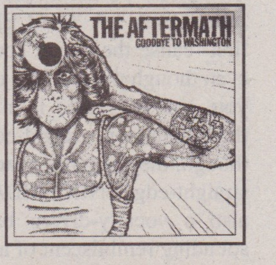


ajenos a la tragedia

the angel sluts
HOT TEEN ACTION

THE AFTERMATH – "Goodbye to Washington" EP

The AFTERMATH is from Washington DC and this is their second EP. And considering that they have broken up, you probably won't be seeing any future releases coming from them. Musically I hear some SHEER TERROR influences in their straightforward hardcore attack. Plus the vocalist lays down some of the gruffest chops I have heard in a while. Overall, this was all right but I didn't really think it is a stand-out release. (RC)

(Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241)

AJENOS A LA TRAGEDIA – "La Jàula" EP

A solid EP. AJENOS A LA TRAGEDIA, from Spain, plays straightforward, modern anarcho-hardcore with touches of melody. They are tight and the production on this recording is excellent. Overall, the songwriting is strong, though I thought the band might at times benefit from shorter compositions. Unfortunately, I can't comment on their lyrical content since I can't speak Spanish, but I would guess that they address some political topics in at least some of the songs. The two-headed skateboarding skeleton on the label, however, tells me that these folks aren't overly-serious. Worth checking out. (CS)

(Ediciones la Revuelta, C/San Agustín 18, Apdo. 3141 50080 Zaragoza, SPAIN, larevuelta@sindominio.net)

AJENOS A LA TRACEDIA / NECESIDAD DE LUCHAR – split EP

Two political Spanish bands here. AJENOS A LA TRACEDIA sounds weird at first 'cause the singer sounds like she's on 45 even though the record's on 33. But it grows on you, and her voice is a nice juxtaposition to their brand of straight-edgy thrash. Lyrically, though, they're more anarcho-political, and not straight-edgy. NECESIDAD DE LUCHAR is also a vocally-driven band with the singer sounding reminiscent of a time in the 80s when it was okay to *sing* in a thrash band. Think SNFU with a touch of BAD RELIGION. With both bands, the music is interesting and well executed. Comes with a CD of the EP plus a shitload of bonus tracks from NECESIDAD DE LUCHAR. (PC)

(Ediciones la Revuelta, C/San Agustín 18, Apdo. 3141, 50080 Zaragoza, SPAIN, larevuelta@sindominio.net)

AKELA / LITHIUM694 – split CDEP

New England's AKELA plays the sort of middle-of-the-road, vaguely chaotic metalcore I've come to hate from so many tepid *MRR* reviews. They somehow, however, do it much better than most, despite even the bad, not-so-heavy production. Frenetic with relentless tempo-shifting and not too many meathead moments, theirs is surprisingly decent stuff. The same can't quite be said of France's LITHIUM694, who never really rises above the standard well of mosh-metal derivations that every other metalcore band on earth draws from too. Still, AKELA is worth hearing. (EL)

(Hold True, www.holdtrue.com)

ANATOMI-71 – "Hej Kom och Hjälp Mig" EP

Raw, fast, aggressive Swedish hardcore punk that isn't gonna change the world or anything but will certainly please even the most nit-picky fans of the genre. I mean, who doesn't love Swedish hardcore? It's awesome! This isn't as polished or metallic as a lot of the modern school of Swedish HC (SKITSYSTEM, WOLFPACK, etc.), but fits in nicely with those bands. This is crusty, but not *too* crusty—it's still totally raw and totally punk. The vocals (with lyrics all in Swedish, presumably about war and whatnot) put this over the top for me—they are crazed and throaty, which gives this record the fist-pumping urgency that it needs to rise above total genericism. "Play it loud in the spirit it was created." Yowza! (GN)

(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, www.putridfilth.com)

ANFO / DFC – split EP

ANFO, who are from Peru, plays fast and raw political punk. Angry lyrics (with English translations) show their hatred for the government and military. And I have to give them bonus points for the drummer using a cowbell (RAW POWER style). DFC, from Brazil, follows a similar path to ANFO, but I found their music to be geared more towards hardcore with a metallic edge. They maintain the aggressive political lyrics and I found them to be a solid counterpart to ANFO on this split. Check it out. (RC)

(Odiolos Discos, Equardo Y Courtney, 44 Middlesex Dr., Fredonia, NY 14063, odiolodiscos@hotmail.com)

THE ANGEL SLUTS – "Hot Teen Action" EP

……middle of the road lo-fi …..not bad actually…..hold on, this motherfucker is starting to REALLY rock me!!!!!!! Especially the song "5 and Dime"!!!!!!! Side two is now up and it's already coming on groovy……just like dog breath on my cock!!!!! Good hooks……the "no-fi" vocal sound works good on this hunk of dick cheese……also, these guys have gotta get extra brownie-points for being a truly ugly fucking band…..!!!!! What city spat this into our faces???? Memphis????? (SW)

(Wrecked Em, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124, www.wrecked-em.com)

ANXIETIES – "Black Hole (In the Center of My Brain) / What's He Got"

Snotty punk rock with a RAMONES worship feel in the same way that SCREECHING WEASEL had. I might even say that the A side has a more VINDICTIVES sound then anything else. Solid, but not spectacular. (JF)

(Infringement, www.infringement.com)

ARABROT – "Proposing a Pact With Jesus" CD

WWJD? Headbang? Oslo-Based noise rock trio with aggressive, garage-y yet quite heavy instrument bashing and the same kind of swirl of noise conjured by UNSANE with off-beat timing, maximized angular and jagged guitar noise, thudding bass plod, and pounding, clockwork drums. Eight aggressive and adventurous songs marked with abrasive vocal quirks and off-time screams that are like the steroid-laden, overkill beefy Mr. Hyde of the best moments of Amphetamine Reptile's Dr. Jekyll. Pro and very heavy recording by Billy Anderson ensures maximum noise delivery. (KS)

(www.norwayratrecords.com)

ASSMODEUS – "Diabolique Royale" CD

Fuckin' A! The first tune rocks! The rest of the CD doesn't touch the psychobilly super song, "Phantasmo," but *Diabolique Royale* is a solid metal-psychobilly offering. Sometimes I almost hear James Hetfield belting out over this menacing rockabilly bounce and it brings a smile to my jaded lips. This is a fine disc. (HM)

(Psychobilly US, www.psychobilly.us)

ATOMGEVITTER / FILTHPACT – split EP

Speedy powerviolence here from Scottish quartet ATOMGEVITTER. Nothing too groundbreaking but there's plenty of good spasmo intensity to their sound and the bit where they slow things to a crawl on "Nail Yourself to Your Own Fucking Cross" is quite effective. FILTHPACT, meanwhile, are much darker and meaner in comparison, spewing forth a mighty shitstorm of furious vocals and well-written lyrics. There's a great, heavy sound to their songs with elements of grind, crust, and metal thrown in maybe like OTOPHOBIA or the like. Good stuff from both indeed. (EL)

(Black Box, blackboxrecords@hotmail.com)

AVSKUM – "Re-Crucified By the System" CD

This CD collection was originally released in the late 90s on Finn records, but here it is again on the Armageddon label out of Providence, RI, making this classic material easily available to American fans for the first time ever. For fans of classic Scandinavian hardcore, this is pretty much a no-brainer, as AVSKUM was (and continues to be) one of the bedrocks of the Swedish hardcore sound. Not quite as intense as ANTI-CIMEX or as archetypal as SOD, AVSKUM's early work—this CD collects all of their stuff from the 80s—was still foundational for the Scandi-beat bands that have followed suit. Built pretty much exclusive-ly on the DISCHARGE model, AVSKUM has been a raw, DIY hardcore band for over twenty years, and in my opinion, they have only gotten *better* with time. This CD includes their classic *Crucified by the System* EP, their *Really Fast* comp tracks, and demo stuff. As the liners say, "Once raw hardcore, always fucking raw hardcore." Fuck yeah! (GN)

(Armageddon, PO Box 56, Providence, RI 02901)

THE BAD VIBES – "All the Right Ways to Do You Wrong" CD

Tough and unrelenting punk from the school of GENOCIDE SS and ANTISEEN. I'm imagining now the throngs of shitheads who would pour in to see a band like this, but fuck, those shows are often the best, and this disc rips. Vocal delivery lands somewhere between Bob Noxious and Brannon, musically riding steadfast on Motör-Charge, tweaked distinctly toward the MOTÖR (HEAD, you dipshit), but acknowledging the classics in their modernized riff referencing: STOOGES, MC5, MOTÖRHEAD. Check it for yourself. (BS)

(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

BAMN / BLACK STAR RISING – split LP

Both bands are from Sweden. BAMN gives us metallic hardcore with high- pitched vocals, which reminds me of a lot of bands from the mid-to-late-90s. Their last track sounds more like metal emo-violence. BLACK STAR RISING is more straightforward hardcore with dual vocals. I prefer this side of the disc it is less metal and more punk. Lyrically they cover animal rights with "Meat is Murder," they have a song about media manipulation, and of course the mandatory anti-cop song. After reading some of the titles I was left wondering if this is a joke record, hmmmm. (MS)

BANDITAS – "Port / Starbord" CD

Sparse, minimal, vaguely punky indie rock. Honestly, this *barely* qualifies as punk enough for this magazine. It is just a bit too slow, not quite arty enough to be post-punk, and it's CD-only to boot. I mean, they do a LYNC cover for god's sake. It's not bad or anything, just kind of boring. The songs are pretty much all at the same tempo, and there is not much oomph to the vocals. Sorry, guys, not interested. (GN)

(Last Drag)

BEERZONE – "Against the Flow" LP

Ian, that veteran punk from the old UK outfit INTENSIVE CARE has a full LP of journeyman British street punk by his current vehicle BEERZONE. These guys know the punk formula from start to finish: the hooks are there, and the guitar parts and the vocals gel just right. BEERZONE is one of those hardworking tour bands. They are on the road for life—you will see them at the punk festivals—they will be on the bill at your next BUSINESS show. When you see BEERZONE call out for the MOTÖRHEAD cover, they do a proper job! (BR)

(Ghetto Rock, www.ghetto-rock.com)

BLACK TIE BOMBERS – "Art Is Easy" CD

BLACK TIE BOMBERS sure reminds me of 90s pop punk band WESTON with their dual vocals and stylings. In fact this could have been the lost third WESTON record after *Got Beat Up*. Now is that a compliment or not? I don't know. WESTON's records went downhill after the first LP and since I am comparing this to a third record, you make the call. (JF)

(www.blactiebombers.com)

BLEEDER RESISTOR – "Sixteen" CD

That's two records I've reviewed this month with the title *Sixteen*, weird huh? Emotional melodic hardcore...nothing really original, at least it has a bit of an edge. (AD)

(Basement, PO Box 511, La Habra, CA 90633)

BLISTER HEAD – "Via Casilina" CD

Anti-fascist, pro-worker, fuck-capitalism pop punk from Sweden. Normally pop punk would have me whacking the off button quicker than a Bruce Lee karate chop. But this has the hooks and the drive; even though it is sometimes sweet it is never sugary. Much like the poppier side of RANDY with the attitude of SCREECHING WEASEL and drive of the old RANCID. A band that is comfortable enough to sing about love and girls as they are about the futility of war and the working week. As Emma Goldman said, "If I can't dance in your revolution then I won't be a part of it," or something of that effect. As this CD progresses the better it gets, in fact the shivers have started and I'm already busting my ass to play this to all my frikken friends. A pop punk record that has totally caught me by surprise and nailed me to the beer-soaked, lice-ridden floors of MRR. I've found my summer anthems, my revolutionary drinking songs, and my shower time classics all on one disc. Sunday fucking rules. (SD)

(Mad Butcher, Kurze Geismarstr 6, d-37073 Gottingen, GERMANY, www.madbutcher.de)

BORA – "Spit Into Kismet's Face" CD

Fast and aggressive metal-fused hardcore from Lithuania. There are some slower breakdowns to be found here, but the music has a high energy and pretty upbeat feel to it. Crisp production and harshly screamed vocals round everything out nicely, making for a solid release. It was a nice change of pace to hear a metalcore band and not become instantly bored by them. (RC)

(Kestas K, PO Box 3041, 2026 Vilnius, LITHUANIA, www.kablys.hardcore.lt)

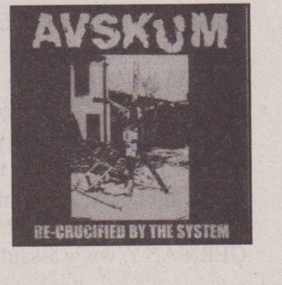
BORA / COALITION – split CD

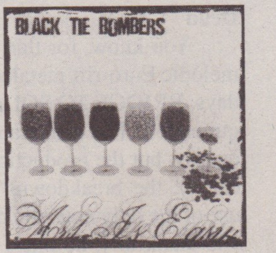
BORA, from Lithuania, blasts their way through some aggressive metalcore lead by severely shredded vocals. COALITION follows-up with some metallic hardcore of their own. I found their tracks to have more melody and an edgy feel of punk mixed with some screamo. But when it was all said and down I definitely found the BORA tracks to be more enticing. (RC)

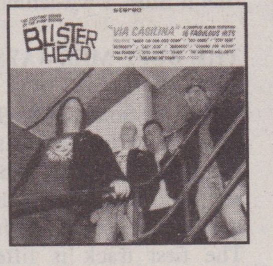
(Kestas K, PO Box 3041, 2026 Vilnius, LITHUANIA, kablys.hardcore.lt)

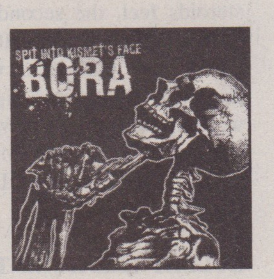
BREATHE IN – EP

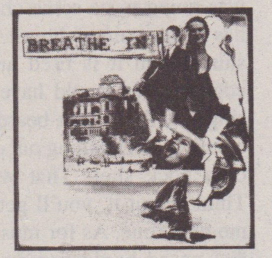
The record instructs the listener to play at 33 rpm. I just ought to review it at that speed, just to show the fuckers that they need to be careful with that sort of shit. But I











won't; I am going to review it at 45 rpm. While this is not typically my cup of tea, I have to admit to liking this quite a bit. It's faster paced hardcore that is delivered with a punch. And while it might somewhat generic in many ways, it's got enough energy to hold my attention, which ain't easy. Recommended. (KK)

(Assault, PO Box 102514, 28025 Bremen, GERMANY, www.assaultrecords.com)

BRIDGE TO SOLACE – "Kingdom of the Dead" CDEP

You know, for this style of done-to-death melodic Euro-riff metalcore so ubiquitous these days, BRIDGE TO SOLACE does what they do quite well. The formula of it all still makes me queasy, but the production is great, the riffs are catchy, the breakdowns make unusually good use of the only note you need (that'd be the "E") and thankfully, no one's encouraged the singer to sing. And they're from Budapest too, so that's pretty cool. (EL)

(Let It Burn, www.letitburnrecords.com)

THE BUFF MEDWAYS – "Medway Wheelers" EP

More Southern England shenanigans from these ol' grimy veterans in the form of two tunes and one movie (which I shamelessly cannot get to work on this shitty ol' computer with this shitty ol brain, technology you kill me). The first track is lifted off *The Medway Wheeler*s LP, with a distinct KINKS-on-steroids feel, the second a cheeky and brave move in covering WHO's classic "A Quick One" They pull it of with the high vocals included, which gets a big big booyackasha and word up from this reviewer. Charming. (SD)

(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London, E11 1YX, UNITED KINGDOM, www.damagegoods.co.uk)

BULLET TREATMENT – "Counting Down" EP

At first glance at the cover I thought this was going to be some cheesy garage record. It has a big pair of breast bursting out of some shirt—yeah it is tired and cheesy. I think an edgier cover would have been a photo of the singer with his cute beard showing me his nuts bursting and hanging out of his shorts or undies, or a cock shot! That would have been *hot*! Think about it, you'll get a better review from me next time. As for music, this is really good, fast paced hardcore with awesome vocals, so this singer has more than just a nice beard going on. Overall, I would say this is a great driving hardcore punk record with some good negative lyrics. Recommended. (MS)

(Basement, PO Box 511, La Habra, CA 90633-0511, www.basementrecords.net)

B.U.S.H. – "Buy Us Some Heroin" EP

Total early 80s style fucked up skate-core out of Brazil. BAD POSTURE/SICK PLEASURE meets the DICKS maybe? Good to see folk taking their foot off the lightening speed pedal for a change. This is my fave 625 release for some time. (TB)

(www.625thrash.com)

CALIFORNIA REDEMPTION – "This Time It's for Money" CD

CALIFORNIA REDEMPTION cranks out punk stuff that's straight BAD RELIGION, ILL REPUTE, and all that old school SoCal shite rolled into one. Nothing really charming, hooky, or interesting about them, though *they look like nice guys*. They have a political bent to their lyrics. They sound a lot like the band that practices two rooms down at the practice space. Most likely to appeal to sixteen-year olds sporting "I'm not as think as you drunk I am T-shirts," following FURY 66 from show to show in 1997. (WL)

(www.caredemption.com)

CCSS – "Commun Chfeu Sa Soupe" EP

A competent 7" of mid-paced, UK82-style punk rock, featuring Steve from INEPSY on vocals. There are catchy guitar riffs throughout this EP, but Steve's vocals are pretty obnoxious. The jury is out on whether they are obnoxious in a good way, or in a dear-god-please-take-the-microphone-away-from-that-guy way, but after a few listens I am leaning towards the latter. I think the problem is just that they are a bit too loud in the mix. The lyrics are pretty funny too, and one of the songs starts with "one-two-fuck-you." The classic punk sound and aesthetic make for a good time, but I wouldn't go so far as to call this record essential listening or anything. (GN)

(Ugly Pop, PO Box 64, Station C, Montreal, QB H2L 4J7, CANADA, www.uglypop.com)

CHICKEN'S CALL – "La Peur" EP

CHICKEN'S CALL plays melodic anarcho-punk, a la HARUM SCARUM, with some great guitar riffs, creative bass-work, and best off all, strong male-female vocals. The songs are about fascism, sexism, and the pigs—all *en français, bien sûr* (with English translations included)—and it comes in the obligatory collage-art poster sleeve. This French band has been around for six years and this is their first record. It was well worth the wait. (PC)

(Mourey, 10 An Med. Gal. Viallet, 38120 Saint Égrève, FRANCE, www.chickens.call.free.fr)

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON – "Heart for the Heartless" CD

Slick MTV2 metallic 00s hardcore From North Carolina—a case of mainstream metallic production enveloping five tracks of triggered drums, flat-lined mechanical barking vocals, precision solos, chug-a-chug breakdowns, and the occasional gang vocal chorus for emphasis. KILLING TIME with PANTERA/BIOHAZARD stuck up its ass? Proficient yet robotic in delivery; even when the lyrics rise out of vague meandering of the sXe " this is or time/time to stand up" genre, it comes off static- compartmentalized music as opposed to a rock overdrive it almost reaches on the up tempo tracks. Vaguely Christian lyrics—not direct, but when our heavenly father is thanked on the lyric sheet "for making this all possible," there's enough to connect the dots with lyrics like "the constant struggle to hold my faith" Somehow this ends with a SEPULTURA cover??? Fans of the style, start your kickboxing. (KS)

(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.spookcityusa.com)

CIRCLE OF DEAD CHILDREN – "Zero Comfort Margin" CD

OK, this is a great record and all, but first things first—what's up with the production on this? One of the worst sub-demo recordings I've heard in years; very quiet and everything's just dead flat and thin. Oh, I see why now, it was recorded by Steve Austin, the worst producer on earth. Really too bad, cuz this is killer death grind, bringing to mind maybe a more death-inclined AVULSION or ASSUCK or maybe PIG DESTROYER, though not quite as tech. I usually don't think much of electronic noise interludes yet they've got a few on here that are actually quite interesting and original. This Pittsburgh band has been around for a while and it's good to hear they're still roaring and squealing with the best of 'em. (EL)

(Willowtip, 134 S Main St, Suite A, Zelienople, PA 16063, www.willowtip.com)

COLISEUM – "Goddamage" CD

This band seems to get a lot of word of mouth and hype, so let's see if this release measures up to it. Musically, they seem to lift influences from bands like FROM ASHES RISE, and I definitely hear some MOTÖRHEAD rips in the song "Head Down & Burn." The music is heavy and rumbling and the vocals are strong and aggressive, yet in the end this isn't really lighting my fire. I am definitely not saying the songs are bad, they just aren't turning me into a fist-pumping maniac like I was hoping. No sweat though, as I know they have a following and people will still pick up this CD regardless of this review. (RC)

(Manic Ride, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.manicriderecords.com)

COMMANDANTES – "Lider für Die Arbeiterklasse" CD

A wonderful effort from these German commie punks. The lyrics—sung, and printed in German (name-checking the likes of Rosa Luxemburg, Sacco & Vanzetti, and Vertreibund der Bourgeoisie!) are encased in some old timey Communist "socialist realism" art. Musically they mix up the finest of German sing-a-long punk (think SLIME) with a real oi! (mob choruses) and pub rock feel. Truly inspired. (RK)

(Mad Butcher, www.madbutcher.de)

COUGAR PARTY – "Heartbreakers/Homewreckers" CD

COUGAR PARTY plays real droning, sloppy, heavy punk stuff. Sounds a lot like SPITBOY, but a little more melodic; they're not quite as angry. It's a pretty moody album, getting into some spacey beats and riffs, but then picking it up to a faster, more punk tempo. They're kind of all over the place doing these simpler FUGAZI or SLEATER-KINNEY style riffs, which lead into really over-the-top, tortured vocals and minor progressions. At a base level, this leaks some cool song ideas but overall the sloppiness of the songs along with some really annoying vocals make this hard for me to listen to. (WL)

(Cougar Party c/o Shannon G, 10 Rolston Ave, Toronto, ON, M5A 3Z2, CANADA, www.cougarparty.com)

CRASH BOX – "Veleno Per Voi" 2xCD

Swanky retrospective of everything by this classic bandana-clad Italian band from the early 80s. Included are both LPs, the first 7" and a pile of demo, live, interview and comp tracks. Nowhere near as ripping as *Tutti Pazzi*-era NEGAZIONE or early WRETCHED but instead more influenced more by melodic early US bands from the Midwest (TOXIC REASONS and later ARTICLES OF FAITH or even later DAG NASTY). The first 7" and *Finale* LP are the keepers as the guitar wankery and "musical progression" of the second LP is a little grating. Still, it's all really listenable and this is a tremendous release of hard to find discs, all in one place wrapped in one of those "impossible to file with your CDs" DVD cases. Now where's me bandana? (TB)

(SOA, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69, 00146, Roma, ITALY)

CRAZED FARMERS – "First Crop" CD

What is it with modern non-metal Eastern European bands, they are like my mom when she makes soup; everything goes in regardless of its origin or potential effect. I think this is the continued cultural effect of FRANK ZAPPA in these regions, even if these guys only know of him from afar or from crazy-eyed former prisoners who used to carve "Lumpy Gravy" on their cell walls between doses of the 'ol rubber hose. Instead of fluoridating the water in Slovenia, it must be ZAPPA-fied. So, you assemble a bunch of weirdos to begin with, at which point they decide that rules and genres and that sort of thing are just so *Czech*, and that gets you this total mishmash of BUTTHOLE SURFERS, CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, RUTLES, GIBSON BROTHERS, the works. If you try to sit through it and assign it a category you'll just get pissed off, so if you have any tolerance for the sounds of a really creative band working out of an isolated scene, dig in. Oh yeah, hey! Jello! You'd like these guys! (RW)

(KIKA, Smartinska 152/6, 1000 Ljubjana, SLOVENIA)

CRIMSON SWEET – "Eat the Night" CD

The raspy female vocals make my throat hurt, but they really convey the anguish and pain in the lyrics. The SWEETS deliver some solid rock. Their mid-tempo tunes remind me of JANE'S ADDICTION or ROLLING STONES, while their fewer and faster songs sound a bit like TURBONEGRO. Three of the ten tunes were previously released on their *Blood Transfusion* 7" EP. Courtney Love could only dream of being so talented and tormented. (HM)

(Shake It, 4156 Hamilton Ave, Cincinnati, OH 45223, www.shakeitrecords.com)

CRUCIAL SECTION – "Catch the Future" LP

This record kicks in with some really fucking awesome, mid-paced hardcore. It is immediately followed up by rapid fire Japanese hardcore. This is way better than I recall all of CRUCIAL SECTION's other releases being. If you like the way Japanese bands deliver their hardcore check this out. It reminds me of something from the OUTO, LIP CREAM, and SYSTEMATIC DEATH era—go and get this shit! (MS)

(625 thrash, www.625 thrash.com)

DARKBUSTER - "A Weakness for Spirits" CD

A decent new band from Boston who has listened to a lot of DROPKICK MURPHYS, I'm sure. But these guys mix it up too. A little ska, a little pop, and a bit of oi. Fans of MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES and SOCIAL D with like this as well. A solid listen with cool points for having a member who is a brother of the DOGMATICS twins. Also, serious cool points for the label having one of my all time faves MARY LOU LORD as its publicist. That's fucking crazy! (RL)

(www.darkbuster.net)

THE DEAD BETTIES – "Summer of '93" CD

Hmm, this looked like it was gonna be wacky, sloppy teenage punk, but... The first few tracks are what a lazy reviewer like myself would call "screamo," that of the pulsing, driving bursts of angst variety. The rest is vocally-driven, moany, brooding emo-rock. It's well done, as far as moany, brooding emo-rock goes, but the singer is *wa-a-a-a-ay too-oo-oo si-i-i-i-ingy-y-y-y* for me. Not a generic emo band by any means, and worth looking into. (PC)

(Heartcore)

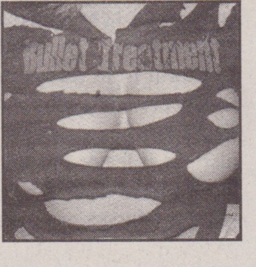
DEATH TOKEN – "Walking Dead Life" EP

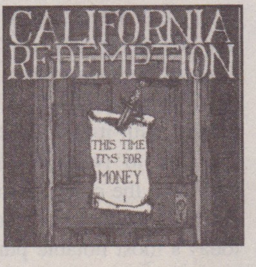
This band is probably most noteworthy for featuring Kasper from NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS and touring the West Coast with that band last summer. To be perfectly frank, I thought that their first 7", which featured a mishmash of hardcore styles, was fairly unremarkable and one of the least essential releases from the Copenhagen scene of the past four or five years. This EP shows some improvement. The A-side is probably their most NO HOPE-like song—it is moody and melodic, and even invokes British greats CRISIS in its pace and sound. Unfortunately, the song mostly gets by on mood alone—there's no hookiness involved at all, so there is no satisfying catchy part. The B-side is an average hardcore (think early COC) song that is neither here nor there, really. For K-town completists only. (GN)

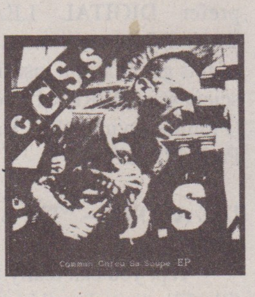
(Backwards Masking, deathtoken@spildafvinyl.dk)

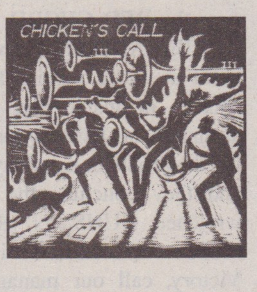
DEFDUMP – "Makeshift Polaris" CD

I had hopes for this Luxembourg band, considering the only other band I know from that country is the totally awesome PETROGRAD. Unfortunately DEFDUMP is just a combination of horrible faux-metal, screamo, and









CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON
Heart For The Heartless

THE DEAD BETTIES
SUMMER OF '93

crap you'd hear on your local "modern rock" radio station. The vocals annoyingly go back and forth from screaming to an overdone I'm-so-sincere-and-I-took-vocal-lessons style. The music is so generic and non-descript, it should just say "Heavy Music" in blue block-type on the front cover. (PC)
(Kablio Musika, www.kablys.hardcore.lt)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "Plastic Surgery" EP

Well, this is a marked improvement from this new-wave drunkard's debut platter. *Plastic Surgery* conjures up post-apocalyptic images of neon-lit back alleys and light saber switchblades, with its hopeless bad-boy romanticism vibe set to twitching keys and guitar fuzz. Although the creep factor is high, the sound is catchy enough to be placed alongside any of today's most notable punk-pop. Think Dirtnap Records or something related. Although I much prefer DIGITAL LEATHER and LOST SOUNDS when it comes down to it, casual fans of this genre might just find a new favorite mad scientist in DEREK LYN PLASTIC. (MC)
(Floridas Dying, 1917 Hammerlin Ave., Winter Park, FL 32789)

DIE ALONE – "The Arcane Suicide Movement" CD

Yep, you can really just tell from an album title like that that this is gonna suck. This is wannabe tech death influenced metalcore of the type the RED CHORD and BETWEEN THE BURIED AND ME perpetrate, but not even as good as those bands. This whole thing just smacks of insincerity; none of the riffs or arrangements have any permanence or originality, the production and layout are way too slick, and they conclude the whole affair with a wretched GUNS 'N' ROSES cover on the "enhanced" section. I wish these trendy "Tony Victory, call our manager" kids would stop ruining my childhood memories like this. (EL)
(Corrosive, www.corrosiverecordings.com)

DIE RÖTZZ – "Glotonería por Castigo" EP

Vivid and soul-stirring basement punk from this lean-and-hungry outfit: "Glotonería por Castigo," "Elle Tiene Encantos," and "Lo Que Necesito" sound like forgotten outtakes from some 1985 limited-edition flexi-disc benefit raising funds for the legal defense of Burger King saboteurs (or something). DIE RÖTZZ are possessed of the eternal flame, they are: they're a thing of rubbery, eye-popping glory. (JH)
(Big Black Hole, bigblackholerecords@yahoo.com)

DIE YOUNG – "Survival Instinct" CD

Metal edged hardcore slaughter complete with MADBALL style breakdowns and nods to fellow contemporaries TERROR and HATEBREED. DIE YOUNG caps off this CDEP with a cover of TRIAL's "For the Kids." A good listen, still nothing groundbreaking, or standout here. (BS)
(Immigrant Sun, PO Box 150711, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

DIRECT CONTROL – "You're Controlled" 12"

100% ragin' full-on hardcore punk rock!! Richmond, VA's DIRECT CONTROL has both feet firmly planted in the early 80s American HC tradition, but this is no paint-by-the-numbers revivalist act. Along with recent releases by contemporary US bands STRUNG UP and VIOLENT MINDS, this record can no doubt measure up to the classics from 20 years ago. Instantly memorable songwriting and perfect execution—think the catchiness of early CORROSION OF CONFORMITY with the intensity of WHITE CROSS (plus a dose of old Boston HC), and you'll have a good idea what this sounds like. Best release of the year so far… (CS)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13 1098 AA, Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo)

DIRECT CONTROL – "Nuclear Tomorrow" EP

Remember back in the day when hardcore bands were still catchy and had "songs?" Then check this shit out. DIRECT CONTROL's homage to early 80s hardcore is both infectious and totally ripping. Pages ripped straight out of the JERRYS KIDS/OFFENDERS book of fast-as-fuck yet catchy hardcore. After the last couple of years of ho-hum hardcore, this is a treat. Awesome. (TB)
(Sorry State, dlupton79@gmail.com)

DIRTY LOVE - "Baby You Suck" CD

An energetic rock 'n' roll punk band from the UK. Fronted by a snotty gal and including occasional members of the UK SUBS and MENACE, you know the sound. Four punk tunes with attitude. This is also apparently free from their website, I'm guessing to download. Right on! (RL)
(Dirty Love, PO Box 54610, London N16 8XW, UK, www.dirtylove.me.uk)

SCOTT "DELUXE" DRAKE – "World's Strongest Man" CD

In the late 80s and (very early) 90s I took my musical cues from Los Angeles' *FlipSide* fanzine as well as *MRR*: because of that I have a certain long-denied appreciation for SoCal bar bands like the HUMPERS, CLAWHAMMER, or TRASH CAN SCHOOL (check the Amoeba $1.99 bins for proof of their existence). *World's Strongest Man* corrals players from a lot of those groups in one studio—mainly HUMPERS front-guy Scott Drake, natch—along with members of the JONESES, HUNNS, VICE PRINCPIPALS, CLAWHAMMER, etc. The record's sort of a mixed bag, ranging from HUMPERS-style basic rock to echo-laden, lurching ballads to upbeat ditties driven by drink and dissolution. Call it a world-weary, baggage-laden romp down memory highway. It's a winning effort for the greater part, though Drake's vocals aren't always up to snuff on the quieter tunes. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 95107, www.dionysusrecords.com)

EASY ACTION – "Friends of Rock & Roll" CD

Wow. An amazing second album from John Brannon and company. The music is as intense as Brannon's vocal style, but I am sitting here reading the lyrics completely blown away. These are some of the most heartbreaking, pissed-off, strong, and vulnerable words I have seen on a rock record, and the music never gets wimpy. Take note emo kids. All the poison and shit you want from rock and roll with something that may actually touch you too. Incredible. (CK)
(Reptillian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

EMERGENCY – "1234" LP

Not to get confused with the ol' EMERGENCY, but certainly not musically unlike them. Fronted by long time veteran of the punk/skin scene and front man of the old British outfit the STRIKE. Sounding better than the majority of crap that passes as street punk, oi, or what ever the kids are sticking in there bags and sniffing now days. This is as solid as straight up punk rock gets, with driving, pissed and fist in the air choruses. Looking and sounding like a great relic from the early 80s, stinking of the sweet stench of the PARTISIANS, PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES, INFA RIOT, ANGELIC UPSTARTS, and the BLAGGERS. Hard to believe that this is New York 2005 and not South London 1980. One of this year's finest releases, and I'm sure little Timmy Brooks will come in his little Y's when hearing this. (SD)
(Ghetto Rock, info@ghetto-rock.com)

ENDLESS NIGHTMARE / DISSYSTEMA – split EP

Isn't it funny how easy it is to know what a band will sound like based on the artwork on the EP and what band shirts they are wearing in the photos? I had this one figured out and reviewed without even hearing the music. Nevertheless, let's give these bands a fair shake. ENDLESS NIGHTMARE starts things off with a fast and furious onslaught of crustcore. Their style definitely reminded me of the endless stream of crust bands that came from the East Coast in the mid-90s. On the flip side DISSYS-

TEMA grabbed my attention with a Scandi-core influenced assault of three fast and gritty tunes. Both sides were strong, but I liked the DISSYSTEMA stuff more. (RC)
(Endless Nightmare, c/o Erik Nohr Adrewson, PO Box 63543, Philadelphia, PA 19147, www.endlessnightmare.tripod.com)

FACE OF CHANGE – "1989 - 2002" CD

The track listing on this CD goes from newest to oldest, so naturally the CD gets better towards the end. Their double 7" that came out on 625 a few years ago can be found on here, and if you were a fan of their 7 SECONDS/UNIFORM CHOICE approach on that, then you will probably enjoy their newer stuff as well. It reminds me of DAG NASTY in a lot of ways, but that is probably because they cover them on here. (CC)
(Varsity, c/o Blanca Cheffey, PO Box 234, Buenos Aires, c1000wab, ARGENTINA)

THE FATALS – "Singles" CD

Dirty, stinking, blown out garage, perverted, sleazy, and cutting like a smashed bottle at a dirty dive bar. Edgy, and dangerous, much like an uglier version of HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE, these fucks kill cats for kicks. This CD is a comp of their first three (sought after) singles from July '03 to July '04. Distorted lo-fi that's makes my smelly bruise tighten, my stomach churn, and my mouth dry for some cheap paint thinners. Can't get enough of your funky stuff, Europe fucking rules! (SD)
(P. Thrash, c/o Peter Eichhorn, Dornbuschweg 10, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY, www.pthrashrecords.com)

FIGHT NIGHT – "Our End Is Near" CD

More brutal beat-down tough-core here from the wellspring of such bands in New England. The singer's sporting a MADBALL shirt and a backwards cap, so you could probably sing all the songs yourself already. Try to guess which one of the following is not an actual FIGHT NIGHT lyric: a)"You never deserved my trust", b)"Your life is worthless," c)"You won't bring me down", or d) "I never get tired of these topics." (EL)
(Spook City, PO Box 34891, Philadelphia PA 19101, www.spookcityusa.com)

FM BATS – "Everybody Out…Shark in the Water" CDEP

I actually had to listen to this thing twice before I realized I had even heard it the first time. A big impression is not forthcoming from this disc, which has stock whiny-distorted vocals, plodding songs in an indie-garage vein, and not much energy. It is, however, very short. (RW)
(Vinyl Dog, 8941 Atlanta Ave #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

FRONTLINE – "Withstand" EP

This EP contains five songs of fast, positive hardcore with epic, anthemic breakdowns. I could really do without the whiny, singing parts in "Live and Learn," but overall this is a pretty good record. If you are fan of the VERSE or WHAT FEEDS THE FIRE, then you will probably like FRONTLINE. As a side note, I like the way the insert was designed. It has a very old DC hardcore feel to it. (CC)
(Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241)

FUCK THE FACTS – "Mullet Fever" CD

Aw, shit yeah, this is a proper release of the first album, originally released only on small quantity CDRs in 2001 from FUCK THE FACTS, who are one of the better up and coming grind bands out of Canada. With most songs clocking in well under the minute mark, this is sheer frenzied grind with great samples, a million changes, total speed and chaos and a sense of humor, like somewhere in the nether-regions between SPAZZ and CRYPTOPSY. It's gotta be said though that there's some fucking awful rapping buried towards the end of the record. Congrats on doing your own thing, but that shit is terrible. I'll chalk it up to screwing around, but somehow I fear they were serious. Anyway, that doesn't change the fact that most of this completely rules, so get this and also check out their last full-length, *Backstabber Etiquette*, one of the better and least-appreciated grind releases of last year. (EL)
(Sonic Deadline, 638 Mountain Rd, Wakefield, Quebec, J0X 3G0, CANADA, www.sonicdeadline.cjb.net)

GANTHET – "Excelsior" EP

GANTHET does not sound like your average straight edge hardcore band. Their lyrics are definitely rooted in punk, and they have a modern, heavy vibe that can best be described as a combination of POISON IDEA and DEATH BY STEREO. They may be all over the place musically, but they somehow manage to pull it off. As with all Louisville bands, GANTHET make sure you know that they take pride in where they're from. Focusing on city pride is key, especially when you live in a state like Kentucky. Hey, as Scott Richter would say "It's better than Indiana." (CC)
(Ganthet, 4504 Mt. Vernon Rd. Apt.2, Louisville, KY 40220)

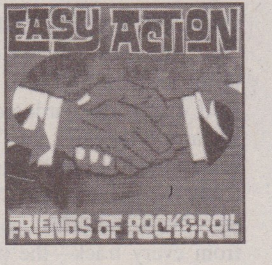
GOUKA – "Program" 12"

This record starts with a drum roll and a tortured, "Aaaaaaaaarrrrggghhhh!!!" from the singer—hell yeah! For those of you following the Japanese raw hardcore scene of the last few years, it should come as no surprise that GOUKA's first 12" would contain some intense, energetic thrash topped off by some of the most agonized vocals in hardcore. I imagine that most of the American punkers that are familiar with this band have heard their 7" on Partners in Crime. While I like that record, I have to say that it is probably my least favorite of their output, as it lacks some of the punch of their first EP or their comp tracks. This LP, however, totally rages from start to finish. Fast (but not too fast) D-beat hardcore with a few wicked guitar leads and those aforementioned and totally crazed vocals. A few mid-tempo tracks makes this 12" a well-rounded listen, and overall totally mandatory for fans of raw DIY hardcore. Hopefully this band will tour the US so I can see them get "up in the drunk" in person. (GN)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, www.putridfilth.com)

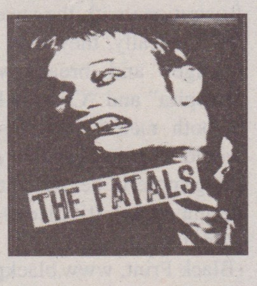
GRABASS CHARLESTONS – "Ask Mark Twain" LP

As I was watching these guys play (with the SOVIETTES) the other week, I couldn't help thinking *"Why are there so many great bands from frickin' Gainesville and where the hell did that sound come from???"* Someone from down there should write a history of the scene for the magazine or something. There wasn't dick from Florida, really, before the mid-late nineties…NO FRAUD, ROACH MOTEL, PINK LINCOLNS…what

DIRECT CONTROL
NUCLEAR TOMORROW E.P.



FACE OF CHANGE



ganthet
excelsior

else? (I'm sure someone will write in and set me straight.) Anyway—the second-and-a-half album from the GRABASS CHARLESTONS carries on pretty much where *The Greatest Story Ever Hula'd* (I was hoping they'd keep the Troy McClure theme going but alas…) left off; that is to say—great husky, emotionally driven punk with heaps of heart, smarts, and melody. Think LEATHERFACE meets AVAIL meets CRIMPSHRINE. When they refer to athletes as "blue collar" or "journeymen" that is how I think of this band—no nonsense, straightforward, solid punk with no frills or gimmicks; hard-working, hard-rocking' and hard touring, bless 'em. None of the tracks immediately leap out as pop hits (although "Those Dirty Line Cooks Are Mysterious" is a current leader) it's just *all* good. I hope they keep it up (…and lay off the charley guys, it's just a monkey for your back). (AD)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

HAIL OF RAGE – "All Hail" CD

This aptly named Connecticut band, made up of ex-DISSENSION folk, never really got their due in the hardcore/powerviolence scene because if they did, they'd be referred to in the same breath as such greats as DROP DEAD, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, HELLNATION, etc…Total unbridled anger and hatred seeps from every track—the playing on this is just relentlessly battering. Included in this discography is the *Fucking Pissed* 7", the split with RIDDANCE, comp tracks, and a full unreleased session. If you missed these guys the first time, delay no longer and get your head kicked in with 23 tracks of pure rage. (EL)
(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Strasse des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, www.skrupel@web.de)

HALO – "Armonia Para Resistir" EP

HALO is from Uruguay. They cover many topics, political and personal, expressing their frustrations with the state of the world we live in. Musically, they play hardcore with moody changes and breaks with standout songs "Respira" and "Con los Brazos Atados." There is both melody and fast paced stuff here. I would love to hear the vocalist give us something more in her delivery, but overall this is a decent record. It's nice to hear hardcore like this from Uruguay. (MS)
(Black Print, www.blackprintrecords.co.uk)

THE HATEPINKS – "Plastic Bag Ambitions" CD

This is a great CD! The HATEPINKS deliver pop punk in the vein of the BRIEFS, but are more brash and raw. *Plastic Bag Ambitions* delivers 13 tunes in less than 17 minutes. One of the hottest French bands of today! (HM)
(TKO, 8941 Atlantic Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com)

HATRED SURGE – EP

Man, between these guys, BLOODY PHOENIX, THREATENER, and LORDS OF LIGHT 625's got a rather impressive line-up of new-ish grind bands that I'd never heard before. HATRED SURGE is metallic grind from Texas. The guitarist, bassist, singer, and drummer are all really in sync with each other, like they're functioning as one entity or maybe it's just because it's all the same guy. Very well done all things considered; this guy's no slouch behind the kit with some wicked blasting, but it's clearly guitar where he rips hardest with some seriously grinding speed metal mayhem. Killer. (EL)
(625, www.625thrash.com)

HBLOCK101 – "Human Flotsam - The EPs '96 - '01" CD

I have to confess, I'd never heard of this Australian quartet up till now. But I'm sure glad I discovered them. Four EPs are collected here, plus an extra track. Musically, they sound very late 70s British punk. Speedy, yet melodic and spare. And this mix up elements of pop, reggae, and punk with aplomb, much like SNUFF has been doing on the other side of the world. Lyrically, they're spot on. Angry and political without coming across as trite or clichéd. Quite superb. Included in the 26 tracks are covers of JOHNNY THUNDERS, RUTS, JIMMY CLIFF, ROSE TATTOO, and the CLASH, which is a fair a representation of where they pull their influences/sounds from as anything. Go get this now. (RK)
(Mad Butcher, www.madbutcher.de)

HIRETSUKAN – "End States" CD

Wow. An amazing, full, and heavy sounding recording on this second album from New York City's HIRETSUKAN. Foremost (but not too up-front) in mix is Michelle's intense, unrelenting screaming, which blends surprisingly well with the surging, flowing, melodic, yet still heavy guitars. It's held together by some incredible drumming that seems to come off more like an integral instrument, rather than just a heavy pounding time-keeper. We used to do a dance called the lurch to this kind of music, where we'd tilt, flail, and fall slowly around the pit. That should give you an idea of pace of this record, as well as the compelling energy it contains. The lyrics are poetic, almost too poetic for punk rock—hard to figure out, infinitely interpretable—but certainly not meaningless fragments like so much of what you hear in this genre. Not as chaotic and hardcore as their previous release, but just as good if not better. (PC)
(G7 Welcoming Committee, PO Box 27006 C-360 Main St., Winnipeg, MB R3C 4T3, CANADA)

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY – "My First Holly Golightly Album" CD

The other half of the great musical density of BILLY CHILDISH and part player in the fantastic HEADCOATEES (who—lets face it—were way better than the HEADCOATS). A sort of best of collection of 17 tunes gathered from her staggering number of LPs. This is a great starting point for those interested in her varying styles of 60s girl pop aka the SHINGRA-LAS and COOKIES, the more garage vibes as found on fantastic *Girls in the Garage* comps on Romulan, and heavy hints off that 50s rock 'n' roll meets country twang. A great voice and presence in an otherwise male heavy scene. (SD)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London, E11 1YX, UK, www.damagedgoods.co.uk)

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN – "Entrails" LP

The second full-length from these Floridian punkers, and it's a good one. It's certainly true that this band fits in the TRAGEDY/FROM ASHES RISE mold of hardcore, but it should definitely be mentioned that HOLY MOUNTAIN is not a dismissable rip-off band. For one, they play faster than most TRAG-core bands, and their guitar solos are way more metallic, which actually works well in this context. If you like this style of music and aren't brutally tired of hearing music that reminds you of TRAGEDY (I know that some of you are, and honestly I kind of am too), this record will definitely win you over. (GN)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN – "Wrath" EP

Metallic crust evolution hardcore that lifts influence from all directions. There's the epicness of Japanese bands without a direct Japanese hardcore feel, there's the drawn out guitar-driven compositions and low-end crunch of the FROM ASHES RISE/TRAGEDY camp, but in no way an aping of those bands' sound. A closer comparison might be the overdrive and complex direction of AWAKENING. Well thought through lyrics put this over the top with stark, John Yates/ASBESTOS DEATH-style graphics to hammer the meaning home. Three songs. Choice. (KS)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

HOOK & THE DAGGERS – "This is Ballroom Thrash" CD

Olympia, Washington's HOOK & THE DAGGERS quickly blasts through fifteen simple punk songs on their second full-length. Their sound is focused, raw, garage-y, and poppy punk that reminds me of *Boogada*-era SCREECHING WEASEL, ADRENALIN OD (though they don't play as hyper-fast), or even

CLOROX GIRLS. Their singer belts out the tunes with a wail that resembles Dave from DAMNED. These guys and girl are no bullshit and have sarcastic and snotty lyrics that are pretty funny. The recording is simple and live sounding. Good deal. (WL)
(Moodkiller, PO Box 11561, Olympia, WA 98508)

ICOS – "Walk With Me" CD

Moody, burly metallic-core from Gothenburg, with the dark edge of HIS HERO IS GONE, but filtered through nü-school REFUSED/metal-style breakdowns and guitar sheen, with plenty of interesting quiet melodic parts that turn to full force heavy crunch or hardcore attack. This makes for some distinctively creative and *great* music, similar to the last ACURSED LP in tone and intensity, but marred by a consistent "cast out of the pit of hell" vocal garbling that works against the subtleties of their music by remaining consistently "intense" throughout (the #1 pitfall of monster vocals). It works in enough parts for a remarkably solid nine-song debut. (KS)
(Cage Match c/o Wasted Sounds, Skolgatan 110, 90332 Umeå, SWEDEN, www.wastedsounds.com)

THE INFARTO, SCHEISSE! – "Nearte Neparte" CD

Raging metallic screamo from this Italian band. This was previously released on LP on Erode Records (it's technically their self-titled album). This is a must listen for those who like metal for the pounding drums and the rockin' riffs (as opposed to the wingleeneeeee and the operatic yaaaaaaaaaahs), and appreciate the forceful delivery and true desperation that, ironically, doesn't often come through in emo-hardcore. (PC)
(Vigorelli Natalino, Via Archimede 31, 24040 Osio Sopra [BG], ITALY, www.donnabavosa.com, theinfarto@gmail.com)

I SPOKE / BEAUMONT HAMEL – split EP

Dougie called this one on being "emo." I SPOKE's song "Friends not Fans" sounds like SAETIA, smells like nutritional yeast and dumpstered bagels, and includes a letter to the listener on the lyric sheet that reads like a badly written high school essay and is just about the un-punkest thing I have ever read, saturated with propaganda about what "we need" to do as a "community" as well as nonsense about punk/hardcore being "welcoming, striving for positive change, responsible"....bullshit. *I CALL BULLSHIT! AAAH.* Once again good intentions and over-analysis of "the scene' have gotten in the way of anything resembling punk. Punk isn't about building things up; it's about tearing shit down. BEAUMONT HAMEL wins this split, providing something a little punker. Sounds like FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN meets INSURGENT—pretty well constructed songs with a grainy, over-driven recording. Funniest is that the last line of their song is, "We are wallowing in our own sense of self-importance," and you almost want to flip the record over and start all over again. (WL)
(Sonic Deadline, 638 Mountain Rd, Wakefield, Quebec, J0X 3GO, CANADA, www.sonicdeadline.cjb.net)

J. PAGE – "Goodbye Chapel Hill" CD

The back cover's a JAWBREAKER tribute right? More gruff LEATHERFACE/JAWBREAKER/HOT WATER MUSIC, mid-tempo emotional punk from...*are they?* (wait a minute)...of course they are—from Gainesville, Florida. This ventures a little too into I HATE MYSELF/PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS territory for a red-blooded, beer-drinkin' heterosexual such as myself. Still, it's not bad, though I think we're reaching what will become known in the punk history books as "the Gainesville glut period." (AD)
(Nice Guy, PO Box 42815, Cincinnati, OH 45242)

KALMEX & THE RIFFMERCHANTS – "It's Getting Heavy" EP

This band has undergone a lot of changes over the years, and this new 7" shows some of their best, strangest, fastest, and most aggressive material yet. Cutting down the epic track lengths that were their previous norm, they now incorporate the same varied weirdness in short blasts of grind with tempos changing every few seconds and multi-layered guitar and noise. Every song on here is different—the slow, suitably named opener "It's Getting Heavy" is a wicked track of ominous doom leading straight into the frenzied mayhem of "202 Grind" and the further speed metal influence found on the B-Side. This is undoubtedly my favorite stuff yet from these guys. If their previous material was too out there for most listeners, this new record should be essential listening for fans of unconventional grind. (EL)
(West Bay Infrasound, PO Box 937, Redwood City, CA 94064, riffmerch@yahoo.com)

KARATE PARTY – "Black Helicopter" LP

If you ask the A-FRAMES over a cold beverage, they will cheerfully acknowledge a debt to this mysterious late 90s Sacramento band, composed of...well the cream of the itinerant Loft scene (RIP). No names, they hide behind their talent. The songs are treble-heavy, spastic and arty in the "very now" sense; distorted vocals push futilely against a wall of wired guitars and precisely chaotic drumming, which then pushes back and you've got a mini war on your hands. This LP is a reissue of the band's highly elusive 7" (it's packaged exactly the same way, only super-sized) but also includes a slew of unreleased tracks that are just as likely to get you started on that third vodka-tonic since you dropped the needle. Kids of all stripes can find something on this golden monstrosity, I personally use it as a bridge between arty punk and modern hardcore in the perfect scene I run in my head, where these guys share headline duties with the ICKY BOYFRIENDS and MONOSHOCK in a permanent Friday night residence at the Purple Onion. I mean, they even cover DEVO's "Can You Take It" in pure 1976 Ohio decayed-metronomic style. When you see this in the rack you should feel that little "record shiver" and grab it, otherwise it'll be one of those records you kick yourself for not buying in six months. (RW)
(S-S, 111421st St., Sacramento, CA 95814, www.s-srecords.com)

KERSEY – "Bloodshot" CD

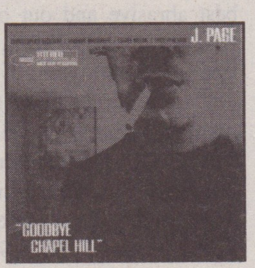
This is basic metalcore from Canada that mixes mostly mid-tempo metallic riffs with lots of melody. There are a lot of tempo variations, but for me the faster more energetic stuff sounds the best. For those keeping score, this band contains the vocalist from STRAIN. He

HAIL OF RAGE

HATRED SURGE

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

Icos
Walk with me



has a solid shouting style, but makes a few attempts at "singing" and that didn't sound so great. Overall, this is a rock-solid debut if you are into the new-school of hardcore. (RC)
(Let It Burn, c/o Christoph Zehetleitner, Erzgiessereistrasse.51, 80335 Munich, GERMANY, letitburnrecords.com)

KILL CITY THRILLERS – "Stiletto / Well, Well, Well"

Whaaaoooooo, rock on dudes or sorry dudettes. An all girl affair rockin' the rock, with mullets and tight pants and some sassy female attitude. Bog standard Joan Jett worship and a pretty mundane throw on the heroin sleaze rock of JOHNNY THUNDERS. Dull but cute and that's really what counts, No, well OK. (SD)
(Red Light, 2563 Emerson St, Denver, CO 80205, killcitythriller@yahoo.com)

KING AUTOMATIC – "Automatic Ray" CD

In my self-obsessed world whenever someone forms a one-man band, I take credit for it. After all I am the official *MRR* one-man band expert and have been begging and pleading with everyone to start their own one-man band. Frenchman KING AUTOMATIC, formerly of THUNDERCRACK, has heard my call and answered it with a fine, rockin' record of trashy one-man rock. He records live playing all instruments at the same time and is one of the only one-man bands able to play an organ along with guitar and drums. *Fantastique!* (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm, Jurastrasse 15, 3013 Bern, SWITZERLAND, info@voodoorhythm.com)

KISMET HC – "Thinking Mans Box" 10"

16 years? Has it really been that long? I remember buying their first demo tape back in the day, and this recording has stuck pretty close to that blueprint from what I remember. More '85 than '05, these grubby English anarchos kick out some decent super-political DIRT/NAUSEA inspired punk. (TB)
(Ignore This, 9 Thursfield Pl, Norton, Stoke On Trent, Staffs, ST6 8HD, UNITED KINGDOM)

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO – "Kuuluuko Meidan Todella?" EP

"Extinction of Cyclops" pops out of the KANSAAN UUTISET / UUTUUS mold of 1980s straight ahead one-two-beat-you-over-the-head thrash, with an occasional offbeat chaotic turn and assertive low end, recalling the best abrasive and out of control moments of RADIO PUHELIMET. Caustic vocals spit freely and abrasively over a severe thrash torrent of distorted bass, guitar, and chaotically rushing drums, making KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTO a modern update of the classic Finnish jackhammer sound more than a straight retro tribute. Ex-members of TAMPERE SS, KIROUS, and TOTUUS. Eight political songs with lyric translations. Friggin excellent, be the first to paint the name of band the back of your jacket (albeit carefully) now!!! (KS)
(Blackprint, PO Box 34298, London, NW5 4XZ UK, www.blackprintrecords.com)

LATTERMAN - "No Matter Where We Go!" CD

What the?! This is fucking great! The sing-a-long starts here. Damn it! HOT WATER MUSIC, FIFTH HOUR HERO, and TAKING BACK SUNDAY with the quality to match. An energetic blast of hooks, bashing drums, and tasteful guitar riffing. One of the year's best full lengths. Spirit! (RL)
(Deep Elm, www.deepelm.com/latterman)

LAZYBONES – "Deadly Game" CD

They're not lazy, they're hyperactive and bursting at the seams with youthful enthusiasm and unfettered energy (right?). LAZYBONES are a French trio that express themselves in the international language of English and/or slick, musclebound punk in what some have come to think of as the Fat school. Tunes like "Deadly Game," "Saturday Night Drunkers," and "Fake Hate" zip past with the intensity of an X-Games EXXXtreme Motokross Cross-Country Demolition Derby: unfortunately, "Gloria" isn't a cover of the moldy ol' THEM/DOORS/PATTI SMITH standard. (JH)
(Be Fast, 25 rue de St. Exupéry, 34435 St. Jean de Védas, FRANCE)

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH – LP

Second full length by the Bay Area's premier wrecking machine. For anyone who has seen these nutjobs live, the vinyl outings just can't quite capture the intensity. That being said, this record destroys near everything else passing off as hardcore these days—it's just that the live spectacle is *that* good. A bit slower than the last, these old timers are showing their age; luckily what they give up in speed they have added in intensity. Maybe it's the vocals but I'm always reminded of a more proficient HEALTH HAZARD from the UK when I hear these folks, coupled with the undeniable TALK IS POISON meets POISON IDEA backline. Look for this disc on many a shitworkers top ten and if these fuckers blow through your town I would suggest boarding up all the windows and hiding under a table. (TB)
(Lengua Armada)

THE LORRAINAS –"Fast Kitten" CD

Canadian female-dominated band that sounds like the MUFFS. I know it seems like half the bands with female vocals tend to get compared with the MUFFS, but the LORRAINAS really do sound like them. I like the MUFFS a lot and I like this CD. (JF)
(www.thelorrainas.com)

LORDS OF GRAVITY – "Contact" CD

There once was a time, back in the ol' hair and paisley days that Australia pumped out as much garage rock as its modern predecessor Sweden. LORDS Of GRAVITY bring me back to the day when LIME SPIDERS along with 24 packs of Toohey's, passing out in strangers' gardens, and bloody noses ruled my unruly summers. Ah nostalgia, you suck. Anyways heavy garage vibes that pay homage to the 60s without getting too retro, fast blasts of R'n'B, doses of the obligatory organ, and all in all a standard but damn enjoyable garage rocker. Fans of the MIRACLE WORKERS and that Medway sound could do worse. (SD)
(Off The Hip, PO Box 1211, Carlton, Vic 3053, AUSTRALIA, www.offthehip.com.au)

LOS DIABLOS – "Viva Hate" CD

Fucking fierce metal crust here from Adelaide, Australia. The vocals and guitar tone remind me of the likes of 324 and though they're not as fast, they do have their grind moments. Also reminds me of some of the German death crust bands like AUDIO KOLLAPS or NEURON. Awesome riffs, good fast pace, completely pissed vocals, and super heavy intensity all around. Never heard of these guys before but I'm definitely gonna keep my ear out for more. (EL)
(Missing Link, Basement 405 Bourke St, Melbourne 3000 VIC, AUSTRALIA, www.missinglink.net.au)

LOS RAW GOSPELS – "El Fantasma" EP

LOS RAW GOSPELS feature members from all over Europe, most notably a bloke from England's current kings of punk noise, BLACK TIME! Although much more straightforward than that outfit, LOS RAW GOSPELS show no mercy on your eardrums here, drowning their groove in ample scuzz, jangle and crunch. As good an attempt at the long-forgotten magic of the early-90s Crypt and Sympathy sound as you are likely to come across in 2005, but there's still a ways to go. Probably already worth a buhgillion bucks. (MC)
(Dull City, Tueveien 2, 9800 VADSO, NORWAY)

MAKEBELIEVES – CD

There's something unholy in the water in those middle lands and make no mistake. This band of fucked-up nobodys from Ohio kick down one scary racket. I'm all about the blown-out fuzz of the OBLIVIANS or new kids on the block FINAL SOLUTIONS and this shit is the ugly stepchild of that Memphis scene. Fuck yeah. (TB)
(www.makebelievershome.com)

MELLAKKA – "RIP: Recordings 1984 - 1986" 12"

Yeah! MELLAKKA gets the vinyl reissue treatment courtesy of Partners in Crime records, and I couldn't be more thrilled. As far as I am concerned, MELLAKKA was one of the premier bands not only from Finland, but also from Scandinavia in the early/mid 80s. Because they were never on Propaganda records, were from a small town, and were a bit younger than most of the classic-era Finnish bands (KAAOS, LAMA, RIISTETYT, etc.), they have not gotten the same level of recognition as those bands. Nonetheless, I think that sonically MELLAKKA was one of the quintessential Finnish hardcore bands, combining thrashy intensity with the undeniable ability to write a memorable song. The bass parts are so fuckin' catchy! This LP is the vinyl issue of a self-released CD discography from a couple of years back, but unlike that CD this record actually includes liner notes and plenty of great pictures. The MELLAKKA boys had the cutest mohawks! And of course, it's fun to see what band logos they had painted on their jackets and t-shirts (WRETCHED, DESTRUCKTIONS, and CHAOS UK, among others). This record is a complete discography, as it features both MELLAKKA singles (the first one is better) and three-song demo that postdates the records (and is awesome). In a time when it seems that any and every early-80s punk record is being reissued, I think this could qualify as reissue of the year. Finnish hardcore rules, OK! (GN)

(Partners in Crime, PO Box 11787, Portland, Oregon 97211)

MENEGUAR – "I Was Born at Night" CD

MENEGUAR plays post-punky sounding stuff. Very modern sounding. The closest comparison I could draw would be early AT THE DRIVE IN with the dude from LIFTER PULLER singing—and quite a bit mellower. So they have the whole FUGAZI thing going on, but executed with less edge and sloppier, like my writing—they remind me of the CONSTANTINES. There are little bits of every song that I like, like intriguing little guitar parts and vocal patterns. Lyrics are in the bad poetry style, which is really annoying though you can't blame a guy for trying. Actually, this point is up for debate. (WL)

(Magic Bullet)

MERCIANA – "Let It Begin" CD EP

A six-tracker from this UK quartet of sort of angsty, melodic emo. When they get going, they remind me a lot of a muscular JOE JACKSON butting heads with KNAPSACK. Some impassioned vocals, and nice twin guitar work. When they meander a bit off the track, well, it just sounds like the usual indulgent, noodling backpack guff. The good definitely outweighs the bland though. (RK)

(Engineer, www.engineerrecords.com)

MEZZO FIST – "Can't Find My Habit" CD

I see a lot of show at bars. About every five shows I get a band like MEZZO FIST, one that tells you halfway through their set, "You won't hear this punk at Warped tour." Unfortunately, not being heard at Warped doesn't equate to being good. This sounds like bad Flipside 90s bar-rock combined with late-80s crossover attempts. I will pass. (JF)

(Garage d'Or Recording, 4334 1st Ave., So. Minneapolis, MN 55409)

MONKEY PAW – "Honkey Kong" CD

Lead vocalist sounds like Danny Elfman circa the mid-80s when OINGO BOINGO were considered a fucking mental, like, freakazoid *whaaaaa???*-type band by the average mallrat. If you took all the 30s jazzbo-cartoon appeal out of the 'BOINGO and dropped in a load of mid-90s chugging indie rock (a la SMOKING POPES, say) you would have MONKEY PAW. A review of this type of record is so thoroughly subjective that it could drive both the band and the reviewer to distraction, so up close and personal is my only out: this sucks. And, I have no doubt that I will hear them backing up a dancing computer-animated soda pop bottle when I flick on the telly at 2 a.m. next year, I dunno… (RW)

(4 Alarm, no address)

MORTÍCÍA Y LOS DECRÉPITOS – "La Pasión Según un Decrépito" EP

A very cool 7" reissue of this totally obscure Spanish punk band from the early 80s. Dark, gothy, female-fronted punk rock from Valencia, this EP features four '77-paced punkers, some cool photos of Mortícía (who has some crazy Bride-of-Frankenstein-gone-punk hair) and her dorky looking bandmates, and liner notes in Spanish. There have been some great Spanish punk reissues in recent years, I just hope that they start getting better distribution outside of Spain. This one is definitely worth tracking down. (GN)

(Kak, www.kakrecords.es.vg)

MOTORAMA – "Supercustomspecial" CD

Not to be confused with the two-piece European MOTORAMA featured in last issue, this trio hails from Victoria, Canada. This MOTORAMA's complex song structures and heavily rhythm oriented songs fall somewhere between NOMEANSNO and MINUTEMEN. They have plenty of hooks and jazz chords for some serious musicianship without any gratuitous guitar solos. (HM)

(Rocket Powder, www.motorama.net)

NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH – "Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed" CD

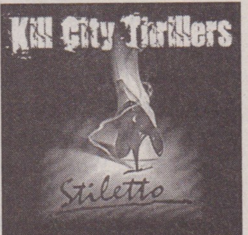
NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH plays old school sounding SoCal punk. Their songs sound like something of a mix of early punk like SUBHUMANS, ADOLESCENTS, or DEAD KENNEDYS and the more recent EpiFat sound. The lyrics don't make so much sense: "This lesbian clown walks into the room. She hands Binky the Elf a phone. She says, 'I need you to call these people and tell them my mother's dead.'" And so on. They do nine originals, five of which are "live," as well as MISFITS and DAMNED covers. (WL)

(www.narcolepticyouth.com)

NATION OF FINKS – "Return of the Pissed-Off Bastards" EP

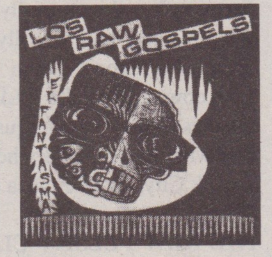
Fast hardcore with occasional Mystic moments, a la RKL or early NOFX, crusty vocal stylings singing about not being crusty, and musical genre preference as politics. Who cares? (BS)

(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.geocities.com/tysonkangaroo)

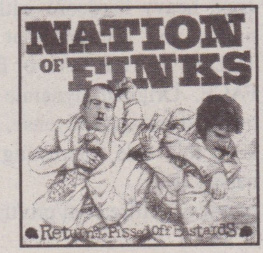


KING AUTOMATIC

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO



MERCIANA
LET IT BEGIN



NEON MANICS – "Transplant Baby / Main Frame Meltdown"

Wow. This is fucking cool. I'd say you can judge a record by its cover about 99% of the time in punk rock. Lucky for me, I was wrong on this one. With the black and white, hand drawn pic sleeve featuring slaughtered mannequins and nuclear holocaust, I was certain that this was going to be some faster-paced, speed metal type thing that I wouldn't be able to listen to all the way through. Wrong, definitely wrong. This is mid-tempo punk rock that has elements of '77 style UK punk, elements of early Australian punk and, perhaps, even some early SoCal hardcore. It brings a sense of urgency not seen too often in music. You'd be fool not to search this one out, though I am not able to give you much info to assist you. (Okay, I've got one thing for you, the word on the street is that these cats are from "the OC." Google it, man.) If I'm not a fool this will make my Top 10 of 2005. (KK)
(no address)

NERVE GAS TRAGEDY – "Written in the Blood of the Dead" CD

Fairly forgettable metal here from this New York outfit, the new configuration of most of what was previously ALL OUT WAR. This still retains some of that band's extreme metalcore breakdown tendencies, but steers further into straight-up 80s thrash metal territory. Normally I'd be the first to praise that sort of direction but this is really just pretty flat and uninteresting, and weirdly, it's not even that tough. I'd expect some pretty huge, mean breakdowns from the ALL OUT WAR camp, but these arrangements just kinda limp along. Overwhelmingly underwhelming. (EL)
(Spook City, spookcityusa.com)

THE NEW FLESH / CLANCY SIX – split EP

NEW FLESH chisels through their "King" side with feedback drenched, art damaged guitar and boppin' bass lines; repetition and rhythm create the hooks here, and it flows well. Sort of along the lines of CASPAR BRÖTZMAN or VSS, with vocals sounding like they were shouted out from the bottom of a well, while the surf style drums and reverb add an eeriness not unlike the vibe of early DK's. Good stuff, more distinct vocals and more audible lyrics would have put this over the top for me. CLANCY SIX's "Levitation of Bodies" is good heavy hardcore with some slightly odd timing and rhythms that make me think of TODAY IS THE DAY or BORN WITHOUT A FACE. Original dynamic changes, menacing growled vocals, and tense, tightly wound verses keep this side interesting. Cool match-up of bands. (BS)
(www.angelfire.com/pro/thenewflesh)

THE NICAEA ROOM – "Bulletproof Benny Takes on the Yuppie Brigade" CD

Worthless DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN knock-off #5839 faces the challenge of how to make this highly annoying sub-subgenre of metalcore worse still, and steadfastly rises to the occasion with some horrendously nauseous for-the-ladies singing. Giving tech grind a bad name one melodic breakdown at a time. (EL)
(Hold True, www.holdtrue.com)

NIM VIND – "Fashion of Fear" CD

NIM VIND offers plenty of eerie images and minor chords to be recognized as a horror band, and Fiend Force is the appropriate label for this style. NIM is set apart from the rest of Fiend Force with their/his tendency to be more melodic and poetic. I read some long-winded explanation why NIM VIND is a good band name, but to me "Nim Rod" is soooo much better. Regardless, NIM does offer some quality heavily produced horror rock with some good pop sensibilities and powerful vocal crooning. (HM)
(Fiend Force, www.fiendforce.de)

NO IDOLS – "Kovacs" EP

NO IDOLS is from Syracuse, New York, and plays straight-up, mid-tempo hardcore. The pace and heaviness remind me of BL'AST at times, but there is also a significant modern chaotic scream-y influence that I can't pin down too well. While there are some cool parts in some of the songs, the lack of variety over the course of the whole EP had the unfortunate consequence of making it seem like one long breakdown. On the positive side, the packaging for this EP is simple but looks real nice. (CS)
(Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

NO MORE FEAR – "A Matter of Choice" CD

Good, solid, straight edge hardcore in the vein of late 90s hardcore bands like IN MY EYES and TEN YARD FIGHT. Competent vocals, tasteful use of melody, and catchy sing-a-longs make for a pretty good full-length. (CC)
(Goodwill, CP 15319, 00143, Roma Laurentino, ITALY)

NOTHING SPECIAL – "Pres: Punker Mike & Poser Joe Dodge the Draft" CD

Sounds like a cross between NOFX or WEEZER and SEWER TROUT. It's refreshing that these guys approach politics with a sense of humor, instead of the usual dross. It says they're from LA, but I noticed this was recorded in Littleton, Colorado...isn't that where Columbine is? And since when do people *leave* LA to get involved in the music industry? Poppy, fun stuff. (AD)
(Nine 43)

ONCE UPON A TIME – "Virtual Reality" CD

Catchy, melodic, raw, and well-executed US-styled hardcore from Spain. ONCE UPON A TIME's lyrics touch on topics like environmental politics, pollution, religious dogma, and subversion of mass media. *Virtual Reality* dishes out upbeat sing-along hardcore, at times reminding me of GORILLA BISCUITS and TEN YARD FIGHT; it's hook-oriented with choruses that stick. A good listen. (BS)
(Melanfonia, Cami De Valls N 81-87, Edifici Redessa, Local 8, 43206 Reus, SPAIN)

PERSONKRETS 3:1 – "Life Is Beautiful" 10"

This is dark and gloomy crustcore from Sweden. There are five songs total with a long intro and a long outro holding it all together. I thought the tunes were pretty powerful and the shrill vocals went well with the rocking noise. My main complaint is that I thought the drums sounded a little thin and the guitars should have been higher in the mix. But I thought the deep rumbling bass lines compensated well for those two shortcomings. Overall this was a solid release from this band that I had never heard before. (RC)
(Halviabrikat, c/o D. Lonnqvist, Rimsmedsvagen 36c, 393 52 Kalmar, SWEDEN, www.halviabrikat.net)

THE PHARMACY – "B.F.F." LP

The PHARMACY writes really good, bouncy songs with a sound that's hard to pigeonhole. With a stripped down pop sound, their hooks are sometimes like BUZZCOCKS or TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, but I could just be saying that because of their clean guitars and somewhat lo-fi sound. Their vocals kind of remind me of a punker STROKES. They play with a crunchy, overdriven bass and distorted keyboards as well. Their songs are unique in structure, and pretty dance-y most of the time, but not in an obnoxious way. A damn good album. (WL)
(Don't Stop, 8927 Ravenna Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98115)

THE PLAGUE – "X Tapes 1976 - 1981" LP

An English power-pop, pub rock band whose claim to fame is two singles and a couple of live appearances with SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS and UK SUBS. If you live outside of the UK you have probably never heard of these guys. I wish I could say you were missing out on something really great. The songs sound fun but fairly generic. Included on this album are the band's two singles and some demos. I could see how people would like to hear "In Love" from the first single on the radio, but the song goes on too long. "Out with Me All Night" is pretty catchy, but also goes on much longer

than necessary. I do like "Er," a silly, short song whose only lyrics are "er" and "ah." That's cool. Hopefully, the recently reunited band will make sure that one is in their set. (CK)
(Bin Liner, no address)

PRZECIW – "Krzycze" 2xCD

Long playing effort from these Polish chaps. Fortunately, there are English translations (with occasional—unintentional, presumably—grammatical errors. Not that I can speak Polish of course, so I shouldn't snigger too much) for the lyrics, which are of a fairly typical anti-authoritarian bent. The music is also somewhat typical of the kind of stuff that was coming out of the UK around '82. Speedy, angry, punk without metallic overtones. Think UK SUBS mixed up with early ENGLISH DOGS. Pretty good. The second disc has their first demo, and a (live, I think) video, which I didn't watch. It's hard enough for me to get to grips with my CD player, let alone watch a CD on me computer. Oh well. (RK)
(Pasazer, www.pasacer.pl)

RABID GRANNIES – "My Brain Is Rotten" EP

Fuck yes, you cretins! The RABID GRANNIES from Umeå, Sweden have a greeting from across the ocean: They are sick of you! The seven song *My Brain Is Rotten* thrashes your fucking face off the minute the needle touches down. The music can be manic and possessed by Satan, illustrated on "Sick of You," or it can slow down for a very nice chugging electric guitar punk episode such as the introduction to "Thrash Life." The RABID GRANNIES write some first-rate negative lyrics. Some of the words to "I'm Sick of You" are: "Keep on with your preaching shit as long as you know that I'm not your friend." That cuts to the bone! This is a great rough and ready punk EP with urgency in their playing and passionate political views. (BR)
(Wasted Sounds, Kaj Sivervin, Skolgatan 110, 90332 Umeå, SWEDEN, wastedsounds.com)

RAW BUD VS RONISIZE - "Rise Up!" CDEP

Featuring members of DUB WAR and SKINDRED (hell if I know), this is a two-songer with some extra mixes. The music here is basic rock/punk with heavy guitars; the vocals having a reggae tinge. In laymen's terms, think RANKIN' ROGER singing for MINISTRY on their punk stuff. Kinda cool. (RL)
(www.runninriot.co.uk)

REAL LOSERS – "Music for Funsters" CD

Thank god(s) for *Music for Funsters,* or this would have been a grim month in the east wing of Cell Block Heermann indeed. Despite their glowering punk rock demeanor, the REAL LOSERS are, first and foremost, goofs. Kids who lost their milk money to the class bully, kids whose families didn't understand them, kids who stayed indoors watching *Blake's Seven* while their peers were playing "crack the whip" in the park. *Music for Funsters* doesn't break from the pattern the band's established with earlier records (that being "garage punk that combines elements of what you'd call 1995 Rip Off Records-style with early SAINTS"), but it's recorded a little more clearly and doesn't hurt as much to listen to on headphones. "Look Real Sharp," "Brainwash City Again," and "My Rocket Radio," are, like, great. One-sentence tagline: *It Takes a Real Loser to Win!* (JH)
(Trick Knee, trickknee@hotmail.com)

RECONCILE – "July 20th " CD

This is somewhat a disappointment compared to their tracks on the *This is Our Time* CD compilation. It just goes to show you that production means everything, because any semblance of the FURY/SWIZ sound that I loved is now lost to over-production and a matured sound (in the wrong direction). Now this just sounds like every other generic melodic hardcore band. Please, lay off the octave crawls. What a bummer. (CC)
(Varsity, c/o Blanca Cheffey, PO Box 234, Buenos Aires, c1000wab, ARGENTINA)

RED FORTY - "Discography" CD

This band, from Arkansas, existed in the mid 90s for a few years. This is actually pretty good, with a JAWBREAKER and NUISANCE meets LUCERO quality. A trio that had a cool sound and some decent songs, if only for a while. (RL)
($7 ppd: Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, N. Little Rock, AR 72116, www.seemybrotherdance.com)

REIGN OF BOMBS / ASSEMBLY LINE CRUCIFIXTION – split EP

Umeä, Sweden's REIGN OF BOMBS' guitars attack as a thick, heavily distorted mass from which charging D-beat drums and hoarse vocals weave in, out, and away from. The sheer oppressive density of this Dis-based distortion buries the guitar parts, and neither drums or vocals emerge with enough strength to pull it completely over the top or into the chaos. Solid, but with the right balance, they'd be completely crushing, as everything in these four tracks is in place! Nykoping, Sweden's ASSEMBLY LINE CRUCIFIXTION features caustic, throat-scraping vocal screech over five songs of abrasive, raw thrash based on a straight-ahead D-beat but with modern guitar flourishes and twists. (KS)
(www.reignofbombs.tk)

REMAINDER FOUR - "On with the Experiment" CD

An emo-ish punky pop band with lots of tempo changes and a gal singer who *sings*. There are some decent rocking grooves here but the vocals just sound too 10,000 MANIACS to really fit. Maybe it's the mix—you can always blame the engineer. They usually aren't too tough. I'm trying but this isn't working for me yet. (RL)
(Bombed Out, www.bombedout.com)

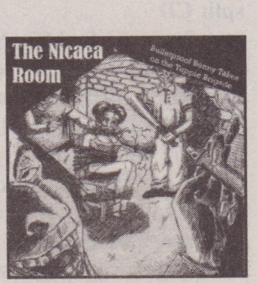
RICHARD JAMES & THE SPECIAL RIDERS – "Jeff Gunn / Go Tell the Mountain"

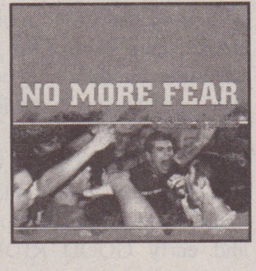
Sort of a tribute record to Jeffrey Lee Pierce. "Jeff Gunn" seems like it may be about him and "Go Tell the Mountain" is a GUN CLUB cover. Slow, dirgey, blues rock that is very influenced by the GUN CLUB. (CK)
(Wrecked 'Em Wreckords, richardjamesthespecialrider@yahoo.com)

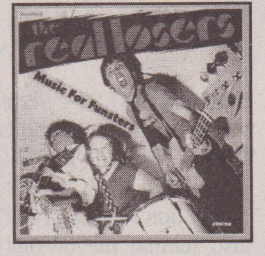
RUINER – "Onced Loved" EP

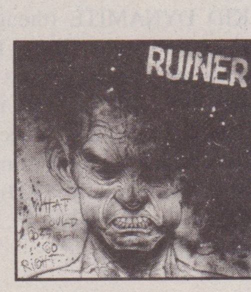
RUINER, from Baltimore, sounds like it could be from Richmond by way of NYC, with a dash of Ebullition thrown in. For those of you who don't know what I am

TRANSPLANT BABY


The Nicaea Room
Bulletproof Benny Takes on the Yuppie Brigade







talking about, think the various mid-90s HC scenes and plug in the three references. The one thing that surprises me about this record is that none of the guys have beards in their picture. Still, beards don't make good records, sounds do. This RUINER EP is a good record. (JF)

(Firestarter, 2981 Falls Rd, Balimore, MD 21211)

SHACKLE ME NOT / DEATHSKULLS – split CD

SHACKLE ME NOT deals in pain, DEATHSKULLS seals your fate! Fast hardcore from these two UK outfits, SHACKLE ME NOT plays melodic, almost pop influenced hardcore with sensitive lyrics and emotive guitar leads. In comparison, DEATHSKULLS strikes with solid jabs and great punk intensity, their songs have muscle, and show an aptitude for the genre not seen so much around these parts. DEATHSKULLS' songs are catchy, hook-laden, and tough, without sounding like meat-headed hardcore thug anthems; ganged up chorus' and thick sound production all add to the distinct, aggressive, and unique sound. (BS)

(Ghost City, 12 Richmond Ave, London, UNITED KINGDOM, N1 ONF, www.ghost-city.net)

SHARPIES – CD

From high up in the Sierras comes Truckee's own SHARPIES. The SHARPIES sound like the band that wears a PRIMUS shirt and still attends VICTIM'S FAMILY and ALICE DONUT gigs. Weird, punkish, jam rock is their specialty, and most likely this band has smoked their share of the green bud. Not bad for what it is, but definitely not for everyone. (JF)

(Bleached Denim, www.indierec.com)

SHIVER – "Last Rides of the Midway" CD

A decent collection of melodic hardcore that is very reminiscent of early PENNYWISE and early GOOD RIDDANCE—minus the power ballads about girls—both musically, and lyrically. Not bad at all, if you like that sort of thing. (RK)

(Da' Core, www.da-core.com)

SHOOK ONES – "Sixteen" CD

Very good emotional hardcore, but stop! It's not what you think—these guys have more in common with the likes of DILLINGER 4 than, I don't know...YOUTH OF TODAY. They also remind me of first album AMERICAN STEEL, the Gainesville/No Idea sound, and KID DYNAMITE (though better.) They're a hardcore band on paper I guess. I mean, they have the backing vocals and the odd breakdown, but this has a lot more heart and depth than yer average "edge" band...The singer sounds like the guy from DIE KREUZEN at times too, by golly. (AD)

(Endwell, 228 Oak St, New Windsor, NY 12553)

SINKING SHIPS – "Meridian" CD

This is really good. I wouldn't listen to this on a regular basis, but when something is done this well, you have to give credit where credit is due. If you consider yourself a fan of the more melodic straight edge hardcore coming out recently, then get ready to put this Seattle band at the top of your listening pile. This band has some sort of sibling connection with CHAMPION, so it's no surprise that these guys sound *a lot* like them. But don't write them off as a clone, because SINKING SHIPS are backed by some seriously good song writing, and lean even more towards the octave/arpeggio formula that made bands like BANE huge. I never liked BANE, but I really like this. Color me impressed. (CC)

(Run for Cover, 13 Grove St. Apt.2, Boston, MA 02114)

SONIC BARRELS – "Sonic Ladyland" CD

Contrary to what the cover suggests, the SONIC BARRELS are an all-boy (and not all-girl) group: what they are, however, is fairly terrible bar-band rock that draws inspiration from KISS, BOB SEGER, and bad RADIO BIRDMAN (and, lest anyone doubt, they *can* play extended jam-rock-boogie solos on their flamin' guitars). The "hidden" final track should have been hidden permanently—preferably under lock and key, and buried at a crossroads. (JH)

(www.sonicbarrels.com)

SONIC LOVE AFFAIR – "SLA" CD

A great garage record. Fronted by one of the best singers around, Dylan Rogers, SONIC LOVE AFFAIR is garage the way it should be: trashy, dirty, ugly, and fun. And the BOB DYLAN cover doesn't even bother me. Yikes! (CK)

(Dollar Record)

THE SONNETS – " Mystery Girl" CD

Let me first say that these guys can play—and I mean *play*—without ever losing the sense that along the way they're having a great fucking time. Three-piece from Chi-town taking in some 60s R 'n' B, a touch of '79 mod, a tad of STEVE EARLE, and dare I say it a feel of that ol' SCREAMING TREES sound, which in my view is a very high accolade indeed. Not exactly punk—which is no bad thing—but very much rock 'n' roll, which is really what it's all about. Sincere, fun, and featuring some fantastic song writing. Made the more worthwhile considering it's a benefit for The Greenhouse Shelter, a safe refuge for abused women. (SD)

(Failed Experiment, PO Box A-3412, Chicago, IL 60690, www.failedexperimentrecords.com)

SPITTING COBRAS – "Idle / Tickin'"

Wow, here's an influence I didn't think would come through here so soon: SCREAMING TREES. With their junk-dropsy pacing, fuzz-fuzz-fuzz world-view and a booze-tinged vocalist who really evokes Mark Lanegan, these kids are the psych side of the early-90s pining that seems to be creeping back into bands across the spectrum. They are inoffensive and jingle-resistant, so I like 'em okay. Now, if this trend keeps up we should be expecting a LIIMANARINA tribute band any day now...yes!!! Unfortunately, that also means a full-on ska revival in about 18 months...*sigh.* (RW)

(Wrecked Em, PO Box 240701, Memphis, TN 38124, www.wrecked-em.com)

THE STORY CHANGES - "Last Night a Rock Band Saved My Life" CD

A decent dose of emo-ish pop punk *a la* ALKALINE TRIO and GET UP KIDS from Ohio. Nothing spectacular but these guys do have a certain quality that keeps them from sucking in this crowded genre. Good vocals and lots of guitar parts keep this afloat. (RL)

(Future Destination, 406 Brian Dr., Hurricane, WV 25526, www.theStoryChanges.com)

STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER / UNHOLY GRAVE – split EP

Another lo-fi outing for Fresno, Japan's finest musical quartet STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER. In addition to several seconds-long BOREDOMS-like noise blurts, Meg also screams in Japanese and wrote out hiragana lyrics for a few of the songs, no less. Lots of thousand-song era ANAL CUNT style noise terrorism to be found here for true anti-music fans. UNHOLY GRAVE, meanwhile, dishes out four more great grinders, though I could've sworn I've seen/heard these anti-terrorism songs pressed elsewhere. How would you know? (EL)

(Blastcore, c/o Ryan, 1320 W. Escalon, Fresno, CA 93711, thrashfreak787@aol.com)

SWIMMERS – "We Swam As for Behavior Our Behavior" CD

A bizarre yet fitting soundtrack for a standard augmentative surgical procedure with a low mortality-rate gone miserably wrong. High intensity, low-fidelity, Grade-A-Quality rock music, with keyboard leanings (or farfisa, like the B-52s), and strong dance tune tendencies. Drifting stylistically toward QUINTRON and MS. PUSSYCAT, SWIMMERS could also easily share a log with CHINESE STARS, or tow a raft with Doc Dart and the CRUCIFUCKS, while still maintaining their own unique sound and purpose. Definitely a band to watch out for. Excellent. (BS)

(Louisiana Purchase, www.swimmerspdx.com)

SYMPTOMS – "Middle Finger Romance" CD

Perfectly slick 'n' competent indie rock with enough *oomph* to remind you of the

MUFFS last record, but like that band in their later stages, the garage-level energy is more hinted at than fully pulled out of the holster. Maybe it's just my luddite reaction to all modern computer-aided recording technology, but it makes every band subjected to its debatable charms sound exactly the same unless they are doing something completely unique. Not here. (RW)
(www.symptomsrock.com)

TANGO LUGER / CROMOSOMA 3 – split EP

……fucking *amazing* little record here!!!! What the hell is this and where the fuck did it come from????? TANGO LUGER is a strange mix of surf guitar with early PINK FLOYD keyboard action and creepy PETER MURPHY vocals sung in Spanish…..weird shit indeed… …I wish Mike Lucas was here now to read the liner notes to me and hip me to where and what is the origin of this record, cuz I'm clueless…..baby!!!!! Side two is three songs from another freaked-out band called CROMOSOMA 3……these cuts too are *amazing*!!!!! Very spooky surf music with tons of odd elements thrown in…!!!! Yet more Spanish vocals... (Spain or Mexico?…tell me Lucas, tell me!!)…!!!! Imagine taking the VENTURES, B-52's, SPECIMEN, OINGO BOINGO, MUMMIES, CRAMPS, and the entire *Hell Comes to Your House* comp and sticking the whole mess down your throat and shitting it out three days later…!!!!! That stool would be called CROMOSOMA 3…and you'd only have to wipe once!!!!! (SW)
(Black Bird/Zombie Nerd/Pakistan Rock n Roll Crusade)

TÆVE – "Homocore Aus Danemark" EP

I'm totally digging most of the shit that comes out of Denmark these days, and in theory this is no exception. Sounding like some of the early Nardcore bands mixed with BLACK FLAG it could be totally ripping if it wasn't of such shitty sound quality. Should have been a demo. (TB)
(Audiofellatio, 251 West Ave. N, Hamilton, ON L8L 5C8, CANADA)

TDK – "1984: Primera Grabacion" EP

What a treat! Spanish punk greats TDK has their demo see the light of day on vinyl, albeit on what will likely be a difficult to track down record outside of Spain. Like so much Spanish punk, TDK had a real sense of catchiness along with their piss 'n' vinegar. While you couldn't call this thrash, it seems a too aggressive to fit into the '77 mold even though there are memorable singalong parts. The sound quality is definitely that of a demo, but that shouldn't stop any fans of international punk of the 80s (which you, dear reader, should be) from tracking this down. Of note is a totally interesting (but honestly, not that good) cover of MDC's classic "John Wayne Was a Nazi," here called "Jhon Whine era Nazi" (sic). It's a well-done reissue to boot, with a bunch of really cool photos to drool over. (GN)
(Radikal 1977, radikal77@terra.es)

TEN VOLT SHOCK – CD

Ten tunes compromising of the bands singles and one unreleased track from 2001 to 2004. Europeans that play bass heavy punk with a heavy UNWOUND influence. At times diving into the art damage BLACK FLAG period with an overall ALBINI feel in production and style. Atmospheric without losing the driving rock, a band that won't conform or just doesn't know how to. Great. (SD)
(Bakery Outlet, PO Box 4054, St. Augustine, FL 32085, catsupisvegetable@yahoo.com)

TERRORISM – "Atrocities of Reality" EP

Classic, brutal gore-grind here from this L.A. quartet. Along with the obligatory gore topics (including songs about the BTK killer and the Maruta Japanese prison experiments, immortalized in the film *Men Behind the Sun*) these guys also have some surprisingly intelligent political ditties as well. The catchy riffs, brutal guitar tone, and occasionally semi-understandable vocals make this a great release for the few and proud death grind loyalists out there. (EL)
(Agromosh, ben_agromosh@yahoo.com)

THEY STOLE A MILLION – "The City That Day" CD

This Finnish band cranks out the melodic punk *a la* SNUFF and LEATHERFACE. With less-than-gruff vocals, these guys have catchy tunes with an attacking guitar approach between the guitar interplay. A strong full-length that really reminds me of the great Brit/indie explosion of the late 80s and bands like SENSELESS THINGS and MEGA CITY 4. (RL)
(Rhythm Barrel, www.geocities.com/rhythmbarrel)

TOXIC NARCOTIC – "Live in Boston" DVD

First off, it should be said that this was filmed at their 15th anniversary gig in Boston back at the end of 2004. Everything about the filming of this show is top notch. The sound quality is excellent and the video production is great. They utilize multiple camera angles and the color and clarity are very good. There are a lot of shots of the energetic crowd and the band seems like there are having a great time. There are a few "bonus items" like still photos, two music "videos" and a some brief crowd shots from outside the club. But the anniversary show is the focus here. I would be lying if I said I was a fan of the band, but I still see this as a quality DVD and I know their fans will dig it. (RC)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, www.rodentpopsicle.com)

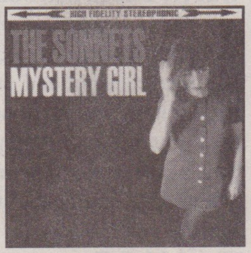
TROPIEZO – "Yankee Go Home" CD

Awesome, melodic, political punk from this Puerto Rican punk band. They toured the States awhile back and I somehow missed their show at ABC No Rio, which by all accounts was super fun and full of kids singing along to their anthemic, Spanish-language hardcore. My only complaint with this CD is that the packaging is kind of weird. It's 7" sized, but very, very sparse in its layout, and without much info. Nonetheless, TROPIEZO is a spirited and exciting punk band with just the right combination of speed and melody—now I gotta track down this band's vinyl! (And you should too.) (GN)
(Cochebomba, PO Box 546, Randolph, MA 02368)

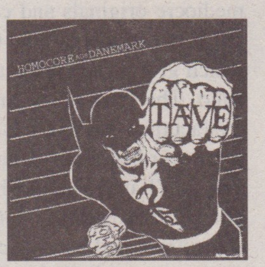
THE TWATS / COMMON ENEMY – "One Shall Stand, One Shall Fall!" split EP

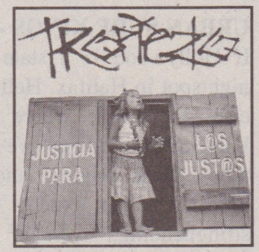
Both bands serve up some solid hardcore. COMMON ENEMY gives the drunken skaters some cool session tunes including the fantastic ditty "Skate that Shit."

The Sharpies



Spitting
COBRAS





tango lüger
Para todos los caidos
Tango Lüger

The TWATS are fronted by a dynamic female vocalist, and put it on the table with their anthem "T.W.A.T." They tear it up with the smash (soon to be hit?) "Brotherly Love." the TWATS win this battle, but both bands deliver solid tunes. (HM)
(Overdose On, PO Box 525, Fleetwood, PA 19522, www.drprecords.com)

TWENTY INCH BURIAL – "How Much Will We Laugh and Smile?" CD

These Portuguese punkers mix up a little metal into hardcore to produce some epic tunes. The musicianship and production is impeccable, creating some serious walls of sound, but I have a hard time listening to a full CD of this dude's incessant screaming. The only time that I think this screaming stuff really works perfectly is on their cover of SAMANTHA FOX'S "Touch Me." These guys will probably be huge in the next few years, so check them out now. (HM)
($10 ppd: Immigrant Sun, PO Box 150711, Brooklyn, NY 11215, www.immigrantsun.com)

UNHOLY SWILL – "Legacy of Stupidity" CD

The MISFITS knockoff cover is awesome, but the rest of the CD by this defunct New York band (1988-1993) seems to be best left for their friends and fans. Poor sound quality and mediocre originals and cover tunes don't offer much to outsiders. I like the song explanations, which give a little insight to this long forgotten band. The liner notes ring true in mentioning the fact that "most of this stuff was never meant to be ever heard again, and after hearing it, I'm sure you'll understand why." This is one of millions of CDs used to impress stoners or to drive away unwanted party guests. (HM)
(Noiseville, CSMC 147 Main St, Cold Spring, NY 10516, www.noiseville.com)

URBAN SURF KINGS – "Live in Hell" CD

If Hollywood is a state of mind, Hell is a nightspot in Halifax. Hell's Kitchen, to be precise—the venue where the URBAN SURF KINGS recorded this live record showcasing 19 tunes (both original and non-original). You know what to expect: minor scales, fancy stringbending, layers of reverb, and spot-on-guitar virtuosity. The group display their lead-lined musicianship on "Seven Faces of Dr. Surf," "Radar Range," "Legend of Bog Road," and "Seven Veils a Go Go" (they should have resisted the urge to include John Williams *Star Wars* theme). Slick, pleasant-sounding, and a smidge tedious in the long haul. They're no PHANTOM SURFERS (or even SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET), but it's an okay record for fans of the style. (JH)
(Omom, www.omomworld.com)

VALUES INTACT – "Dear Hometown" CD

This Italian band plays fast, modern, straight edge hardcore not unlike CARRY ON or COUNT ME OUT. Unfortunately, their vocalist is plagued by what seems to be a recurring European phenomenon known as the "high-pitched screech." The music is good, but the vocals are an immediate turn off. (CC)
(Goodwill, CP 15319, 00143, Roma Laurentino, ITALY)

VINDICATES – "Firing Squad" EP

This Nashville trio hits the pavement running with this four-song EP. Imagine snarling RIKK AGNEW-style vocals grafted onto an urgent, no-frills production that emphasizes their inventive punkish guitarwork. The standout tune,"No Body, No Crime," is a rambunctious display of sheer visceral energy, but the band sustains a spunky, snot-nosed sound that doesn't let up on any of the tracks. Limited edition of 500, and on green vinyl to boot. Recommended! (SS)
(Dee Minus, PO Box 101074, Nashville, TN 37224)

WUNDERBACH – "82/84" LP

Retrospective of this old French street-punk/pub-rock band. I'd never heard them before, and it's surprising they weren't bigger since they were playing this style of punk at the same time the big English bands were. That's also probably your best reference point—COCKNEY REJECTS, COCK SPARRER, BUSINESS etc., as well as later European bands such as KLASSE KRIMINALE and the STAGE BOTTLES. This is a lot better than most of the stuff out there these days—it's up-tempo, catchy, and has nice female backing vocals. Color me impressed. *Punque de la rue!*
(Dirty Punk, BP 10302, 59666 Villeneuve d'Ascq Cedex, FRANCE)

YEAR OF DESOLATION – "Your Blood, My Vendetta" CD

Yet another not-so-good metalcore band. YEAR OF DESOLATION is from Indianapolis and there's nothing really noteworthy or interesting about 'em. Lots of breakdowns that are meant to be hard and pit-inducing and a few OK metal riffs the rest of the time, but I can't shake the "heard it a million times before and better" feeling to it all. (EL)
(Corrosive, www.corrosiverecordings.com)

YOUNG PEOPLE WITH FACES – "I Hate You / Spider-man"

Amateurish stuff from this mostly gal band. Sounding like a dorm punk band with three practices under their belt, these folks have an A-side with the titles of many classic punk songs as lyrics, the flip is "Spiderman" followed by "Batman." This is a good release if you are friends with the band, otherwise there are better bands doing this stuff. Although I do have to give them props for being punk in Idaho. (RL)
(YPWF, PO Box 1941, Ketchum, ID 83340)

YOU WILL DIE – "Memento Mori" CD

Instrumental hardcore? Hmmmm, not sure how I feel about this one. Musically this three-piece pulls their influences from bands like DEADGUY and ANODYNE, but don't really come close to matching the power of either. And without a strong vocalist to pull it all together I feel like something is definitely lacking. (RC)
(Hawthorne Street, PO Box 805353, Chicago, IL 60680, www.hawthornestreetrecords.com)

V/A – "Agent Records Presents: The Norcal Compilation 2005" CD

The Norcal Compilation is a nausea-inducing collection of some of the Bay Area's worst. DEXTER DANGER, TRAGEDY ANDY, SHAFTER, MUCKRUCKERS, DESA, and practically every other band on this comp crank out shit pop emo. COMMUNIQUE provides a sloppy adult-contemporary ellipses to the punk powerhouse that was AMERICAN STEEL. JUDGEMENT DAY plays soundtrack music on violins and cellos. MC LARS is ironic, "intelligent" honky rap. Others of the 22 slots on this album are filled in by emo, emo, and more emo. Fuck this comp. (WL)
(Agent, 130 Market Place PMB 163, San Ramon, CA 94583, www.agentrecords.com)

V/A "The Better Days Ahead" CD

This solid British hardcore compilation pretty much covers every genre with the exception of maybe the Swedish and Japanese influenced stuff. Grind, thrash, youth crew, powerviolence, thrash-core, thug-core, SHEER TERROR-core, etc. You get the idea. If you want to know what the kiddies are up to in the UK, check out this comp. Highlights include: VOORHEES, ABANDON SHIP, ON THIN ICE, BOXED IN, and the HORROR. (CC)
(Ghost City, 12 Richmond Avenue, London, UK, N1ONF)

V/A – "Blank the World" DVD

International compilation DVD to benefit Amnesty International. It's all very nicely put together and features promo/home made videos and live footage from the bands (in order of appearance) BLIND PIGS (Brazil), BLOWN (Switzerland), FICKLE (France), 99 ANGER (South Korea), SOMMERSET (New Zealand), my favorite Russian band TARKANY!, STREET DOGS (from Boston), my friends PANIC (England), OXYDOL (Japan), the BROILERS (Germany), FUTURO INCIERTO

(Peru), SAD MAN SAID (Spain), SUN EATS HOURS (Italy), MISCONDUCT (Sweden), MERLIN (Norway), and finally PORNO PARA RICARDO from Cuba, whose singer was imprisoned for two years for a bogus drug trafficking charge. The music's all over the map, from oi! to hardcore. That and the variety of nations represented makes for interesting viewing. (AD)
(www.blanktv.com)

V/A – "Dance Hall Troops, Vol. 1" CD

Big, big comp featuring mostly bands from Southern California (or LA/Long Beach to be more exact). If you're a fan of record labels such as Alive!, Hostage, Disaster, Dead Beat, and TKO, etc. then this is right up your street. Lotsa '77 influenced/streetpunk bands including SMOGTOWN, the ENDS, DIE HUNNS, BONECRUSHER, RADIO ONE, SMUT PEDDLERS, RADIO REELERS, the SKULLS, BROKEN BOTTLES, and UNION 13. There is also at least one German band and a few other bands who may or not be from abroad; I tried to go to the website site and all I got was a lot of bad "punk" graphics and bad "punk" clothing for sale. Wait a minute...this is all in aid of some clothing company called...I don't think I'll name them. Not a bad comp though, even if it does reinforce my belief that punk rock is a business, not a way of life. Still...what's new? (AD)
(No Front Teeth, PO Box 27070, London, N2 9ZP, UK)

V/A – "Get Outta Philly" CD

I'm still on record as liking scene comps, they just ain't as inclusive as they used to be, but that's an embarrassment of riches I suppose. This comp is working territory that would have been claimed by the likes of Junk Records in the late 90s, but these bar-rocking punker and garage bands get the local treatment now. There are some inevitable losers on here who trend toward safe 'n' boring, but there's enough gristle on TOOTHLESS GEORGE (one-man band), the CHANCE (sorta DETROIT COBRAS), DRAGON CITY (power pop veering towards emo[!]) and BAD PENNY for hope to spring eternal for all those who whisper their nightly prayers to a wrinkled promo photo of the REAL KIDS. (RW)
(Tick Tick Tick, 1324 S 9th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147)

V/A – "Hair (Surf Tribal Love-Rock Musical)" CD

I love the original *Hair* soundtrack, and I'm into surf music, so I was excited to hear what this comp could accomplish. I am amazed at some of the crazy arrangements especially SEKS BOMBA ("Be-In"), but I'm sort of disappointed in how "surfing out the tunes" tends to turn them into muzak. Some of the cooler versions are by HI-FI RAMBLERS ("Ain't Got No"), NEMATOADS ("Air"), CRIME FACTOR ZERO ("Initials"), SURFTONES ("Hair"), the RETROLINERS ("Black Boys/White Boys") and BUSTIN' BURRITOS ("Frank Mills"). If you like this kind of weird shit, it's worth checking out. Most punks should steer clear. (HM)
(OMOM, www.omomworld.com)

V/A – "This Is Horrorpunk 2" CD

I am probably the last person you want reviewing something like this. First, I hate psychobilly. Next, I hate those skeleton suits that half the bands on here wear. Third, I don't care for the MISFITS all that much. Fourth, where is the BALZAC? That being stated, this compilation has 28 bands doing their horrorpunk thing. Most of the songs are boring but Dinah Cancer shows she still has some power with her contributions. (JF)
(Fiend Force, www.fiendforce.de)

V/A – "This Just In…" CD

Geykido Comet Records presents a 30 song, 30 band compilation for the benefit of IndyMedia. Some bands of interest are TOYS THAT KILL, FLESHIES, CLARENDON HIILLS, DRINKER'S PURGATORY, LIPSTICK PICKUPS, and the likes. LIPSTICK PICKUPS' song rules, so does FLESHIES. TOYS THAT KILL puts on a good track. Most of these songs are unreleased. There are other good bands on here but a lot of them put on throwaway tracks, radio recordings—stuff like that. Then there are about fifteen bands (out of thirty) that just aren't very good. An OK comp. (WL)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3806, Fullerton, CA 92834O)

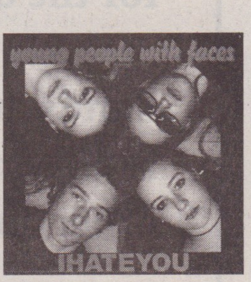
V/A – " We Come In Peace: More World Less Bank, Pt. 2" EP

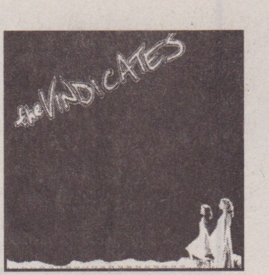
Eight songs from eight bands from Finland and Sweden charging ahead with various shades of D-beat and defiance. PROTESTERA delivers choppy yet high energy HC with male/female vocal tradeoffs marred with questionable breakdowns. ANATOMI 71 is primitively raw and dual vocalled; a pedestrian ANTI-CIMEX. KUOLEMA sounds like CONFUSE being flushed down a toilet. APOLOGIA is chaotically modern crazy-core with annoyingly squealing, treble-laden guitar tones blemishing otherwise solid thrashing. PERSONKRETS 3:1 is savagely overdriven HC pummel with a classic, ridiculous CIMEX-styled guitar solo. ENSAM delve deeper into distortion and feature punchy female vocals. DISKONTO rages old style and lo-fi, and thus come the closest to sounding like they slid off of *Really Fast, Vol. 1* of the bunch. 365 DAGAR AV SYND delivers standard issue savage attack of caustic dual vocal thrash. The World Bank theme isn't fully completed with additional information, and is only touched on through artwork and some of the lyrics, but it's a fun snapshot of new and old Swedish/Finnish punk scene. (KS)
(Blinded Productions, Box 26, 671 21 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.attackfanzine.net)

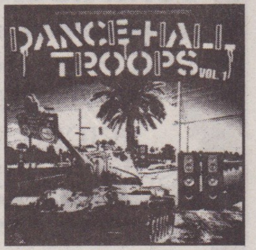
V/A – "Welcome to Montana… Come Die with Us" CD

An historical retrospective of Montana hardcore including everyone from Missoula's hyper thrash godfathers DERANGED DICTION (1983!) to modern day torch-bearers ASS-END OFFEND. As a fan of female singers in punk rock I enjoyed SASSHOLE's brand of crust-core with snotty, melodic vocals. So much of this sounds like it was recorded in the 80s, even though most of it from the 90s and later. That's not a bad thing—I mean they're all broken up anyway, and what's the difference between a rad old 80s thrash band and a rad, 80s-sounding, 90s thrash band? PAT PHLYM breaks the mold with silly, gross acoustic songs like "8 Stinky Stenches." 13 bands, 49 songs, and a totally excellent zine-style insert with lots of personal histories, band discographies, lyrics, etc. A quality regional comp! (PC)
(Poisoned Candy, $7 ppd. to Matt Svendsen, PO Box 9263, Missoula, MT 59807, www.poisonedcandy.com)

UNHOLY SWILL
Legacy of Stupidity







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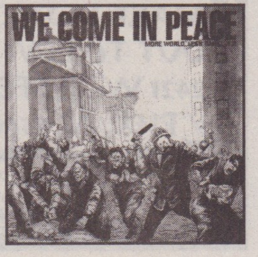

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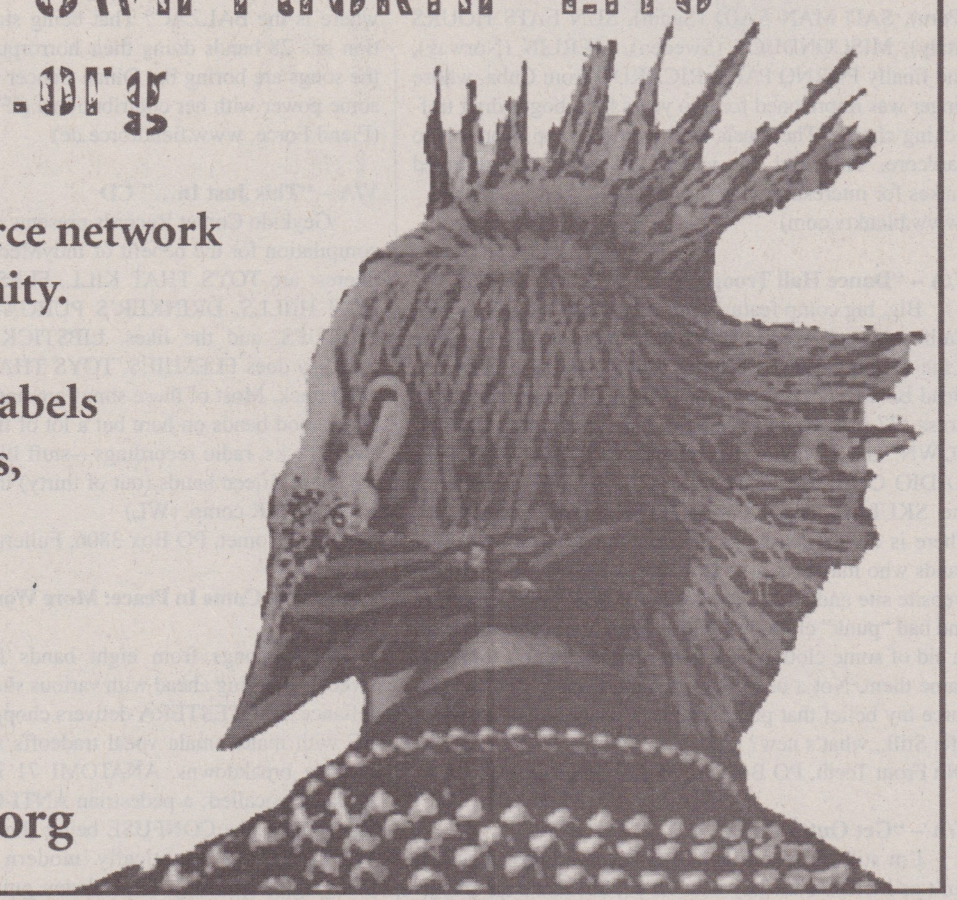

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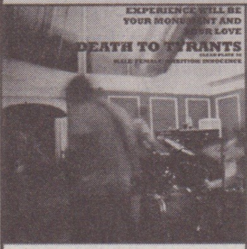

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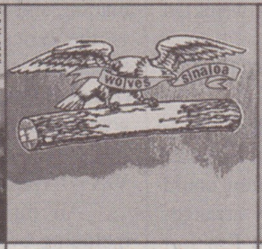

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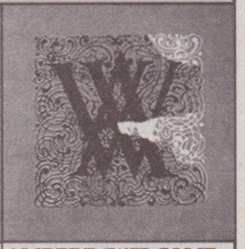

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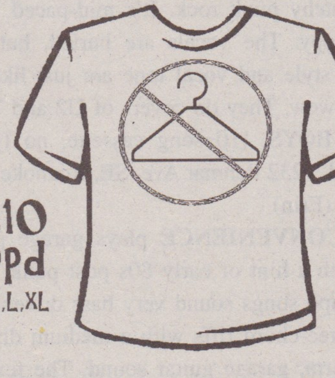

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DEMOS

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THE AGENDA reminds me of early Alternative Tentacles bands. They have the catchiness, surf-like guitars, and a weird vocal style (Jello, FEEDERZ guy, etc.) that's tough and hardcore without being generic. There's an announcement in the middle of the tape, making me believe they recorded it live, and if so, they sound like a great live band. (8 song cassette, but they have CDs too; lyrics included. PO Box 6371, Minneapolis, MN 55406.) (Erin)

ANAL GOVERMENT HYPOCRISY (WITH SPIKES) is a nonsensical joke involving the worst photoshop job in the entire history of the world (seriously, if I was the president of Adobe I'd go and cut these dudes' hands off lest they use my program again), and some breathtaking lyrics. "You can take your race war and shove it out your dick." And, "They tried to tell us Jesus Christ with a cock every time." Thank you. really. (9 song CD, lyrics included.) (Ariel and Golnar)

AND IN AUGUST... has a two song CD that attempts to recreate MTV pop-punk songs. Up-tempo songs with a bunch of hooks, muted guitars, snotty vocals and way too many backing vocal parts. There is also this disturbing attempt to steal pieces of the mid to late 90s pop-emo bands. (2 song CD, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/andinaugust) (Pete)

THE ATOMIC PIRATES have a short CD of sloppy ska-punk songs and not a single "pick it up" (a couple "oi oi"s though). Ska-style riffs are played through distorted guitars with straight ahead, mid-tempo drumming and a couple plain old punkish parts thrown in. The vocalist sings with a gruff, forced voice that is near the point of screaming. The music is a little plain and the songs seriously all sound the same. (3 song CD, no lyrics. atomicpirates@mail.ru) (Pete)

AXES TO THE SKY busts out the hardcore-influenced metal on a CD that sounds like it was a live recording. Lots of galloping and chugging guitar, a little wanking, heavy bass sound, and up-tempo drumming with plenty of double bass and heavy breakdowns. Half the time the vocalist sounds like he's going for the PRIEST thing but he can't quite get that high. The other half of the vocals is more of a scream, with some growling back ups. The recording isn't that great but it sounds like it would be lots of fun live. (8 song CD, no lyrics. 1735 M St., Lincoln, NE, trhoten@hotmail.com) (Pete)

THE BUTCHERINGS have a slow and moody post-punk feel to them. The vocals are sung, but have a tone like if you try to talk while you're yawning, but it works well. The addition of horns adds texture and more energy. (9 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 29383, Providence, RI 02909.) (Erin)

CASI TE CREO plays some emotional hardcore that sounds like AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, only a little more earnest. Pretty damn good. (7 song CD, lyrics included (en espanol). givexcore@hotmail.com) (Ariel)

CHIMPUNKS is what happens when you put too much time and sincerity into your joke band. Helium high voices and acoustic guitars are employed to do emotional covers of punk songs from bands like GREEN DAY, SUBLIME, MTX, DESCENDENTS, BAD RELIGION, and NOFX. It's really well done, but what doobies have this kind of time? (26 song CD. thechimpunks@gmail.com) (Ariel)

CRACKHOUSE MIDWIFE got in a fight with CDs and lost, if you remember correctly. They sent in a cassette this time. Yeah! This is lo-fi, catchy punk rock. It's mid-paced, fun, and sloppy. The vocals are buried, but the singing style and vocal tone are just like D. Boon—wow. They do covers of U2 and THE DEAD BOYS. (10 song cassette, no lyrics included. 1232 Penmar Ave. SE, Roanoke, VA 24013.) (Erin)

DISCONVENIENCE plays garage punk rock with a hint of early 80s post punk. The mid-tempo songs sound very bass driven and sport three-chord riffs with a medium distortion, warm, garage guitar sound. The female vocalist sings with a slightly nasal voice that fits the music well but is too high in the mix and takes over all the songs. Outside of that the songs are fairly catchy, with enough hooks and poppy guitar parts to make it fun. (4 song CD, with lyrics. rickardlundberg@yahoo.se) (Pete)

DOOMED YOUTH plays the usual loosely political street punk that sounds something like THE VIRUS, or THE UNSEEN. A crappy recording doesn't work in their favor here. Gang vocals were a plus though. Good effort. ($2 ppd. 11 song CD, no lyrics. 139 Riverboat Dr.New Castle, CO 81647. rfpunx@aol.com) (Ariel)

GODDAMN plays fast punk rock with snot flowing out of everywhere! This is energetic and mean, basic-instrumentation punk rock, and punk rock only. The vocals are shouted and at the perfect level—not buried and not up front. Great! ($2 ppd. 7 song CD, no lyric sheet. 21620 Hoffman, Saint Clair Shores, MI 48082.) (Erin)

HIRNSAULE is a fast, melodic band, recorded cleanly but with power. Without losing momentum, they manage a good amount of mixing up the pace and having stop-start bits. The vocals are mostly yelling, but get real snotty when sung. Yeah! (Free with IRC's or stamps. 4 song CD, lyrics included. Voxtruper Str. 12, 49082 Osnabruck, Germany.) (Erin)

LIMB FROM LIMB plays metallic, dark hardcore. The hardcore actually outweighs the metal in this band, with the tone, pacing, and anger being totally punk, and the tightness of the band, with room for everyone to show off their skills, is the metal part. The vocals are more growling than anything else, but the whole sore-throat range is there. ($3 or cassette trade. 8 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 21530, 1424 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L-5G2, Canada.) (Erin)

THE LOVE DRUNKS play fun garage punk tunes. The songs are mostly up-tempo dance numbers with a vocalist who sounds like he recorded the tracks right after playing a couple of shows. The guitar has a semi-distorted, twangy sound and plays 70s-style, blues inspired rock riffs. The songs are pretty catchy and have plenty of energy. (4 song CD, no lyrics. www.thelovedrunks.com) (Pete)

MIDDLE CLASS MILE has a CD of pop punk or "melodic hardcore" songs that sit somewhere between MTV punk and everything Fat put out 10 years ago. Up-tempo songs with snotty vocals and a bunch of little hooks. While the songs don't stand out as something amazing, they are played fairly well and have some pretty catchy parts. ($2 ppd. 6 song CD, with lyrics. 6038 N Knoll Ave., Fresno, CA 93711, www.fresnohardcore.net) (Pete)

LA PERRA DE LAS NIEVESS plays some energetic, fist-pumping punk. There is a good DISCHARGE cover, and plenty of DIY attitude. These dudes know that punk is "una cosa seriosa y no lucrativa." Word. (6 song tape, lyrics included. Apdo 35322 08029 Barcelona, Spain. mindlessmutantrex@yahoo.es) (Ariel)

REPTOIDS have a CD of sloppy, three-chord punk songs. Deep, monotone, female vocals are accompanied by overdriven guitars with some basic lead parts, rumbling bass lines and simple drum parts. One slow song, one up-tempo song and a live one that is hard to hear. (3 song CD, no lyrics, www.reptoids.net) (Pete)

RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA plays fast, aggressive, raging punk/thrash. The trading male and female vocals rule, and are *en Espanol*. Don't worry though, the lyric sheet is in English too. Which is great because the lyrics have very well concieved and articulated politics. Awesome! (11 song cassette, lyrics included. Greinergasse 3/2/4 1190 Vienna. korrupt@gmx.at.) (Ariel)

SHORT FUSE plays fast, driving, punk songs about being: angry, confused, trapped, cheated, frustrated, angry, disgusted, unmotivated, lost, depressed, and angry. If you are high in testosterone and can relate to any of those feelings, you should check this out. (11 song tape, lyrics included. short_fuse@web.de) (Ariel)

SOVIET VALVES play simple but catchy punk songs. The guitar plays three chords with little distortion while the drummer sticks to basic, mid-tempo beats. The vocalist sings rather forcefully with a somewhat nasal voice. One the whole it feels like a mix of late-70s British punk, early-80s post punk, and SNUFF. (6 song CD, no lyrics. www.sovietvalves.net) (Pete)

WORM SUICIDE has a couple of styles. On their melodic, slower rock songs they do have more energy than a typical bar rock band. On their straightforward punk songs they sound properly pissed off, and on the others there's technical proficiency, with guitar solos and a solid rhythm section. The vocals are like the guy lost his voice three nights ago, and he's just getting it back. It's kind of tough-guy, South Florida, melodic, especially when the back up vocals kick in. This is a retrospective of the band, so the disconnect of their song styles might just be a factor of history. ($7 ppd. US, $10 ppd. everywhere else. 31 song CD and DVD, no lyrics included. 10707 Lake Creek Parkway #52, Austin, TX 78750.) (Erin)

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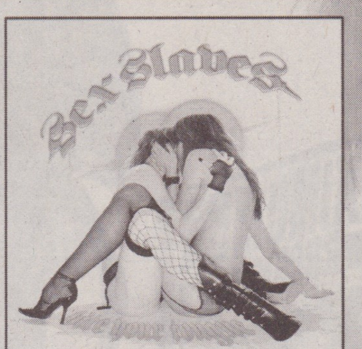

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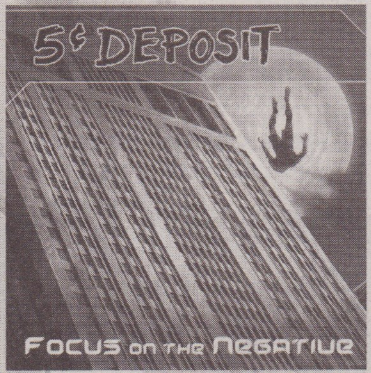

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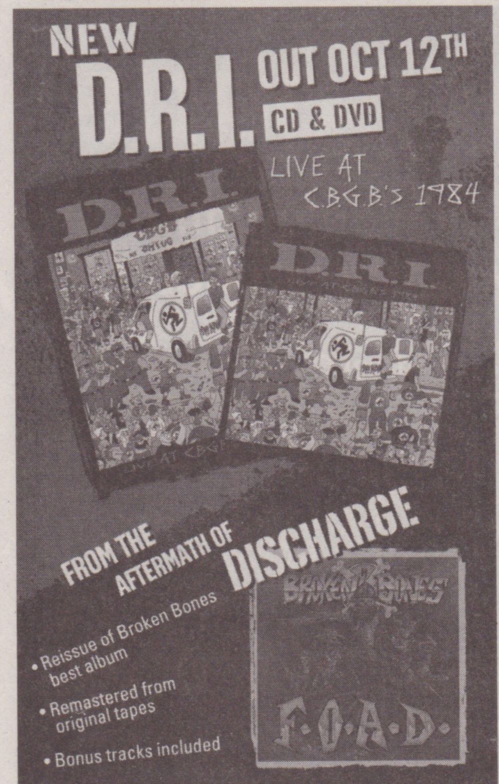

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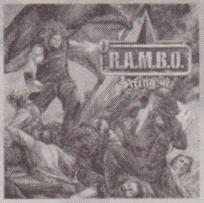

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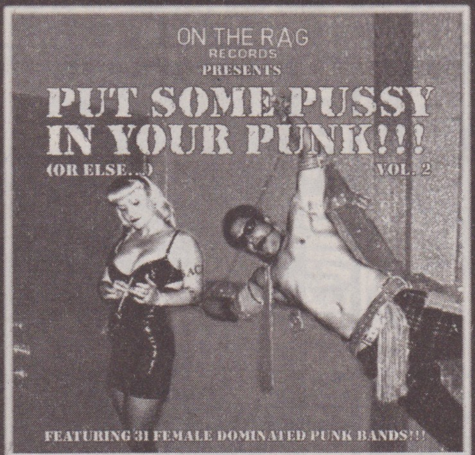
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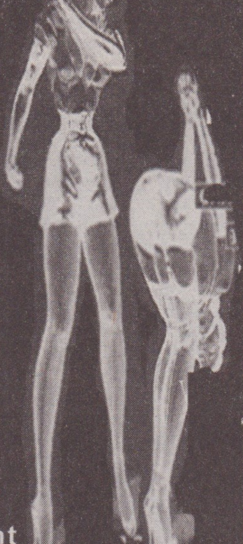

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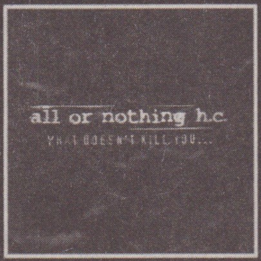

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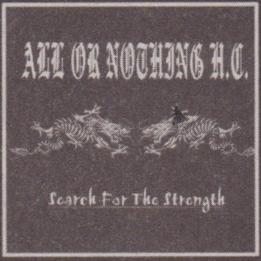

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn!, (HB) Heather Blotto, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (PC) Paul Curran, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (LG) Layla Gibbon (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (CR) Casey Ress, (AS) Andy Shoup, (DS) Dionne Stevens.

Please send your zine in for review to MRR, PO Box 470760, San Francisco, CA 94147. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and postpaid price. If you want us to include a foreign postpaid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ANARCHOI #13 / $?
8.25 x 11.5 – copied – 24 pgs

One thing I really like about Euro zines is all the small (I'm guessing traded) ads for distros, punk picnics, other zines, etc. This one's got some pretty punk layout to boot (ha)—unfortunately, in this case "punk" means hard to read and confusing. I was able to persevere and read the interviews with the UK Subs and Airbomb, as well as the more accessible ones with Forced Entry, *Toxic Stress* zine, and Hard Skin (same one as was in *MRR*; it is pretty good, though.) In another nod to classic punk style, the reviews (mostly UK shit) are printed super-small. There is a column written in a Scottish (I think) argot, which reads like Filth lyrics, with even more swearing. *Anarchoi* for sure has character and style, but in terms of quality of content it's running in the middle of the pack. (JM)

Mr. James Gemmell / 3 Hazelgrove / Kilwinning / Ayrshire KA13 7JH / UK

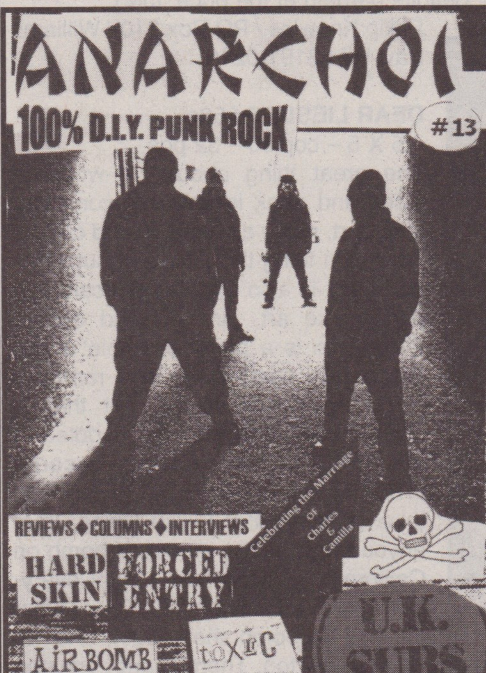
AT BOTH ENDS #6 / $2
8.5 x 11 – printed – 120 pgs

At first glance, this zine looks totally tough-guy hardcore, but a closer look reveals that it's not that simple. There is a lot of thoughtful reflection on the hardcore scene, an article on women's pay inequity, a little shit talking on fashion kids, and even some recipes for vegan bread. There are tons of band interviews (eleven total, including Avail, Walls of Jericho, and Agnostic Front) and the photos rule because in most of them, it looks like all the people are on fire. The layout looks just like *MRR*. I was excited about the article "How to Put a Zine Together," but was disappointed that it said you need a digital cameral, Adobe Illustrator™, and a professional print shop. And they call that DIY…All in all, *At Both Ends* is a must read for all riders of the hardcore train. If we love you, it's because floor punching is *sooo* homoerotic. (HB)

Stephen Fallis / 207-555 East 6th Ave. / Vancouver BC / V5T 1K9 / Canada
www.atbothendsmagazine.com

BIKE ISSUE #4, 5, and 6 / $2

I miss the zines that have contributors writing stories based on a theme or subject instead of the same voice throughout the whole zine. These issues of *Bike Issue* revive that format. Each issue has little stories, mostly about bike related activities, accidents, and criminal encounters. Each issue is pretty packed full of writing, comics, lists, and DIY tips. It's a great read and well worth the price. (CR)



c/o Daniel Shea / 1605 Park Ave. / Baltimore, MD 21217
bikes_up@hotmail.com

BLACK LUNG #13 / $5
11 x 8 – photocopied – 44 pgs – French

This fanzine blends anarchy with hardcore, French style. Included in this issue are interviews with the bands Gasmask Terror, No Hope For The Kids, Belle Epoque, and Lebenden Toten. There are columns, personal writings, fanzine and record reviews. This one is always an interesting read. (HH)

Alex / 57 Avenue du General Morand / 91600 Savigny sur Orge / France
ratcharge@yahoo.fr

BREAK THE CHAINS #21 / $2, free to prisoners in CA, OR, ID, WA, and all US women prisoners
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs

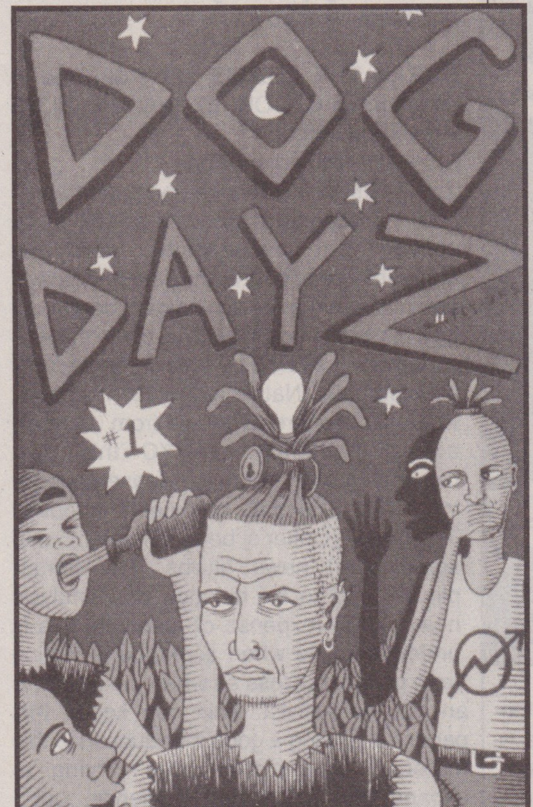
This newsletter is focused on prison abolition and prisoner support. It seems to be coming out consistently, which is admirable considering that these types of projects serve a mostly indigent community. This issue opens with a clear mission statement, followed by articles on security housing units, Native reservation schools, women prisoners, a report from a prison activist gathering in NYC this past December, an AIM press release supporting Ward Churchill, comments about/by Jeff Luers (Critter's been released), and some short news blurbs. The longer pieces tend to be emotion and analysis heavy at the expense of research; this is understandable when someone is writing from prison, but less so when the author is an outside activist. This gap keeps this paper from being a good introduction to this material. Maybe they aren't trying to expand their ("outside") audience, but I think there is a need for a zine on this topic that combines outreach with updates and analysis. (JM)

PO Box 12122 / Eugene, OR 97440
www.breakthechains.net

CHARGED HAIR, DISTORTED RIFFS… BULLET BELTS & CIRCLE PITS! #3 / $2, trade (no poetry), or mix tape
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 76 pgs

First off, this dude gets paid by the government to do this zine… Fucking Canada.

The first articles are about a punkhouse-wrecking party, which ends with punks fighting the cops and the (condemned) house burning down. These pieces are really level headed while still celebratory and totally great. There are some columns, which are a good read. They are punks writing about their lives and ideas, not punks writing filler 'cuz they have a column due. In true punk style, the reviews are printed so small you need to have great eyes, or be real dedicated, to read them. There are a lot of them, but I wish some of the columns had smaller print so that these could have been a little more readable. In regular print is a review of the *Vancouver Complication* re-release show, featuring Randy Rampage tearing it up with DOA. The largest part of the zine is the tour diary, which is pretty typical but still entertaining. So yeah, this rules. (JM)
PO Box 21530 / 1424 Commercial Dr. / Vancouver, BC V5L-5G2 / Canada



CHUMPIRE #181 / 1 stamp
3.6 x 4.25 – copied – 12 pgs
A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Why continue to do issue after issue when most of what you have to talk about is your life as a middle-school teacher? I guess someone is listening and appreciates the transformation. I still empathize with the kids that flip this chump(ire) off behind his back. "When I was your age I used to like Mission of Burma…" (AR)
PO Box 27 / Annville, PA / 17003-0027

CLENCH # 8 / SASE
8.25 x 14 - copied - 2 pgs
Philip fits a lot of history into two pages, with photos, old interviews, and his own story of discovering this band and what it means to him. The band in question is early 80s Frisco ne'er-do-wells the Fuck-Ups, who, judging by the material here, lived up to their name. Anyone interested in the band, or that era SF scene in general, would be well advised to pick this up. Philip's own writing about the band and his chugging-beer-before-high-school days that dovetailed well with the Fuck Ups sound and message is also pretty great. He devotes a bunch of space to the charge that the asshole singer was racist. Were the first seven issues as good as this? A definite bargain at the price. (JM)
Philip Knowles / PO Box 210 / Williams Bay, WI 53191-0210

DEAR LIESL #5 / 50¢
4.5 X 5 – copied – 32 pgs
The great thing about the world of zines and punk is that it anyone can take part, make art, jump in and create. The main thing that sucks about zines and punk is also that anyone can take part, make art, jump in and create. *Dear Liesl* is a prime example of the latter: it is handwritten and rambling stream-of-consciousness shit that is sloppy, badly spelled and muddled in its thinking. Here is an excerpt: "Thinking about all of this, I can only think of one thing: I wish China, Iran, anyone would drop a nuclear bomb on California. I want to die. I want everyone I know and love to die. Then I want the US to bomb them back and for them to die too. Then I want everyone who survived to starve to death." I would expect stuff like this from the backwaters of America, but Berkeley? Barf. (AS)
PO Box 1234 / Berkeley, CA 94701

DIG IT! #34 / $6
11 x 8 – printed – 48 pgs – French
I have been writing this since I first reviewed this fanzine a few years ago, and will write it again for this issue, *Dig It* is one of the best rock and roll fanzines from Europe. It is always a fun read with lots of cool articles and columns. This issue includes an interview with a fellow who is an expert on the writings of Lester Bangs, which includes some cool photos. There are also interviews with the Coyote Men, The Jakes, and JL Manet. There is a review of the book *Art of Modern Rock*, plus the customary Through The Grapevine column, and lots of record reviews. (HH)
C/O Armadillo, 32 Rue Pharaon, 31000 Toulouse / France
www.digitfanzine@chez.com

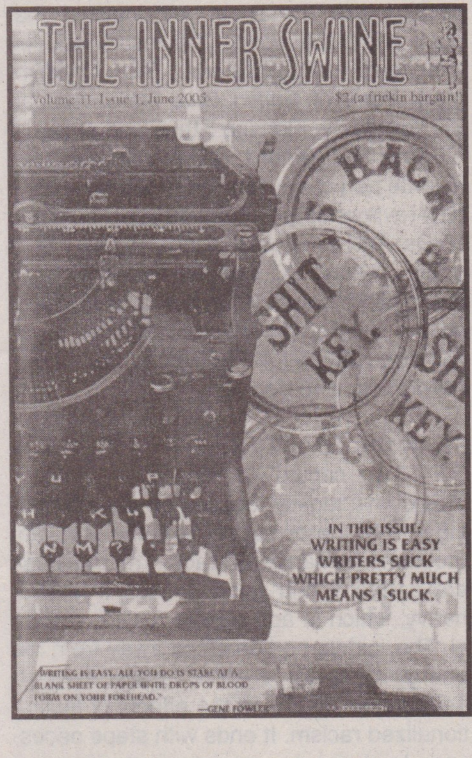
DOG DAYZ #1 / $3 US, $4 elsewhere
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
Contemplative and stunning, always funny, and brief leaving you desperately wanting more, Fly (see column) really delivers with this new (reprinted from *Slug and Lettuce*?) comic. What really gets me is the simple-seeming explanations of really heavy shit like mental illness, homelessness, dealings with pigs, and completely fucked up relationships. I have to remind myself that just because they are comics doesn't mean there is just one punch line, or any for that matter. The issues Fly brings up in her writing/drawing are rife with layered implications and meaning that stops you and slaps you when you didn't expect it. The copy I received had some slightly confusing but ultimately inconsequential mistakes in printing that involve the accidental doubling up of the same sentence or two, so maybe include a note with your three clams that you want a proofread copy. Remember, your life is not complete without reading this. (JB)
Fly / PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn. / New York, NY 10276

DWELLING PORTABLY / 1 stamp
5.5 x 8 – copied – 18 pgs
This is a fascinating little zine that doesn't exactly tell a narrative but contains lots of snippets of the life of a person who lives and travels with his wagon and horses and his correspondents. He does handiwork. He stays near streams. It's pretty neat and not super ideological. His correspondents mostly submit little hints about their own DIY lives. What kinds of knives to use. Stone Age vs. Iron Age technologies. It's a really interesting snapshot into a life that most of us have only seen as we drive by at 70 miles and hour. (AR)
PO Box 190 / Philomath, OR 97370

EQUALIZING DISTORT Vol. 5 #2 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
This issue of *Equalizing Distort* should make the genre "fanzine" proud. Made by the same folks who do a radio show in Toronto of the same name, this zine is all about interviews with bands, show reviews, record reviews, and show listings. The focus on international bands/scenes makes *Equalizing Distort* stand out a little in a sea of similar publications. Includes an inter-

view with the band Fallen World, from Singapore, and a scene-report-type feature about Japan that has some cool-ass photos. Are you a fan? Then read this zine. (HB)

Equalizing-X-Distort / 91 St. George St. /
Toronto, ON / M5S 2E8 Canada
equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm


THE INNER SWINE
Volume 11, Issue 1, June 2005
$2 (a frickin bargain!)
BACK
SHIT KEY.
IN THIS ISSUE: WRITING IS EASY WRITERS SUCK WHICH PRETTY MUCH MEANS I SUCK.
"WRITING IS EASY. ALL YOU DO IS STARE AT A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER UNTIL DROPS OF BLOOD FORM ON YOUR FOREHEAD."
—GENE FOWLER

FRAIL ROOTS #4 / $2 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 60 pgs

A personal zine all about friends, rooftops, seasons, train hopping, potential, inspiration, all that stuff. This has become a genre unto itself, so I probably don't have to tell you much else about it. I'm not into it at all. Somebody constantly telling you how awesome something is can be annoying and make it a lot less awesome than it was to begin with. Know what I mean? If not, then you might actually like this zine. It's chock full of writing, and it's good looking and legible without the slightest hint of computer intrusion in the layout. Comes with a foldout mini-poster of, like, a flower. (PC)

Kyle / 136 Tanglewood Dr. / Longview, WA 98632

GREENZINE #14 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 64 pgs

This thing is pretty nice to look at—filled with writing broken up by these great illustrations of punks eating, talking, applying make-up, etc. (Thrift store punks, not the studs & spikes kind—see the cover of *MRR* #264.) There are no ads or reviews. It's all personal/political writing, and covers a *lot* of ground—protests, sex, cities, abuse, rape and accountability, traveling, immigration, drugs, activism… Every few pages, Cristy uses words differently than they are used in standard (or even punk) English, so my reading was disturbed by me going "huh?" But there's enough other material, so I could still tell what she was getting at. Dumb white people make an appearance, acting as a foil for the editor's righteousness, which is indeed quite righteous. At times, she talks about her feelings surrounding an issue while leaving the actual issue kind of nebulous, so the reader ends up with a better picture of her thoughts than the situation. I'd already bought this when it was assigned to me—it rules—you should do the same. (JM)

Microcosm Publishing / PO Box 14332 /
Portland, OR 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com

THE INNER SWINE / $2
5.5 x 8 – copied – 60 pgs

After the author referred to himself as "a writer" for the tenth time my eyes glazed over. Article topics include "writing as the last cheap Artform," used books, critics, poetry, jargon, and writing as a lifestyle choice. There was a great comic within though. It was called Mighty Skullboy Army and made me chuckle. Chuckling is good. (AR)

PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

INSIDE ARTZINE / $5
8 x 11 – printed – 40 pgs – German

Wow! What a cool zine. It is not a punk fanzine, but an art zine with lots of really cool graphics that will make one think. Probably the only name familiar to the English-speaking world is Mike Diana, all the other artists are names that I do not recognize. Still the images are poignant, including those that ridicule George Bush and his wars without end. The rest of the images are made up of painting and collages that reflect the theme of terror. Finally to write this zine offers plenty of interesting web addresses to link to. So for you out there who are interested in visuals this magazine is a definite must, totally worth ordering by mail. (HH)

Inside Artzine/ PO Box 2266 / D-54212
Trier / Germany
www.inside-artzine.de

JERSEY BEAT #77 / $3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 174 pgs

Yeah, this zine has been at it for a long time. I haven't picked up a copy in quite a while, though. *Jersey Beat* follows the general *MRR* format—interviews, columns, reviews, etc.—but does not have any qualms with reviewing major label dreck or accepting ads from corporate-funded labels. Kind of undercuts their argument about being DIY, don't you think? Nonetheless, this issue has a very worthwhile and interesting look back at the history (and present) of ABC No Rio. Interviews with Mike Bullshit, Sam McPheeters, Charles Maggio, and more make this a must read. ABC No Rio was foundational for me and pretty much every other punk that grew up in or around New York City, and there is quite a bit of inspiration and heartbreak in its story. Hopefully, ABC will re-assert itself as the premier DIY, all-ages venue on the East Coast in coming years. There are other interviews too, with the likes of Mike Watt, Thrice, Wreckless Eric, and Senses Fail, among others. Terrible, terrible cover art and boring layout really mar this issue. You'd think there'd be improvement in those departments after so many years? (GN)

418 Gregory Ave. / Weehawken, NJ 07086
jim@jerseybeat.com

Jersey Beat
Number 77
three dollars
Milwaukees
Wreckless Eric
SENSES FAIL
Fit For Abuse
ABC NO RIO
15 Years of DIY Hardcore
THRICE
Instruction
Lydia Lunch
Mike Watt
Strike Anywhere
MULTI-PURPOSE SOLUTION
Strung Out

JOURNAL SONG #6 / $2
5 x 4.5 - copied - 100 pgs

A tried and true personal zine from the Microcosm zine empire out of Portland, Oregon. Definite *Burn Collector* parallels, so if Al Burian style travel writings and life musings appeal to you I would advise getting in on this. I found this really hard to write about because while I didn't dislike this per se, and the writer seems like a really cool kid and it's not "bad"… it just didn't seduce. From Goya instant rice meals to

uncomfortable break ups, the random and the painful and so on. (LG)
5307 N Minnesota Ave / Portland, OR 97217

MIND CLUTTER #2 / $1
5.5 x 4.25 – printed – 28 pgs
You're asking for trouble when you put out a journal zine in high school. Not only is it probably going to be sad, pretentious, self-important crap, but you also have to live with the knowledge that you have chronicled your most embarrassing years and submitted it to the general public for review years into the future. Jenn, however, will be able to live comfortably knowing that her stories of punk, high school, sharpies, and sushi are better than most of the dreck put out there. It's a quick read and actually a bit insightful and interesting. A good job on a tricky format. (CR)
Jenn / PO Box 800757 / Santa Clarita, CA 91380-0757

NEW SCHEME #12 / free
8.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs
Ho hum. Whatever it is that makes this zine boring had the effect of literally putting me to sleep. I always try to read everything in zines I review for the sake of fairness but I just couldn't do it. Maybe you can. Lots of brief interviews always conducted through one member of such acts as Transistor Transistor, Jesu, Edie Sedgewick (not the Warhol actress), Genghis Tron, Casino Versus Japan, and *MRR*'s own columnist George Tabb (who refuses to take a stance on his view, as an American Jew, of the conflict between Israel and Palestine... WTF?). (JB)
New Scheme / PO Box 7542 / Boulder, CO 80306-7542

OH KIM CAMPBELL #3 / trade
5.5 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs
There is a rumor about a state-funded art/zine-making center in Canada that encourages the youth to create their own independent publications by offering paychecks. These kids get paid to work on their zines—because it is, after all, a job. The person that put together this zine discusses a bit about how that system works for those who are curious. Abortion is the theme in this fine little work of zine wizardry, and the ongoing struggle and need for an active feminist movement. Don't the two go together angrily? I think so. You can find out more about the title and read a rather raw excerpt of a story by Whoopi Goldberg too… when you go to your local zine shop and get this new issue. (DS)
Juls Generic / 1342 E. Georgia / Vancouver, BC V5L2A8 / Canada

OH NO! THE ROBOT #6 / $2 or mix tape trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
So this zine used to be called *Chickenshit Soup for the Soulless,* which, although it comes off as kitschy, makes a little more sense to me in comedic value than this new title which Chris seems so I-turned-over-a-new-leaf about. If forgettable senselessness is what you are going for, fine by me. The damn zine is so enticing and funny that I wouldn't want anyone to disregard it simply because the title is meaningless. There is something really sweet about well-written stories involving desperate friendships, puke, gangdom, terrible job scenarios, and so much beer drinking. Not to pare it down or anything, because the beauty of this publication is really the fantastic way in which this fool crafts a tale. If it doesn't make me spit coffee on myself while giggling, it makes me smile and consider the life of a punk... Ah, youth. (JB)
Chris Morin / 824 Main St. / Saskatoon SK 57H OK2 / Canada
sleepisfortheweak@hotmail.com

OHNO!THEROBOT
#6

ON A ROPE #1 / SASE
11.75 x 16.5 – copied – 2 pgs
This London-based freebie is folded so as to really give you four pages and a giant centerfold. It features an introduction, a long-ish rant about gig spaces (what makes 'em good or not, with specific examples cited), some photos, scene news, and a map of the tube system. The photos did reproduce well. It's really aimed at the London scene, and for them it's off to a decent start. (JM)
Jack McDonald / 12 Richmond Avenue / Islington / London N1 0NF / UK

OX #59 / $7
8 x 11 – printed – 132 pgs – German
As always one can only call this fanzine the encyclopedia of punk rock. Every issue is packed with the latest and newest that punk offers the world. This issue includes interviews with Abwaerts, Billy Childish, Mark Perry of *Sniffin Glue* fame, Kettcar, Kill Your Idols, Flaming Stars, and plenty of others. The record review section, my favorite part of any fanzine is extensive with new reviews of the latest releases including DVDs. And as usual this zine comes with a gratis 30-song CD sampler featuring many of the same bands interviewed. This one is always a delight to check out. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PEAK OIL TRACT / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This comic mostly focuses on the impending end of the oil supply, and the resultant problems humanity will face. The drawings are cartoony and good, though it is text-heavy, which is appropriate for the material. The middle portion steps away from the energy crisis for a quick lesson in post-1492 imperialism and the effects of institutionalized racism. It ends with steps necessary to move our society away from oil dependence, which as you might guess are radical and eco-friendly. The sources used are listed for your further edification and despair. (JM)
Antonio / 68 Arnold Ave. / San Francisco, CA 94110

PRISONER ART July 2005 / 4 stamps
8 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs
This is a project in desperate need of a marketing department. It reeks of an overworked, underpaid, single person operation pulling off miracles on schedule. It really couldn't be a better cause given the intent to serve as a way for a readership to support individual prisoners by purchasing their artwork (through the website at www.prisonerart.org). There is a personal story of being a political prisoner in the US, Assata Shakur, and the sex trade. (AR)
PO Box 31574 / San Francisco, CA 94131-0574

PUNK PAGAN #0 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs
A prisoner zine that doesn't really address prisoner topics, but rather focuses on the editor's love of the Ramones and all things

Wicca. It's a very brief look at the things that inspire Michael, but in his accompanying letter he assures us that future issues will be longer. A story about becoming a punk the first time he saw the Ramones and a healing spell/ritual make up the bulk of this zine. There is a different address you must write to if you too are a prisoner. Both addresses are provided below. (GN)

Non-prisoner address: Michael Killeen #126054 / BR-39 / PO Box 8274 / Cranston, RI 02920

Prisoner address: Punk Pagan Pub / PO Box 282 / Manville, RI 02838

RAZORCAKE
#26
$4
THIS IS MY FIST!
FUCKED UP
CHINESE TELEPHONES
BILLY ZOOM
KIRA ROESSLER

RAZORCAKE #26 / $4
7.5 x 10 – printed – 116 pgs

I always look forward to a new issue of *Razorcake*. Most straight music zines are insanely boring and read like a one sheet from some shitty band's PR office. *Razorcake* has personality, right through to the review section, which I am not in the habit of reading in most zines of this type. The writers are able to convey what the record means to them, not just what bands in their collection they sound like, if that makes sense. Anyway, as always there are awesome interviews with punks old and new: local heroes This Is My Fist, one of my personal heroines Kira Roessler of Dos/Black Flag, a crazy one with Billy Zoom of X, a convoluted one touching on the many obsessions of *MRR* (and my) favorites Fucked Up, and another with the Chinese Telephones…The interviews read like conversations rather than a stilted Q&A session. Totally recommended bathroom reading. Subscribe already. (LG)

PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

SALEM ASHTRAY #1 / $1
11 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs

A small town punk zine/call for action with Crimethinc reprints, an interview with The Falcon, a piece on how to make a belt from shopping cart child safety belts…I didn't really get anything from this but I imagine if you were from this town something in it would ring true to you. I like it when I get local cut and paste zines just because it demonstrates there is life/possibility in the most random places. (LG)

Devin Skelton 1848 Court St NE Salem OR 97301
salemashtray@hotmail.com

SANITARY AND SHIP / $?
8.5 x 6 – printed – 24 pgs

Named after a canal in Chicago, this is a compilation zine of writings from various people who appear at free readings in the Chicago area. I am not really into literary zines in general, I always feel like a tired professor marking papers at a creative writing night school. This one did little to change my feelings on the issue. If you are interested in another Crimethinc critique or a piece on "scamming" free records by being a college radio DJ (not entirely sure how this is a scam) then check out their web page I guess. (LG)

www.diatribemedia.com

SKIN GRAFT #6 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs

If you live near, or will be visiting, southwestern Connecticut, you probably will want to pick up this zine. Three pages are dedicated to places to see in this area—rope swings, bridges, etc. This is far and away the best part. Four pages are spent on bands the editor is into, two pages cover the life of blues legend Robert Johnson, and there's a graffiti collage centerfold. Most of the rest is stories from the editor's life, like meeting a crazy guy downtown, being annoyed by other people, or getting hassled by the pigs for skating. I found this writing to be underwhelming, bland, typical shit. Unless you are visiting CT as described above, you can safely skip this issue. (JM)

Stefan Christensen / 7 Skytop Dr. / Norwalk, CT 06855

SLINGSHOT #87 / $1, "free to prisoners and low income"
11 x 17 – printed – 16 pgs

The latest issue of this fixture of East Bay activism offers relevant and informative articles about local happenings, as well as more general discussions of lefty political issues. High points include an interview with US Navy dissenter, Pablo Paredes (published in both English and Spanish), and an article about how grand juries are being used to attack local animal rights activists and their friends. There is also a great discussion of the current local public transportation crisis, and info on how to protect yourself in the event of FBI and police harassment. The writing is excellent, but occasionally veers dangerously close to the fine line between clarifying our arguments and preaching to the choir. Overall, good job with this issue and good variety of topics. (HB)

The Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave. / Berkeley, CA 94705
www.thelonghaul.org

SLUG & LETTUCE #83 / free or donation
8.5 x 11.5 – newsprint – 20 pgs

If you haven't picked up a copy of S&L yet, then this issue would be a decent one to start with. Christine's opener gives a good idea of the dynamic life she leads and how documenting it in this fashion is only fair to punks less fortunate. Always full of scene buzz, if you are interested in what is new and hot in European crust, D-beat, and some home front hardcore and DIY livin' stuff. Warning: the font does not get any larger so try to read in a well-lit place. I generally read the witty reviews and find the columns to be informative and diverse,

SLINGSHOT
Free
POWER TO PEOPLE
MY FINGERS ARE BLEEDING HUH!
HUNGRY FOR LOVE
LAUGH, RICH WHITE MAN
Issue #87
Summer 2005

and this issue did not disappoint in either of those departments. …And another thing—it's free! (DS)
Slug & Lettuce / PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA. 23261-6632

ANARCHY IN THE AIRWAVES
UNDER THE PAVEMENT
ISSUE ONE
APRIL+JUNE 2005
FREE
INSIDE: NEWS, PLAYLISTS PLUS INTERVIEWS WITH GERTRUDE AND MDC...

SUBURBAN BLIGHT #5 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
I've been waiting for a zine to tackle this subject *well* for a long time, and I still may be waiting. This issue of *Suburban Blight* attempts to open a discussion of gender and what it means through collecting pieces by a group of people who all have a different take on gender— assumptions, misconceptions, dictionary definitions, identity changes, stories about transgendered individuals, etc. This is a subject that affects everyone, and I personally feel that we don't talk about it enough. Cheers to people who are really working to open dialogues and make more people think about gender, although this issue is almost juvenile it is so lacking an organized attack on the subject. (JB)
Stephanie/ Rutgers / 26378 DPO Way / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

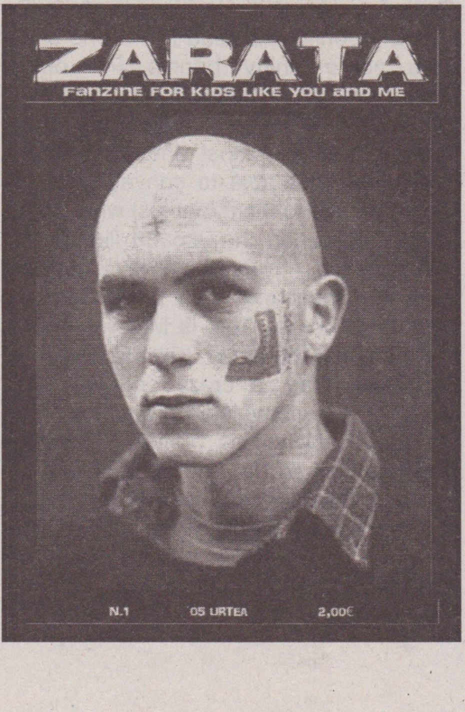
TARTAR AND CAVITIES #4 / $3
4.25 x 7 – copied – 40 pgs
It's a nice lookin' zine, this here *Tartar and Cavities.* The cover is a cloth tiger-y silk-screened deal, the images inside are cut-n-paste fun, the whole arty DIY deal. The substance, though, is just a little bit weak. I have a hard time getting behind a photo zine filled with Polaroids of people I don't know and don't really give a crap about. If you're Liz's friend or you're in it you probably love it, otherwise it's just kind of an aesthetically pleasing but none to thrilling zine. (CR)
Liz Elton / PO Box 19344 / Minneapolis, MN 55419-9998
zine@tartarandcavities.org

TRUST #112 / 2.50
8 x 11 – printed – 76 pgs – German
If you read (and, more importantly, understand) German, and you read *MRR* (which I assume you do), then there's no reason you shouldn't read *Trust* fanzine. This magazine looks great and covers the gamut of punk rock with love and, um, steadfastidiousness. This issue has Escapado (what a nice layout!), Jello Biafra, Finnish label Combat Rock, Le Tigre, Black Friday 29, cover-*gecken* Tephra, and lots and lots of reviews, which in the case of most zines translates as "yawwwn," but *Trust* make theirs look worth reading—if only I could! Thankfully, the zines in English are reviewed in English. As usual, terrific! (PC)
Dolf Hermannstädter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

UNDER THE PAVEMENT #1 / free
8 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
Short and sweet, this zine is more like a newsletter for the radio show of the same name (which you can read about in this issue of *MRR* and listen to at www.allfm.org). There's a pretty good MDC interview, a short talk with all-female, eclectic art-punk band GERTRUDE, and playlists and info on the radio show. Best of all, it's free! (PC)
ALL FM 96.9 / 19 Albert Road / Levenshulme / Manchester M19 2EQ / England
www.underthepavement.org

YOUTH CULTURE KILLED MY DOG #5 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 42 pgs
The first two pages of this zine are a reprint of a "Your Child May Be 'Gothic'" pamphlet put out by a local church close to where the young punx behind this zine live. It's so incredibly funny that I read it out loud to my friend Thera and we both almost fell out of our chairs laughing. One of the telltale signs of your child being goth (and therefore in cahoots with Satan)? "Eats goth-related foods. Count Dracula *(sic)* cereal is an example of this." WTF?! Anyway, according to this me and just about everyone I know is goth (wears band shirts, associates with eccentrics, drinks alcohol, disregards authority figures, uses the Internet, masturbates). Luckily, no one I know drinks blood or wears badges that say "I'm a Goth." Phew, I guess we're off the hook. Anyway, the rest of this zine is pretty great too. It's put together and has writing from a couple of high-school aged punks who do a good job conveying the confusion and anxiety we all remember from that time. There are also some interesting band and show reviews, and charming *oh-god-punk-is-so-exciting* reviews of Black Flag and Minor Threat CDs. Stay punk, guys, I swear life gets better! (GN)
310 W. 2nd St. / Anderson, IN 46016

ZARATA / 2
8.5 x 11.5 – copied – 47 pgs
From the Basque country comes a new music zine, written entirely in Basque. I must admit to having some fun with trying to get the gist of the features. There are of course, reviews and an interview with the band Anti-Regimen. I guess I should also add that this is a streetpunk/oi! issue that is totally anti-fascist. Unless I am wrong, there is some mention of Jesus. Aargh! Perhaps they are trying to reach a broad audience of skins to spread their positive message, but I don't even speak very good Spanish so I could have interpreted the Christianity stuff wrong. You decide. On the cover is a young skin with a tattoo(?) of a boot on his left cheek and a cross on his forehead. The thorough music-ness is no joke, though the language barrier may be an issue for some. *Zarata* is well presented visually and quite possibly brimming with interesting subject matter, all within the aforementioned style realm. (DS)
Igor Mercado / Sarriena 48-J 48949- Leioa / Bizkaia / Spain.



REATARDS
Bed Room Disasters
REATARDS
Bed Room Disasters
I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE A CORPSE
SNITCHES GET STITCHES
Saint Bushmills Choir
Really Red
TEACHING YOU THE FEAR
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HATRED SURGE - Debut EP
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HOSTILE TAKEOVER - EP
New Bay Area HC fast attack
HIGH ON CRIME - EP
ARTIMUS P members, heavy-pummel-core
KUNGFU RICK - 2xCD
Entire collection. Insane grind/HC
I DON'T CARE/QUILL - split CD
Split Tokyo high speed assault
BLOODY PHOENIX - Debut EP
Ex-EXCRUC TERROR grinding blastcore
MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS - CD
Collect. of manic US power violence
LORDS OF LIGHT - EP
Wicked 3 man grind/fastcore, ex-SOF.
CHARM - 2nd EP
Crazed Tokyo distort hyper thrash.
IRON LUNG / SHANK Split LP
International ballistic fastcore
BARBARIC THRASH COMP SERIES
CALI, JAPAN and EURO thrash CD Comps

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BRUCE BANNER - I've Had it LP
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Blazing hyper power violence from NY.
DEADFALL - Comrades EP
Non-stop manic San Fran HC
STOCKHOLM SYNDROME - EP
Defunct SF fast HC.
SCHOLASTIC DETH - CD
Collects everything plus live & video
I SHOT CYRUS - Titanus LP/CD
Pulverizing Brazilian fast attack
IRON LUNG - Debut LP/CD
Fucking sweet ass tunes bro
THEY LIVE - LP
Scorching fast NY power violence

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AUGUST

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Go It Alone (Can.) • Life Long Tragedy
Crime In Stereo • At Risk
Revenge (Can.) • Legit (Can.)

Saturday 13 $6
Babyland (L.A.) • BARR
This Song Is A Mess And So Am I
The Modern Machines (WI) • K.I.T.

Friday 19 $7
Partyline (D.C.) • Origami (Australia)
Paper Lanterns (Can.) • Make Me

Saturday 20 $5
The Dangers (L.A.) • The Spark (NY)
The Rosenbombs • P.D.A.

Friday 26 $6
Akimbo (WA) • Lords (KY)
Ass-End Offend (MT) • Saviours
Paint Out The Light

Sunday 28 $7 *5pm show*
Allegiance • Blacklisted (PA)
Cast Aside • Down To Nothing (VA)

SEPTEMBER

Friday 2 $6
The Locust (S.D.)
Cattle Decapitation (S.D.)
Look Back and Laugh • Year Future (S.D.)

Saturday 3 $5
The Lucky Stiffs • Tried and True
Nuts & Bolts • Sore Thumbs
Gentleman Jim & The Little Bastards

Friday 9 $7
The Gimmies (Japan) • High Vox (Japan)
Jesus Fucking Christ

Saturday 10 $5
What The Kids Want (IN)
Madeline (IN) • Whiskey Sunday

Friday 16 $5
Lights Out • Jealous Again

Saturday 17 $6
Dr. Know (L.A.) • Naked Aggression (L.A.)
Retching Red • New Earth Creeps • S.C.A.

Friday 23 $5
The Plastic Letters

Saturday 24 $5 ***Pirate Discount Night***
Death Toll • One In The Chamber

Friday 30 $7 ***Prank Records Fest***
Crow (Japan) • World Burns To Death (TX)
Artimus Pyle • Caustic Christ (PA)
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***Habits* 7" EP**

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7" EP

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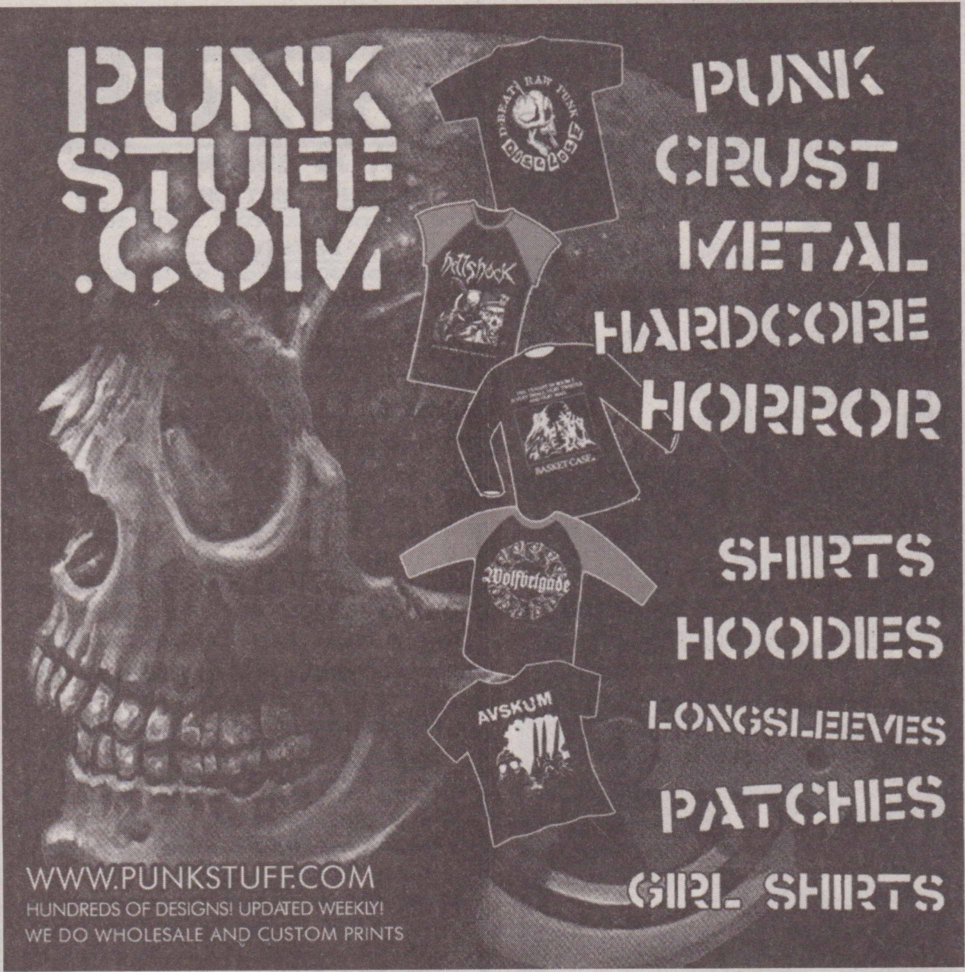

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SITUACION HOSTIL. That's right, classic Peruvian metalcore together again after 15 years. 4-song demo CD-R. Only order of 5 units for 20 usd. Postage paid. Calambre Records, Box 18-0798, Lima 18, Peru. http://calambrerecords.tripod.com.pe

P.O.W. – VENUS-TYPE BOY 32, blonde blue…prison, heroin, Ethical Anarchy, New Mexico, theater, NYC, film school, photography. Clash, Ramones, Social D., Black Flag, Gang of Four, Agent Orange, Germs, Kinks, Who, Oasis, vinyl! Neal Cassady, Abbie Hoffman, Vincent Gallo, Eric Bogosian, Larry Clark. Antonioni, Bunuel, Cox, Kieslowski, Kubrick, Peckinpah, Polanski. I heart girls, activism, shoegaze, German Shepherds, my Telecaster. J. Dylan Fowler, FJ5052, Rd #10, Box 10, Greensburg, PA 15601.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS TOURNAMENTS: 7 Player tournaments; Prizes: Assorted books, magazines, maps, etc....$5 entry. Must be money order. Open tournaments – winner takes all, prizes to be determined. Jason Ryder 1100528, 264 FM 3478, Huntsville, TX 77320.

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MYKEL BOARD'S CRAZY, 354 page nonfiction book on Mongolia, *Even a Daughter Is Better than Nothing*, recounts his year living in Outer Mongolia, teaching English and traveling. The title comes from a Mongolian proverb. The book is scheduled for official release on September 30th. Fans of Board should check back with Garrett County Press online for a special, pre-release sale of the book. The sale will probably take place in early August. www.gcpress.com

DWELLING PORTABLY. POB 190-mrdp. Philomath, OR 97370. How to live comfortably without rent/taxes/ hassles in tents, van wikiups, etc. Readers tell what works, and doesn't. "In-depth information...awesome" = *MRR* #254. $1. Back issues 6 / $5, 13 /$10, 30 / $20.

9/11 = THE AMERICAN REICHSTAG FIRE! The War on Terror is a fraud and 9/11 is one big lie. Wake the fuck up! NERO FIDDLED WHILE ROME BURNED zine c/o Jacob David. PO Box 3050, Eureke CA 95502, $1 USA, $2 Elsewhere

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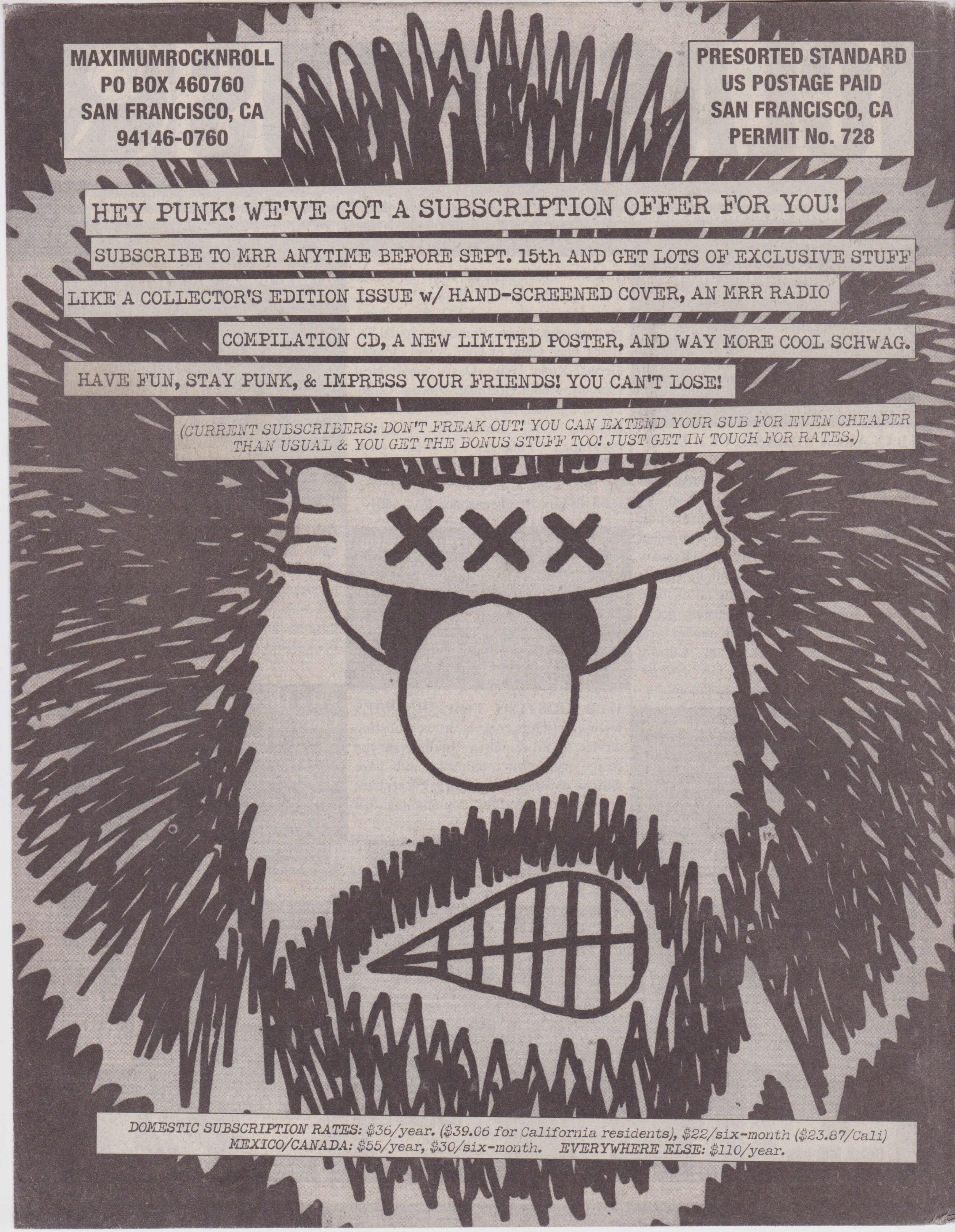

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